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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, AND DOMESTIC POLITICS.

THE rumours of a change in the inferior members of the Administration have died away. And glad we are that they have so. At a total change we should rejoice, because we believe it essential to the public safety, to the peace of the nation, the security of the throne, and the hope of recovering the Constitution. But no change for us, with the Duke of Wellington at its head; for we feel that no change can be safe, honourable, or salutary to the Constitution, with the principles which that noble personage has adopted for the guidance of his public conduct. We know his eagerness to grasp at power, his unhesitating use of means, and the matchless readiness with which he contrives, by influences which we disdain to penetrate, step by step, to sap the resistance of those who were bound to resistance alike by honour and duty, by the loftiest pledges to man, and the most awful responsibility to Heaven.

On those grounds, we have said to the true friends and champions of the Constitution—and our language is only the common sentiment of honourable men throughout the nation—"Shrink from all contact with the Duke of Wellington's system. If he offers you concession, he offers it but for objects ten times its value;—if he offers to sacrifice the contemptible persons round him, he loves you as little as he respects them;—if he tramples on the Peels, the Dawsons, and the Copleys, be convinced that he would trample as readily upon the Newcastles, the Chandoses, and the Cumberlands, if they once put themselves in his power." On the culprit cabinet of this fatal session, we solicit the heaviest hand of justice; and justice will be done. But we are not to be satisfied with partial examples of the great vindictory process, by which the triumph of rapacity is almost atoned by the warning of its close. We are not so anxious to hurry the judicial consummation of such a career, as to lose the benefit of the complete catastrophe. We must see that cabinet extinguished, one and all. We must not suffer the cause of the country to be identified for an hour with the cause of that cabinet. The strength of Protestant names must not be applied to buttress the falling rottenness of a popish administration. As it has begun, so let it go on. If the Duke of Wellington feel himself sinking, the nobles and gentlemen of England must leave him to struggle with the stream. If he have hung the Peels and their contemptible adherents round his neck, the only wish that we can form is—that they may cling closer and closer to him, be mill-stones round his neck, and go to the bottom together.

In admitting popery into the government of the empire, the head of the present administration perpetrated an act which has for ever put him beyond the hope of alliance with the genuine mind of England. Reconciliation is out of the question. He has taken his side deliberately—with what final purpose, we may all conjecture. But having led the way

in "breaking down the Constitution," as was presumptuously announced by his colleague—for once no hypocrite—he has cut down the bridge between him and every Protestant statesman of England. No fancied hope of undoing what has been done—no giddy contrivance for rescuing what remains of the Constitution—even no generous enthusiasm for arresting a progress, of which every man can see the aim, though none can see the end—must be suffered to delude the true strength of the English legislature, its sound Protestant part, into a Wellington *coalition*. The name itself should be a sufficient warning. It has dragged to a fathomless depth every party that ever suffered itself to be entangled in its mesh. The powerful mind and unbounded popularity of Fox could not give him buoyancy against it. The subtlety, indefatigable intrigue, and parliamentary skill of Canning, only made his struggles against public scorn the more hopeless. The whole inferior multitude—the rabble of Greys, Grenvilles, and Wyndhams, the followers of their master's steps into tergiversation—of course received no more acquittal than the rabble of the Brownlows and Dawsons of our time. And so it will be, and so it ought to be, with every man who joins the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington. He has brought Papists into the Protestant legislature: that is his ground of exclusion; on that, men of honour will stand, and firmly reject every offer of connexion with him. All the water in the ocean will not wash away the stain of that national homicide. By combining with him, they will only share the tinge of the deed. By sternly refusing his contact, they will at once do justice to their own names and to their principles, extinguish the miserable cabinet, and leave its head a monument of detected and blasted ambition. There never was a period in the history of the British empire, when the career of true policy was less obscured by the common clouds of public life. We have now to deal with none of the intricate, though comparatively trivial questions, on which good men may differ without a sacrifice of either understanding or principle. It is not a complicated question of war or trade; but whether we shall, by an unanimous and resolute effort, resist and break down an intrigue which has, in an unguarded hour, and by a course of almost incredible duplicity, broken down the Constitution; or shall, by a partial junction, confirm that strength which is tottering at this hour, and which, before the end of a single year, must be at our mercy? Who can hesitate in giving the answer? The present cabinet must *not* be sustained by the addition of a single name that could stand between it and ruin. "Measures, and not men," was the old cry of hypocrisy. "Men and measures both," is the cry of honour. Truth disdains the tender distinctions of those public traffickers, who see nothing in public transgression but the opportunity of making a better bargain with the transgressors. We live in times when those experiments on national patience must be made no more. We cannot separate the patronage of an idolatrous superstition from its patrons. We know that the protestantism of the Constitution is essential to its existence—that the introduction of Popery is its virtual death-blow—that the presence of Papists in an English Parliament is the presence of a class hostile by their earliest prejudices, by their individual ambition, by their allegiance to their own blinded faith, by the fierce antipathy of their personal recollections, and even by their obscure and extravagant fancies of the means of propitiating Heaven, to the freedom and safety of the Protestant religion. And with what feeling can Protestants and free-born men think of the doers of this deed? With what solemn recollection of the horrors of triumphant Popery of old, and what justified alarm at its incessant and incurable enmity for the time to come,

must we see it lifted into sudden power? And with what aspect must we look upon the apostate tribe who have thus "broken down the Constitution?" If to restore it be yet possible, there is but one way. The morbid place must be cut out. A line must be drawn round the quarter of the plague: the man that passes within it must be warned that he cannot be suffered to return—that he volunteers infection, and must be left to the course of the disease. Thus, and thus only, may the contagion be extirpated, and the land know health once more. *DELEND EST CARTHAGO!*

But it is said, that though England hates the Peels and their odious fraternity, she cannot do without the Duke of Wellington. Heavens! is it come to this?—that the mightiest empire of the world, a dominion which has grown by the wisdom of brave, manly, and virtuous generations to an unexampled grandeur and glory, is to live upon the precarious powers of an individual? We answer, not more in the pride of Englishmen than in the truth of experience, that, as the British empire grew by no single mind, its fate cannot be dependant on any single mind; that its true strength is in its National Honour, its Freedom, and its Religion; that through those alone it can be wounded, if the whole embattled force of the world were urged against it; and that with those it could see the Duke of Wellington, and fifty Dukes of Wellington, go down to the grave without seeing its mighty dominion diminished by an acre. If England could lose Pitt and Nelson with no other shock than the natural sorrow for the wise and the brave, she may well disdain to tremble for the fall of the sceptre from the hands of the Duke of Wellington. But the whole is an idle misconception. No country ever perished by the loss of any man; and no country could better afford the loss of any man, let his eminence be what it may, than England.

It is not our desire to deny the Duke of Wellington's merits as a soldier. We believe him to be a most able officer. We disdain to listen to those idle insinuations which have attempted to tarnish his military fame. But we have yet to learn his title to the honours of a great statesman. We demand, what has he done in two years of unlimited power—of power unthwarted by cabinet or king? We answer, nothing that can substantiate his claim. In our foreign policy, he has given no evidence of exertion of any kind. This may have been wise; but this is the cheapest kind of wisdom: he could not have done less, had he been asleep. In the east, Russia conquers, and the Turk retreats; Austria musters her army of observation, and Persia sends her supplicating envoys. In the west, the South American Republics break up our commerce, and defraud our merchants; North America encroaches, and Spain invades. Yet this vast scene of commotion has no power to shake the official tranquillity of the British premier. His tranquillity may be the calmness of a sage; but it is still the calmness of slumber. The dead might as well gain credit for guiding the affairs of the world.

One measure he has carried in his whole administration: of that we shall yet speak. But, beyond the Catholic Question, what question has he actually decided within his two years of absolute supremacy?—Not one. The abuses of the law courts have been forcibly urged upon his attention. Has he corrected a single abuse?—Not one. The trade of the country has laboured under the most formidable evils. Has he applied a remedy in a single instance?—Not one. The Corn Laws are in as much perplexity as ever; the manufactures sinking faster and faster; the prohibitions of British commerce in foreign countries increased and enforced with more severity day by day; the question of

pauperism, more hopeless than ever ; the circulation, more a problem ; the very subsistence of the country endangered at this hour, by a long succession of vulgar tamperings with the natural laws of public provision ;—and yet which of those mighty emergencies has had the power to awake the slumbering genius of the Duke of Wellington ? The whole evidence of his Downing-street existence is to be found in the appointment of two itinerant committees, at 10,000*l.* a-year each, to make reports, which are to be buried with their own parchment in the Treasury cellars—the reward of a barrister's anonymous labours, by the dignified sinecure of writer to a list of bankrupts—and the fooleries of aspirants after red and blue ribbons.

So much for the foreign and domestic administration of this man, whose presence is so essential to England ! He could not have done less had he been fox-hunting every day of his life at Strathfieldsay. But the one question which he has carried decides the claim of a great statesman against him altogether. If there be a distinguishing feature of greatness, it is dignity of mind—an utter abhorrence of circuitous proceedings—a plain, straightforward, honest pursuit of honest objects. But how stands the honour of the premier here ? The most artificial slave that ever stole his way through the most circuitous channel to a purpose that shunned the day, was not more artificial. The most crooked and contemptible trickery ever practised to keep a nation in confiding ignorance, was his for years. Who does not remember the note to Dr. Curtis ?—that note in which the premier declared, under his hand, that he saw *no prospect or possibility* of carrying the measure !—of which at that very hour he had arranged the whole machinery—with the bill engrossed on his desk—with his miserable creatures, Peel and Tindal, covered with its ink—and the whole posse of the Government retainers ready drilled for its escort into the presence of the astonished nation ! Are we to forget the note to the Duke of Leinster, the consummate hypocrisy of its insolence, the shuffling artifice of its contempt ?

“My Lord Duke. I have received your letter, also a *tin case*, containing a set of resolutions on what *certain Protestants call Catholic Emancipation.*”

At the moment of writing that letter, the measure thus studiously scorned in his Grace's correspondence, was regularly resolved on in his Grace's Cabinet ! And this is the great Statesman ! Bitterest of all sarcasms ! burlesque praise—prostituted name ! For what man ever deserved the name, who stooped to such miserable artifice ? He may be a cunning man ; he may be a dextrous impostor ; he may, by an affectation of extraordinary candour in the midst of the most beggarly intrigue, hoodwink men of integrity, who look for fair dealing where they meet with fair words. But the triumph is too short, to be coveted even by a vigorous charlatan. The discovery is too sure, to be, even on the calculation of an intriguer of any real scope of mind, worth the disguise ; and the retribution is too solemn, perpetual, and universal, not to shock the feelings of any man whose head or heart is yet accessible. Of all the characteristics of greatness, the most inseparable is an abhorrence of shuffling, an instinctive sense of honour, a zeal of fairness, manliness, and sincerity ; and this characteristic is not more dignified than it is wise ; for what is bred in artifice, in artifice will perish. The untempered mortar will break down the wall ; the dry rot will break out in the building, let its architecture be what it may ; will propagate itself through every joist and beam ; and before it can be pronounced to have stood, will hurl the whole fabric in dust to the ground.

But we are not, on those evidences alone, summoning the Minister before that tribunal, which sits with more impartiality and judges with a more irresistible sentence than all the courts besides—the mighty tribunal of the English mind. If those letters never had been written, what was the complexion of his whole management? He determines to make an experiment on the public endurance of the “atrocious Bill.” He first scoffs at popery. His scoffs and scorn are scarcely recorded, are yet hot upon his lips, when he sends out that most miserable tool, Dawson, to sound the course. Dawson does his business with thorough menialism; but the experiment is found to have been rash. Public disgust and wrath have been excited, and the wretched tool is instantly disowned; he is ostentatiously excluded from the sunshine of Mr. Peel’s refulgent countenance, and is branded by a sneer of the premier, as an instance of “the folly of young politicians talking over their wine!” The nation applauds the punishment, and the name of Iscariot is the slave’s portion for ever.

But suspicion has been awakened, and Mr. Peel is the next menial pitched on to extinguish the public vigilance. This blooming patriot forthwith makes a tour among the manufacturing districts, harangues, attends feasts, compliments the “staunch defenders of our glorious and imperishable constitution in Church and State,” and comes back with the sallow smiles of a triumphant hypocrite, to soothe all alarms at Downing-street, and reassure the palpitating bosom of the sensitive premier. But some other menial of office at length lets out the rumour, that the “atrocious Bill” is actually engrossed. Protestantism is justly alarmed, and demands of the Premier whether, after his solemn protestations, this can possibly be true? All the ministerial journals instantly lift up their voices in a chorus of denial. Down to the hour when the King’s Speech was read at the minister’s table, the night before the debate, the same system of low craft is persevered in. And for what purpose?

This was no mere parliamentary stratagem to keep the opponents of a minister in the dark on some passing question of party; it was a system of intrigue to keep the nation in the dark to the most important change that could affect a nation; to a breach of the principles of the Constitution; to a fearful and hateful measure which ought to have been announced in the fullest manner for the solemn and general deliberation of the empire; which in honour ought to have been preceded by a dissolution of Parliament—by a direct appeal to the people for its decision on a new state of things. In a crisis like this, the conduct of a “great Statesman” would have been conspicuous for the sincere and lofty abjuration of all official manœuvre. The contrary would have been the conduct of a little statesman; he would have exhibited himself as a narrow-minded, hasty, and selfish struggler for power; degraded enough to stoop to paltry stratagem, and ignorant enough of the true sources of power to fling away the national respect, and be consoled for its irreparable loss, by the most contemptible and shortlived of all prizes—the brawling applause and rabble partizanship of popery.

Such was the management of the measure—mean and shuffling, shallow and despicable. And what are its fruits? Worthy of the planter and the seed—the apples of bitterness from the trees of Gomorrah. No measure, within the memory of man, ever more instantly and formally falsified the predictions of its abettors. The indignant empire saw the decision removed from its true tribunal, that tribunal of the national mind, which could not be corrupted. Parliament saw with increasing

disgust, the suspicious hurry of its progress, and the insolent avowal of a determination to force it by the weight of majorities, whose sudden creation is among the secrets of the cabinet. They listened with stern and contemptuous incredulity to the promises of the minister and his menials. Nothing could be more lavish than those promises. Where are they now? The Treasury benches echoed, night after night, to tropes and figures of felicity. Lord Plunket, the slave of every party in succession, was brought from his court in Ireland, post haste, to lift up his presbyterian voice, and retune his old Commonwealth songs to the new chaunt of Church and King. The whole cabinet was a chorus of the new era of Utopian tranquillity. Church and State were to be secured for ever by this fortunate effort of ministerial energy. The howl of Irish riot was to be turned into gratitude and loyalty. Discontent was to perish, and the hereditary malice of popery was to be changed into a marvellous rivalry in the race of conciliation! What has been the fulfilment? Unless a great statesman be a personage whose predictions are to be falsified within the month, the Duke of Wellington's claims to the character are empty as the wind. We demand—has not every one of those pompous promises been falsified? Has popery softened down a single feature of that hostility, which in every other land, hates and persecutes truth, grasps at power, and makes a burlesque of oaths, and obligations, gratitude, and principle? Are not the feuds of Ireland more extensive, systematic, and murderous than ever? Do not the late trials, the proclamations of the Irish Government, and the language of the popish leaders, shew irresistibly that the most furious atrocities are, throughout Ireland, hourly committed by the papists? Do not the despatches represent them as assembling in camps, exercising with arms, and marching in divisions, with military ostentation, to the attack of the Protestants? There has not been a single conviction of an Orangeman in the late sessions. Has the law reclaimed this spirit of outrage? Lord Francis Gower's letter makes the acknowledgment—and we know the reluctance of that noble *Liberal* to make any acknowledgment of the kind—that ever since the examples of justice in these Sessions, papists have publicly, and in large bodies, continued those attacks and murders.

One of the boasted securities of Protestantism, was the stipulation that the popish Bishops should not adopt their titles in public. Nothing could be more impotent than the stipulation, except its performance. In one week the popish Bishops *did* take their titles, use them with the most contemptuous publicity, and, after having scoffed at the prohibition, wrung the right from Government. Has Mr. O'Connell, or any of his fellow haranguers, limited his insults by a single syllable since? Concession, that was to have pacified and satisfied all the world, has but taught this orator to demand the Repeal of the Union, the formation of an Irish papist parliament, and the abscission of the Church property. It has even stimulated him to the announcement of "further views." A mysterious phrase, which will soon contain no mystery.

Thus has the Great Statesman done in the most boasted operation of his greatness. Perish such illusion! Perish the charlatanry of a name found failing in every political promise that it has ever made! Perish the vapouring wisdom, that is openly and instantly baffled by every droning priest, and drivelling demagogue!

The country has now had the Duke of Wellington before it during a period long enough for the most complete trial; with the most unusual opportunities for the unrestricted display of whatever ministerial ability

he may possess; at the head of a Cabinet, from which he has never heard a murmur of resistance, and will never hear a murmur—a Cabinet selected by his own volition, with as much a view to its humble acquiescence, as the selection of his servants' hall. And what is his answer to the national demand? Nothing. In our Foreign policy, in our domestic, in our trade, our laws, our agriculture, our manufactures, he has not originated one great measure. If his own horse had been stabled in the closet of Downing Street, its council could not have been more thoroughly a negation. But the "great statesman" is keeping his strength in repose, is watching events, is waiting for the march of affairs! How long is the nation to be trifled with by such babbling?—waiting for the march of affairs!—while thousands and tens of thousands of our manufacturers are starving, while trade is trembling through every limb, while the bankrupt gazette is swelling hour by hour, while the confused and neglected state of our agricultural laws is driving the farmer to ruin, forcing the population to supplicate for leave to transport themselves to the ends of the earth; and threatening to conclude the long catalogue of national inflictions by the horrors of famine!

The mind that with such demands upon it does nothing, may be either a crafty mind, or an indolent one, or a voluptuous one, or an exhausted one; but it is *not* the mind of a "great statesman." It may be the mind of an ambitious grasper at authority, or of a vain lover of the adulation of the bowing menials and beggarly instruments of place, or of an insatiable lover of public lucre; but it bears none of the true stamp of command. It is incapable of administering the councils of a great people. The capacity for the rough details of a camp never yet was the capacity for a cabinet. The education of a soldier never yet was the education of a legislator. And the hour that shall see any thing higher than the campaigning trickery of *espionage*, and the headlong and peremptory mandate of the truncheon, demanded in the cabinet, will see the utter emptiness of those haughty claims to the honours of a "great statesman."

In those remarks we have judged the Premier by the facts before us. His victory of Waterloo has its full share of distinction. It was a great success, and could have been obtained by none but a distinguished general. We cast aside all the rumours which might tend to disparage his generalship on that memorable occasion. Allowing that he was unprepared for the enemy's advance, that he threw a fourth of his army before forty thousand French troops, at Quatre Bras, without cavalry or artillery; and that nothing but the iron bravery of British soldiers could have out-fought the immense superiority of force at either Quatre Bras, or Waterloo, still the honours are due to the man who commanded those soldiers. Yet the value of the victory has been ridiculously magnified; and nothing but the frenzy of party spirit, or the folly of personal adulation could have called Waterloo the "Saving of England." It may have been the saving of France; for it saved her from being trampled into blood and ashes by the armies of the combined continent. The defeat of the British in Flanders, would have inundated her fields with a million of armed men, ready to be followed by millions. But it is mere burlesque to say, that if Napoleon had rode over the British army and its general too, he would have been a step nigher to overthrow of England. What! without a ship on the seas, with the whole continent in arms, with the whole population of the empire ready to meet him on its shores, if he should by miracle have crossed the sea! The supposition may figure at a cabinet dinner, or in a tavern speech, but it is unworthy of a sober understanding.

Nor do we now advert to the charges brought against the minister's ulterior views. If his ambition have shaped to itself forms which it has not avowed, we must wait for the avowal. The perpetual seclusion of the king at Windsor, the character of the persons about him, the rumours of intended alliances, the open disgusts of individuals of the highest rank of subjects, and the sudden gathering of those high personages to the vicinity of the Court, are matters still too cloudy for any development of ours. But, alike against what is not done, and what is done, we protest, in the name of the country. We have already suffered a tremendous change in the principles of the Constitution. It has "been broken in upon." Protestantism, the bulwark of liberty in every land, has in ours been levelled to an equality with the old tyrannical ignorance and jesuitical malevolence of popery. A papist demagogue, a papist spy, or a papist persecutor, may henceforth thwart, or rule the whole councils of protestant England.

But, if this be theory, a practical experiment of the Premier's system is now to be made. The whole local administration of police is to be taken from the customary hands, and given over to a *gendarmerie*;—a new force, paid not by the people, but by the minister, formed on a military plan, receiving its impulse not from the ordinary magistracy, but from military individuals!—ready to act as an organized force, by orders from the minister; and commanded by a confidential military officer! Is there nothing in this that ought to fix our attention with the keenest vigilance on the proceedings of power? What would be thought by our ancestors, of surrendering the metropolis into the hands of a domestic army, commanded by creatures of the horse-guards? The whole working of the Constitution was once to separate the civil force from the military. The whole working of the new policy is to unite them. The new army, which is to watch over us in spite of ourselves, is already eight hundred men, at *three times* the pay of a soldier. And this levy is but for a small portion of London. The whole force, at this rate, will not be less than four thousand men,—for London alone. But it is to be extended to the vicinity. Aye, and it will be extended to every city, and hamlet, and parish, through the island—a great domestic army, deriving its existence, its authority, its duties, its promotions, and its pay from the Minister! Is there nothing to awake the public mind in this? Or could there be a more ready or more fatal instrument of evil, if evil should enter into the minds of men in authority? What could give more immediate facilities for establishing a system of *espionage* through every corner of the land, if *espionage* should happen to please a government? What could render popular feeling more timorous, or ministerial excesses more easy? What could make the reclamations of honest men more hazardous to themselves; or the most formidable innovations more a matter of simple performance? We charge no man with those intentions *yet*. But it should be enough for those who knew the course of the human mind, to anticipate the evil where they see the temptation; the possibility of danger to their rights and liberties, should be enough for the vigilance of Englishmen!

But every moment presses on us the conviction of this minister's incapacity for directing the councils of England. We might ask but one question more on the subject. Has the Duke of Wellington anticipated the present posture of affairs in the East? Has he been prepared for the march of the Russians up to the walls of Constantinople? If he

has, where are his measures of preservation for our ally? Where his attempts to restrain the overwhelming and formidable power of Russia? Or are we to give him credit for the power of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wait for the development of his invisible victory, like a work of providence? Or are we not to believe our senses, and the fact, that *nothing* has been done; or worse than nothing?—That a British force has been sent to linger within sight of Turkey, only with the effect of exposing the feebleness of our help in the hour of need? And that the parade of embassies has been added, as if only to show that our diplomacy was as ridiculous as our alliance was unprofitable? But if the Duke of Wellington have not anticipated this, what becomes of his wisdom? Where has flown that supernatural sagacity, which was summoned from the Horse-guards to the Treasury, to interpose itself between England and ruin? Where that Herculean nerve, which was to put its shoulder under the falling system of Europe? Where that illimitable genius, which embracing the most minute and the most magnificent objects alike, was as great on a soldier's cuff as in a council; and from its easy chair, in Downing Street, blew with its breath, and shook every diadem in Europe, on the brows of its astonished possessor? If man is to be judged of by facts, the sentence of this man's public incapacity is decided. If vapours and imaginations are to make the substance of character, he may still triumph in all the honours of political wisdom.

The rumours of a junction with the Premier, we altogether disbelieve. It is known that some of the younger and weaker aspirants of the Protestant ranks, have suffered the pageantry of office to glitter before their eyes. But we deny that any of the leaders, any one of those distinguished men who resisted the Catholic question on principle, can ever, without utter ruin, coalesce with the man who effected that odious, and most short-sighted act of power. We can fully comprehend the influence that may have been exerted from the highest quarters, to enlist those individuals, at the hazard of their own characters, in the protection of that of the sinking Premier. But on one point they must make up their minds. If they join the present cabinet, they will be first disgraced in the eyes of the empire, and next, utterly duped by their new allies. The game of the present cabinet is to share its unpopularity; its actual power it never will share. The Protestant who is rash enough to enter into this coalition, is from that instant undone; he is the representative of Protestantism no more. He is the associate of the Dawsons, and Peels, and Copleys; and after having been compelled to recant his honourable and public reprobation of them and their miserable motives, and having shewn, by his condescending to act with them, that his reprobation was hypocritical, and his principles only a bait for office, he will be cast out to add to the number of the Huskissons. With the Duke of Wellington's cabinet no Protestant can combine. The popish question has drawn a line between him and the confidence of Protestantism for ever. If ever legislative act brought evil on a country, that act is the one. The strength of England was the presence of Protestantism in her councils, her standing as the great guardian of the interests of pure religion throughout the world, her immaculate preservation of the one only faith of scripture, as the guide and living essence of her Constitution. This is at an end. We have broken the covenant under which England was raised to power, as palpably as ever was king or people of the old world. The compact was dissolved by the sacrilegious act of suffering the idolator to enter into the councils of christianity. There may be

men who care nothing about those violations ; there may be ministers, who find in the tortuousness of their intrigue, a foolish triumph over honourable and unsuspecting minds. But if ever a nation wept in tears of blood an act of its legislature, England will yet weep the guilt of suffering Popery to pollute her Constitution. With the man who led the way to this offence, the religion of England can allow no alliance. His career may be brief—it will be bitter—and he must be left to run it alone.

THE CONVERSAZIONE :—N^o. II.

SCENE.—*A large house, near Hanover Square.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Every body in town.*

FIRST GROUP.

Sir Charles Ar—t (bowing). I am really quite delighted to see your lordship look so well. But what “makes you in Elsineur?” Are there no charms for your lordship at Malvern, Cheltenham, Leamington, or in the sylvan retreats of your own paradise, on the banks of the Wye, that you linger thus in the suffocating smoke of London, after the prorogation of Parliament?

Lord L—. You are poetical this evening, Sir Charles. But shall I tell you a secret?

The Hon. Mr. R—ds. Not in his ear, unless your lordship wishes the town to hear it afterwards. Our friend Sir Charles is such a veteran diplomatist, and has been so long in the habit of making “private and confidential communications,” that the moment he receives a good secret, he uses it like a good bill of exchange ; endorses it, “private and confidential,” and pays it away.

Lord L—. You mean to say, I suppose, that when a friend draws upon his discretion, he accepts the bill, and afterwards dishonours it.

The Hon. Mr. R—ds. No, my lord ; I protest against your inference. Sir Charles only discounts his own acceptances ; and that, let me tell you, is what very few men can or will do.

Sir Charles Ar—t. Well, now you have so obligingly settled my way of doing business, perhaps you will be kind enough to let business be done. And to shew you that I am not confined to any particular mode of transacting fresh affairs, will your lordship permit me to draw upon you for the amount of your secret, and at the same time accept it?

Lord L—. (*takes a piece of paper from his pocket, writes upon it with a pencil, and afterwards gives it to Sir Charles.*) There is my secret.

Sir Charles Ar—t. (reads.) “One month after date, I promise to deliver, or cause to be delivered, to Sir Charles Ar—t, or order, two thick octavo volumes, of my own writing, entitled, ‘WHAT HAS BEEN!’ L—.

Payable at J. Murray’s, Albemarle Street.”

Omnes. (*A buzz of polite applause, such as may be expected from well bred commoners, when a peer announces to them that he has written a book.*)

The Rev. Mr. Sm—dl—y. (*Who was standing at the edge of the groupe, now walks away, repeating to himself these lines :—*

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv’d, hacknied sonneteer or me:
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, and the style refines!

Lord L—. Now, Sir Charles, you see why neither Malvern, Cheltenham, Leamington, nor my own paradise, have had power to with-

draw me from the smoke of London. In sober phrase, and in language more "germane to the matter," I am waiting the printer's pleasure, as I wish to correct the last sheets before I leave town.

Sir Charles Ar—t. (Looking at the promissory note.) "WHAT HAS BEEN!" It is an admirable title!

The Hon. Mr. R—ds. Excellent!

Mr. T—ss. It is quite new!

Dr. M—k. Yes. There never *has been* a work so called.

Mr. C—ll. No; and I venture to predict, not only that there never has been, but that there never will be, a work so delightful.

The Right Hon. J. W. C—r. (In a whisper to Mr. T—ss.) Fudge! His lordship is one of the *has beens* himself; and what can you expect from the winter of a life whose spring never ripened into summer? what from the musty lees of an old age, whose best flowings were thin and sour? (*Aloud to Lord L—.*) I suppose the work is a species of autobiography; if so I can easily imagine what a rich harvest a mind like your lordship's must have gathered, in the abundant fertility of the scenes through which you have passed.

Lord L—. You do me honour! The fact is, my dear C—r, I have seen a great deal,—mingled with men of every party,—and as I never betrayed any, it is impossible for public men to conceive what an advantage that gave me in acquiring the confidence of all.

The Right Hon. J. W. C—r. (Smiling.) I shall be impatient for the appearance of your lordship's volumes.

Lord L—. Suppose I were to give you a whet, just to take off the edge of your appetite—will there be no danger, think you, of its taking away your appetite altogether?

The Right Hon. J. W. C—r. Just as much danger as in the first glass of a bottle that is kept for a *bonne bouche*. (*In a whisper to Mr. T—ss.*) His lordship's whet will take away all appetite, I'll be sworn.

Omnes. (A clamorous chorus of entreaty which Lord L— is unable to resist.)

Lord L—. Here is the last sheet, as I received it from the printer this morning. (*Giving it to the Right Hon. J. W. C—r.*)

Omnes. Read! Read!

The Right Hon. J. W. C—r. Gentlemen, your cry is so parliamentary, that I could almost fancy you had all seen the very first words which have caught my eye. "Recollections of both Houses of Parliament."—I see, at once, the style which your lordship has adopted,—the desultory, the most agreeable of all styles, and the only one suited to a work—

Lord L—. (*interrupting him.*) Of which I intend the motto to be—"A thing of shreds and patches."

The Right Hon. J. W. C—r. Most felicitously apt, indeed. Attend, gentlemen, while I read a few pages. (*Reads.*)

"Strange and whimsical blunders have sometimes occurred, from the haste and negligence with which public and private bills are prepared. I remember an instance of one, when the present Lord Bexley was Chancellor of the Exchequer. He brought in a bill for repealing 'all duties payable upon importation of madder into the kingdom of Great Britain;' and the bill actually passed through both Houses before it was discovered that the words, 'of madder,' were omitted. Instead, therefore, of repealing the duties upon that one article only, the duties upon all articles were repealed; and Mr. Vansittart afterwards brought in a second bill, to amend and explain the first.

"A more laughable blunder occurred in another instance, which was detected by the late Earl Stanhope. A bill had been introduced into

the House of Commons, in which the penalty of transportation was substituted, for some particular offence, in lieu of a fine, which had previously been inflicted. In altering the punishment, however, they forgot to alter the words of the clause: so that, after reciting the offence, and declaring the penalty to be transportation for life, the old provision was retained, and the enactment ran thus—viz, ‘that one half of the said penalty should go to the informer, and the other half to the King.’ I remember Lord Stanhope chuckled amazingly at the idea of transporting his Majesty to New South Wales, for half the term of his natural life.

“The late Earl Stanhope, by the by, was one of the most original and singular characters that ever sat within the walls of Parliament. I speak of him, now, as I was accustomed to see him, during the latter years of his life. How indescribably grotesque and ludicrous was his appearance! He was the Liston and Grimaldi, united, of the House of Peers. He wore a straight, wiry, black, scratch-wig, which descended in lank disorder into his neck. His apparel, which was always very much the worse for wear, and more than what may be called slovenly in its arrangement, generally consisted of a suit of rusty black, with a pair of whole boots, the tops of which were as dingy as the sack-like breeches they invaded at the knees; while his long, lean face, naturally of a puritanical cast, but into which he generally threw a character of comic archness, and his nasal twang in speaking, completed a *tout ensemble* of ineffable burlesque. He was eminently shrewd and sagacious; but the influence which his talents were calculated to exert, was too often impaired, if not wholly destroyed, by the proximity of the ridiculous. The weight of his arguments was forgotten in the laugh raised by the quaintness of his humour, and the broad caricature of his gesticulation. Sometimes, indeed, his reasonings were so forcible, and his demonstrations so conclusive, that they could not be resisted. His scientific knowledge and mechanical skill were universally confessed. His democratic follies, at the commencement of the French revolution, were only emanations of that originality of character which constituted its prominent and peculiar feature.

“Many whimsical anecdotes may be related of him. I remember his addressing the House of Lords on one occasion, in the following strain. ‘My lords, I am fond of talking with lawyers, because I know I can always pose them. I believe I may say what none of them can—that I have read the statutes through. My lords, I recollect once talking with Lord Thurlow upon a nice point of statute law, and his lordship said to me—‘Stanhope, if you ask my opinion upon a question of common law, I can give it to you; but as for that——’ Stop!’ Here Lord Stanhope looked across the House, with his head first on one side, then on the other, as if trying to peep behind the backs of those who were seated on the Treasury Bench—“Stop,”—he continued,—“I think I see a bishop!—never mind—it shall out!—‘but as for that d—d statute law,’ added Lord Thurlow, ‘I never know what I am about with it.’—The manner in which he hitched up his breeches, (always a favourite action with him while speaking,) with both hands, as he gave old Thurlow’s ‘very words,’ and looked unutterable things at the Bishops’ Bench, as if he *would* have said, ‘You may do your worst,’ baffles all description. The House roared again: and I am not quite sure that the bishop himself—for there was one present, and only one—kept his face as he ought; but Stanhope’s own countenance never relaxed a single muscle.

"On another occasion, when he rose to signify his intention of withdrawing his opposition from some ministerial measure, then before the House, he illustrated his reason for doing so, by telling the following story. 'I remember, my lords,' said he, 'an anecdote told of a great relative of mine, the late Earl of Chesterfield. He was walking along the street one day, when he met a drunken man, of whom he wished to take the wall. 'No—no,' hiccupped the fellow, 'I never give way to a rascal.'—'I *always* do,' said Lord Chesterfield, pulling off his hat and bowing as he passed. And, now, the noble lords opposite know why I do not mean to offer any further opposition to them.'

"Once, when he wished to have witnesses examined at the bar of their lordships' House, he said, 'Only let them come here, my lords—only let me once have them at that bar, and I'll examine their guts out of them.'

"A great laugh was excited, on one occasion, when he was vehemently urging the adoption of a clause he had proposed in some bill which was going through a Committee. The clause in question had been as vehemently opposed by the other side of the House, and Lord Stanhope was inveighing against them with great earnestness. At last, stretching his outspread hands, which were never remarkably clean, across the table, towards his opponents, he exclaimed, 'You wont have *my* clause—(*claws*)—No—you wont have *my* clause—and why wont you have *my* clause? Because you are afraid of *my* clause'—(*a loud laugh*)—'Yes—I tell you, you are afraid of *my* clause'—shaking his hands violently all the time.

"It was this same eccentric nobleman who gave the nick-name of *one and sixpence* to a certain amiable earl, who has one eye considerably, or at least very perceptibly, less than the other.

"A country member, Sir E. K——, rose suddenly, one evening, in the House of Commons, and thus addressed the chair. 'Mr. Speaker, I wish to call the attention of the House to a subject which personally concerns myself, and almost every member in it.' There was a profound silence; for it was immediately concluded the Hon. Baronet had an important question of privilege to submit. 'I wish to give notice, Mr. Speaker, that on Tuesday next I shall move for a repeal of the act, passed last session, relating to *rogues and vagabonds*!' A tremendous roar of laughter followed this announcement, for which the House certainly was not prepared, when the worthy baronet told them the subject so nearly concerned them all. The act alluded to was one relating to the game laws.

"A Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, a few years since, to inquire into the state of Lunatic Asylums in Ireland. The clerk of this committee, in affixing the usual notice upon the door of the room where it was held, for the guidance of individuals who had to attend it, unfortunately worded it in the following manner—*The Committee of Irish Lunatics*.

"But the most extraordinary thing I ever witnessed in Parliament was during the administration of Mr. Pitt, when——"

The Right Hon. J. W. C—r. This is provoking! I am at the end of the page, just as I have arrived at so tantalizing a commencement. It is as bad as if the divine Sontag were to be seized with an irrepressible fit of sneezing in the middle of one of her most enchanting and soul-dissolving cadences: or the bell ringing for one of Hume's divisions, at the moment you are sitting down to an incomparable rump-steak, up at Bellamy's.—(*Turning over the other leaves.*)—Hah—hah—I see your lordship has hit upon the true method of making an agreeable book;

something of every thing, and every thing *piquante*. There needs no ghost to tell us who is the heroine of this *morceau*. (*Reads.*)

"The present Lady B—— was formerly a Miss P——, and a native of Ireland. Her personal attractions, and elegant accomplishments, procured for her the *honour* of becoming the *chère amie* of a Mr. J——, a man of fortune, but with little else than his fortune to recommend him. It was while she was under the protection of Mr. J——, that Lord B—— first saw, and fell desperately in love with her; so desperately, indeed, that he made direct overtures to the beautiful Mrs. J——, as she was usually called. But his suit was unsuccessful. At length J—— ran through his property, and then it was quite *comme il faut* that the passion of Lord B—— should be taken into consideration. The lady at this time lodged and boarded with a Mr. F——, a jeweller, who lived not a hundred miles from Pall Mall; and she boasted to the man of diamonds, that with proper means to spread her net, she would have Lord B—— for her *husband*, within a month. She shewed Mr. F—— sundry letters from his lordship, such as could have been penned only by an *inamorato* who was deeply smitten. Pierced to the very heart, Mr. F—— looked at the business with a prudent eye, and after a little consideration, agreed to find the capital necessary for embarking in this speculation. He furnished an elegant house for her, with a splendid sideboard of plate, servants, a dashing carriage, and every thing to correspond, as the auctioneers say. The net was spread, and the bird was caught. Lord B—— married Mrs. J——, and Mr. F—— supplied the wedding jewels, which did not cost less than 20,000*l.* It was rumoured, a few years ago, that the inconstant fair one had a little intrigue at Naples, with an Italian Count, and that Lord B—— discovered one morning she had set out for Milan, upon a journey where he was not wanted. But I dare say the report was one of those scandalous fabrications, which have so much the appearance of truth that people are apt to believe them."

The Hon. Mr. R—ds. Ha! ha! ha! That last remark is a neat piece of *persiflage*.

Omnes. (*A titter of contagious delight; followed by a cataract of small talk, in the midst of which Lord L—— put the first sheet of his new work into his pocket, and slipped away to another part of the room.*)

SECOND GROUP.

Mr. C—p. I don't agree with you, Dr. —, I think it was a gross breach of propriety, for any gentleman to do such a thing.

Dr. H—tt. Pooh—pooh—you are sore, because you cut no figure in the report.

Mr. C—p. I beg your pardon—I do cut a figure, and a very ridiculous figure; for I am made to appear as if I thought nothing could be good but what I said myself.

Professor S—d. What is the matter?

Dr. H—tt. Our friend is complaining bitterly of the Monthly Magazine, which contained an article in its number for June, entitled "The Conversazione," where—

Professor S—d. I saw it, and a very clever paper I thought it too. It was quite delightful to find myself put in possession of all the good things that were said in different parts of the room, as completely as if I had had the faculty of ubiquity, and could have been in half a dozen places at once. So far from quarrelling with it, I only wondered "how the devil it got there."

Mr. M—d. No. But I'll tell you what I saw, that the title was seized upon by the Court Journal, which had its "Literary Conversazione,

in a Salon at Lady C. B—y's," and that "The Monthly Club," in some other magazine, was evidently framed upon the hint. I am sorry the Monthly has neglected to follow it up.

Dr. H—tt. You need not be afraid. The Monthly Magazine may nod sometimes; but I am much mistaken if it be found asleep when it ought to be awake.

* * * * *

THIRD GROUP.

Capt. M—n. What do you think of the Lord Chancellor?

Mr. A—s. That he has a very pretty wife—which is no libel, either on the lady or the gentleman. But what do you think of the Duke of Wellington?

Capt. M—n. That he *was*, a great general—and is—prime minister. I hope I know how to avoid a libel as well as other people.

Mr. A—s. I don't think so, for what can be more libellous than your innuendo? You assert, not in so many words, indeed, but by implication, which is the same thing, that the Duke of Wellington is not *now* a great general. Suppose you were to say of Mr. Peel, that he *was*—an honest man; would not the obvious inference be, that you considered him no longer an honest man? Let me tell you, that the Attorney-General would find in such an expression, matter sufficient to move for a criminal information, unless he were in one of his gentler moods, and preferred the more lenient process of an *ex-officio*.

Mr. Mc. F—r. I am sorry to observe this levity upon a subject so grave and momentous. "Nero fiddled, while Rome was burning." When the free citizens of a free state can cut quips and quirks, while their fetters are being rivetted, it is a melancholy proof that the period of their slavery coincides with their fitness for bondage. I look upon the recent attempts to stifle public opinion by the penalties of the law, not as a question between men of rickety character, who cannot stand erect, and, therefore seek to punish the saucy railer who tells them the disagreeable truth, but as the beginning of a system, which is to give rickety characters the exclusive privilege of protection. *Obsta principiis* is my maxim in all the affairs of life. You shall ever find, that where great inroads are meditated in civil and political rights, the beginnings are, comparatively, insignificant. It is the small end of the wedge that is applied; and we all well know, that when once the small end is firmly driven in, a succession of harder and harder blows gets the other end in. "It passeth not amiss," observes Lord Bacon, "sometimes in government, that the greater sort be admonished by an example made in the meaner, and the dog to be beaten before the lion." Be assured, that the spirit which has dictated these prosecutions, emboldened by success, will be urged to experiments upon a larger scale: one encroachment will prepare the way for a second; the second for a third, each preceding invasion of popular rights being rendered more easy by its precursor; till at last, to follow out the simile of Lord Bacon, when the *dog* has been well beaten, the *lion* himself will be boldly plucked by the beard.

Mr. D—n. The licentiousness of the press is a great evil.

Mr. Mc. F—r. All licentiousness is an evil, and all men, even the licentious themselves, have an interest in repressing it. But public men are

(*) We were in ecstasy for full ten minutes, listening to the most delightful things that were said in our praise; but as Hamlet observes, "all of which, though we most potently and powerfully believed, yet we hold it not honesty to have it set down here."—*Ed. of M. M.*

apt to call that licentiousness, which is only the natural consequence of the position in which they voluntarily place themselves. The higher the monkey climbs, says the adage, the more he shews his tail; and if a man places himself upon an elevated pedestal, he has no right to expect he should escape observation, like his fellow citizen who walks along in the crowd. The world will look, and stare, at a conspicuous object; it will laugh and sneer, if there be any thing mean or ridiculous in the appearance of that object; and it will revile the object, if it be loathsome and offensive. What then? The object is a free agent, and if it like not the laughter, the sneers, or the reviling, let it get off the pedestal. On the other hand, if it know that it is neither ridiculous nor odious, it will also know that neither splenetic mirth, nor envious reproaches, can make it so. It is a humane maxim of British jurisprudence, that it were better ninety-nine guilty should escape, than one innocent man perish; and, by a parity of reasoning, I am prepared to maintain, that in a free country, it is incalculably less injurious that good men, filling high offices of public trust, should be exposed to unfounded calumnies, than that one bad man should lord it over us in the impurity of a despotism that makes truth afraid of her own voice. It may seem like an illogical and an ungenerous conclusion, but I do firmly believe, that no man is an enemy to the freedom of the press, who does not live in secret fear of its power. It is the dread of what it may, some time or other, do to himself, arising from the consciousness that there is a something which it can do, that makes him impatient of its functions, and eager to circumscribe them.

Mr. D—n. I do not agree with you there; for we should be selfish beings, indeed, if we could look with indifference upon the perpetration of injustice towards others, because we feel secure ourselves.

Mr. Mc. F—r. And yet it would be difficult to prove that self-love and social are not the same. But we will not grow metaphysical. It is enough for me, that I have seen, in my own time, the purest characters slandered in silence, and the most tainted ones loud in their indignation at the breathing of a whisper, or the pointing of a finger. It is not your strong garrisons that take up arms and sally forth when a straggler, who may be a spy, is peering about the walls: but a vulnerable, ill-defended post, is easily alarmed, calls out for assistance, and, by the aid of others, not by its own strength, drives away the danger. When all is done, however, unless those who came to its aid, remain, the place is still "heinously unprovided" with the means of defence, and hardly worth the defending by such efforts.

Capt. M—n. This is a dry subject. Pray what is your opinion of Platonic love?

[A loud laugh followed this question, which was succeeded by sundry disquisitions upon the nature of love in general, the harem of the Grand Seignior, the height of the Falls of Niagara, and the source of the Niger. A little gentleman, in black, with a pale face and a red nose, which looked like a strawberry in a bowl of cream, was particularly eloquent upon the efficacy of sugar-candy in sweetening the blood; when the watchman cried twelve o'clock, and sprung his rattle. The former was a hint, and the latter a motive, to take our departure, which we accordingly did; running over in our mind, as we ran along Bond-street and Piccadilly, all the good things we had heard about Lord Stanhope and the liberty of the press, Platonic love, the Falls of Niagara, sugar-candy, and the harem at Stamboul.]

WALKS IN IRELAND: No. IV.—DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"HAVE you e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair?"

inquires a lyric poem, well known to those wandering minstrels vulgarly called ballad-singers, who, in modern times, sustain the profession of the troubadour, just as respectably as the Fives'-court, Red-house dandy of the nineteenth century, does that of the knight without fear and without reproach, the *preux* chevalier of the days of the lance and the golden spur. The song proceeds to assure you, that

"An Irishman all in his glory is there."

But I deny the assertion with both hands: to see that exhilarating sight, you must extend your peregrinations to some southern or western fair, or *patron*,*—Ballinagerah, for instance, where the Iraghticonnor boys fight the Clanmaurices—ay, and beat them too, once a year; or Cahir, where Shaun Gar's faction keeps the field against all comers; or Portumna, the battle-ground of Munster and Connaught; or any other unpolluted spot, where "batin' is chape," and the rascally, new-fangled Peelers† do not interfere to mar sport, and interrupt the good old custom of breaking heads for fun; or go to the Cross of St. Doulaghs, in Fingal, and there you will see as pretty wrestling as any in the world. The peasantry there, are as fine a looking race of active athletic fellows as ever you saw in your life; and as for the girls, it is enough to make a man's heart leap for joy to look at them. You need not apprehend the slightest insult, not to say violence, from venturing into an Irish fair, even in the middle of a *row*, provided you have the sense not to interfere, directly or indirectly, with what is going on; for the "Boys,"‡ will invariably respect a gentleman, "if his honour laves thim alone, an' doesn't be axin' thim to be *quite* (Anglice, *quiet*), an' bringin' magisthrates, an' thim divels ov polis' on thim;" and this I assert without fear of contradiction from their worst enemies, and I know more about them practically, may be, than the whole "Wisdom" put together.

By the way, I remember a magistrate in the south of Ireland, a justice of the peace of the old school, who could not see either sense or reason in preventing the poor fellows from fighting out their little quarrels, after their own fashion, and who considered a row between two factions as a kind of safety-valve, to let off the over-heated passions of the parties, which might otherwise explode in some fearful violence; and, to say the truth, until the gentry condescend to sift out the root of the hereditary quarrels among the peasantry, and endeavour to reconcile them by reason and fair means, instead of staving them asunder by means of police, whom they hate, or soldiers, whom they should be taught to respect, by never seeing them employed except on weighty occasions, I think with him, and so will you, if you read the papers, and see who begins the *real* mischief, in nine cases out of ten, the peasantry or the police. It was amusing enough to hear the parting admonitions of the magistrate I speak of, when he saw a fight inevitable; "Well, boys,

* A kind of petty fair, so called because founded in honour of a patron-saint.

† Police, so called in honour of their founder and patron-saint, the Right Hon. Robert Peel.

‡ In Ireland, as in Greece, the unmarried men, no matter what their age, are invariably termed "Boys."

nothing 'ill do ye but ye must fight it out. Well, lave the road, and go into the field, and fight fair with your sticks like men ; but, if ye take to stonies, and *brake the pace*, by all the books that ever were shut and opened, I'll ram every mother's son of ye into gaol, and *persecute* ye to the end of the law." And, to tell God's truth, as they say in the country, you seldom heard of more serious mischief in his district than a few broken heads ; whereas, had he followed the example of his brethren of the bench, and called out the police, you would have been edified on this side of the water, with half-a-dozen inquests on victims of gun-shot wounds, to improve your good opinion of us of the Island of Saints. Peace be with the worthy in question ! He has been gathered to his fathers since I visited the part of the country of which he was the Solon ; and an honest fellow and a fair sportsman he was. There was not a better mounted foxhunter in Munster ; and he would think as little of a double ditch in the morning, or a half-dozen cooper of claret "to his own cheek," in the evening, as any man from this to himself ; but he has paid the debt of nature, as I have said (though, indeed, he had no great taste for paying debts). So—*Requiescat in pace* ! as the tombstones have it.

A friend of mine, who has spent the best part of his life in the service of king and country, in all parts of the globe, returned a short time since to his native village, in the county of Tipperary, after an absence of many years. It was on the fair-day that he arrived, and a melancholy scene the well-remembered spot presented to my pugnacious and enthusiastic friend, who recollected with a sigh the happy times when Peelers were not. In place of the accustomed crowd of jolly-looking fellows, their hilarious faces beaming with joyous anticipation of the coming fight, nothing was to be seen but lounging groups, with downcast visages, bent upon the ground ; some leaning in sullen listlessness against the cabin-walls—others propped upon their useless shillelaghs, and looking as sulky, to use my narrator's words, "as if they had tossed up for their breakfast, and lost." At length he asked a decent-looking farmer, who seemed to partake of the general despondency, what was the matter ? "The matther !" he replied, "matther enough to vex a saint out ov heaven ! Look at the polis, bad fortin' to thim !—there they are, an' they've hindhered the fight ! Ogh ! Musha an' it's it that would have been the purty one ! An' there's Mither Butler says, iv we don't *asperse* ourselves, he'll read the Riot Axe—jist as iv anybody wanted to riot—only fight fair. Bud what's worst ov all, there's Father Wade, that ought to know betther, turnin' agin us, jist as bad as the rest, an' says its a shame to be fightin'—as iv he forgot his own father, may the heavens be his bed ! that whin he was to be the fore, used to bate the whole fair afore him. Ogh an' throth, betune thim all, the counthry's fairly spoilt !" My friend could not help sympathizing in the natural distress of the poor fellow ; so riding up to the officer of police, he requested as a favour that he would no longer prevent the usual diversions of the people, assuring him, at the same time, that he himself would undertake that nothing serious should occur. "Why, Captain —," said the officer, "there's a great deal in what you say : I cannot give the men *leave* to fight ; but, now that I think of it, I may as well take a walk to the other end of the fair, and see what is doing there. —Right shoulders forward !—March !" Away went the goodnatured policeman, and the *purty* fight instantly commenced.

All this is nothing to Donnybrook Fair you will say—I deny that too; I have told you what Donnybrook Fair is *not*, now let me explain to you what it is.

To begin scientifically by describing the locality, the renowned village of Donnybrook is situated within less than a mile of the still more renowned city of Dublin, on the banks of a pleasant rivulet, from which circumstance it derives its name, Donnybrook signifying, literally, a puny, or dwindled stream. The scenery around it is of a peculiarly gay and lively character, well suited to the comical extravaganza there enacted once a-year; but in the distance is a threatening looking ridge of barren mountains, scowling rather ominously on the lowlands, and they too, suit the ideas which they inspire; for within their recesses dwell a pugnacious race, who, a few years ago, thought fit, for some reasons best known to themselves, but hidden from the rest of the world, though, in all probability, just as satisfactory as most causes of war, to descend from their fastnesses, and, as they pithily expressed it, “bate the fair,” and they carried their determination into effect with a vengeance. On the appointed day the invaders were seen entering the fair, not in a body, or with any note of martial preparation; no, no, they were too “cute” for that, but in detached groups, by twos and threes, apparently without any organization, or connexion. During the forenoon, and while the daylight lasted, they conducted themselves with perfect decorum; never did troops behave with more prudence, and prudence is the better part of valour; they ate of the fat, and drank of the strong, and paid their way like a set of bibacious accomptants. Had they been clerks of the Bank of England, or even of Messrs. Pugett and Bainbridge, who, I am told, pique themselves on possessing still more accomplished accuracy in financial operations, they could not have cleared scores more neatly or punctually; but when evening came with her treacherous shade, the scene was changed—the forlorn hope, in the shape of a huge two-handed fellow, a regular Irish giant, from the glen of Imal, opened the campaign by upsetting a table where a parcel of the “Liberty Boys,” not generous youths who burned with zeal in the sacred cause of freedom, champions of the rights of man, but boys from a district called the liberties of Dublin, were drinking. This, as the phrase goes, “riz a fight;” the townsmen flew to the assistance of their fellows; the mountaineers, with the elevated spirit of their region, rushed to the charge, and then began the “certaminis gaudia,” as a gentleman of the name of Attila, who would gladly have taken a part in the affair, had he lived at the time, once said on a similar occasion; tents were trampled under foot by the combatants, like standing corn by a drove of bullocks; booths disappeared with the scene-shifting rapidity of a pantomime, though certainly in anything but dumb shew; publicans and drunkards bit the dust in promiscuous confusion; theatricals were at an end, the curtain dropped upon histrionic woe, and the real tragedy of broken shins, and bloody coxcombs assumed the stage; Punch and Judy forgot in an instant, the bitter heart-burnings, and domestic dissensions of an age, and fled in the amity of terror; in short, to sum up all in the expressive language of a spectator who described the scene to me, “the battle of *Watherlem* was a cockfight to it.”

Donnybrook Fair is unique in every sense of the word: it has little in common with other Irish fairs, and they resemble nothing else on the face of the earth. From its proximity to Dublin, it is within the reach

of all classes, and in fact, during the course of its week of existence, you may meet with specimens of every rank and station of Irish society amongst its motley groups: peers, horse-jockeys, aldermen, sheriffs, pickpockets, showmen, peasants, strolling players, Dublin jackeens, barristers, thieves, orangemen, and liberators, all mingled in an universal saturnalia, all confounded in a mazy labyrinth of headlong jollity, without distinction of rank, fortune, or avocation.

Rows of tents of every shape and description, disposed in streets, afford accommodation to the endless succession of visitors; and during the day-time, the unaffected genuine fun of the scene, would win a laugh from a puritan, but as night approaches, the lovers of quiet and eschewers of broken heads gradually retire; the strains of the emulous fiddlers and pipers grow fast and furious; the tents are lighted up; dancing, drinking, and fighting, commence their joint and riotous reign, and then begins a scene of uproarious merriment, to which the polyglott revelry of the workmen of Babel, if we could imagine them drunk with Irish whiskey, would be a modulated harmony. In the dim recesses of one booth, may be seen a group of thieves, "making a bartley," which being translated, means sharing the produce of a successful adventure; under the ample canopy of the next, all unsuspecting of their dangerous proximity to the votaries of St. Nicholas, a knot of well-fed corporators are purifying their faculties with whiskey punch, the rays of the "tallow dips" glancing on their shining faces and twinkling eyes, like moonbeams on a tranquil lake, as Leigh Hunt, or Rosa Matilda, I forget which, beautifully remarks, when speaking of a farthing rushlight, reflected in a wash-hand basin; while in a third, poles tremble, and glasses jingle with the vigorous bounds of the rival dancers, to the tune of "The Coulin," or "The Exile of Erin," or some equally pathetic air, played in jig time, the blind minstrel encouraging the performers all the while, with "who's on the fleuer?—yer sows to glory, let a body hear yez;" the beauty of the performance consisting in beating audible time to every note of the tune, with heel and toe.

But in spite of all that yet remains, it must be admitted with a sigh, that the glory of Donnybrook has departed in the person of the renowned Daniel Donnelly, better known among his admiring followers, by the sounding title of "Sir Dan Dann'ly, the Irish haroe." Of course if you know anything of the glorious science of self-defence, a necessary accomplishment which I hope you have not neglected amidst the general diffusion of knowledge which distinguishes this happy age, of course if you have cultivated that noble art, that true *γυμνὰς σπουδὴν*, which teaches us the superiority of practical demonstration over theoretical induction, the recollection of that celebrated champion must fill your mind with reverence for his exploits, mingled with regret that he was snatched so soon from the path of glory.

I was fortunate enough to possess the friendship of that great man, and I esteem among the happiest days of my life, that on which I was lucky enough to attract his attention: it was during a row at Donnybrook Fair. I was defending myself with whatever energy I possess, against overwhelming odds, when suddenly, as if Mars himself had listened to my invocation, and descended to the fray, Dan rushed from his tent to shew fair play, and in an instant my cowardly assailants fled, as if scattered by a whirlwind. From that hour, gratitude on my part, and a consciousness of protection on his, cemented an intimacy between us.

After death had snatched him from the scene he illustrated by his achievements, I contemplated publishing his memoirs, under the title of "Recollections of Sir Daniel Donnelly and his contemporaries;" I intended to prefix a silhouette sketch of Dan, as he generally appeared on his return from the prize ring, and impelled by the love of truth, I would have heightened the interest of the work, by detailing, with the unvarnished simplicity of a diary, those various little domestic failings which my hero possessed in common with other great men, and the disclosure of which is so soothing to the vanity of the rest of the world. I was eminently qualified to perform the task, since I was admitted to his confidence, and shared his convivial hours; but by a singular coincidence, just as I was arranging my materials, and culling piquant anecdotes from my fancy, my memory, and my journal, "Recollections of Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," appeared, on a plan so similar to mine, that I gave up the undertaking, lest I should be suspected of imitating a work which I could never hope to rival.

The character of Dan Donnelly will not suffer by comparison with that of any hero of ancient or modern times. It is true it was never his fortune to lead hundreds of thousand to glorious slaughter; nor, in truth, did his taste lean that way, for he could not, as he himself energetically expressed it, "See the fun ov thravellin' over the say, to be shot at by blackguards that couldn't spake English, an' daren't stand up to a man, for a *hog* (Anglice, a shilling) a day." But it is not so much by the magnitude, as by the nature of his exploits, that the character of a hero is measured in the estimation of the philosophical historian; he strips it of the adventitious support of accident or fortune, he appreciates it according to its intrinsic strength, and draws his conclusions as to its value, from its development when left to its unassisted energies, rather than when supported by, and linked with the powers of others. Following this just and equitable rule, let me ask any sound and impartial judge what chance would even the Great Captain himself have had against Sir Dan in a twenty-four feet ring, at half minute time? Why he would be "doubled up" in the twinkling of an eye. As for Napoleon, that arbiter of the destinies of nations, he was one of the "light weights;" and the gigantic champion would have disdained to lift a finger to him. Perhaps, after all, the character of Alexander the Great is that to which my departed friend bore most resemblance; and let me remark, that there is a coincidence in the manner of their deaths, too striking not to excite the attention even of the most careless observer. In the cup of Hercules the conqueror of the east found the fate which he had escaped at Issus and Arbela; and the champion, whom Oliver and Cooper could not overcome, sank beneath the overpowering influence of eight-and-twenty tumblers of punch.

My feelings have seldom been so much excited as they were one day when passing through Thomas-street, the Whitechapel-road of Dublin, I chanced to look into a barber's shop, and almost the first object which met my eye was a cast from the never-to-be-forgotten visage of Sir Dan moulded into a wig-block; there it was—that iron, indomitable face, which beating might improve, but never could injure: that round, solid-looking, bullet head, that seemed made to be propelled, in the fashion of a battering-ram, against adventurous assailants. Still did the glassy eyes stare with their usual expression of tranquil self-assurance, while the compressed trap-like lips, denoted that inflexible determination of

character, and fixedness of purpose, upon which argument would be as completely thrown away, as upon the matured and well-considered decision of a mastiff.

A memorable spot is Thomas-street in the annals of Dublin. The theatre of the frantic insurrection of Robert Emmet in 1803, and of the tragical arrest of the unhappy and misguided Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in 1798. The recollection sobers me at once.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was brother to the late, and uncle to the present Duke of Leinster. Of violent passions, both evil and good, had his lot been cast in a happier time he might have been a hero, the glory of his country and his illustrious race, but he lived in the disastrous days, when the pestilent infection of the French Revolution spread to our unfortunate country, to madden the mind and corrupt the heart of many a young and fiery enthusiast, who, stung with the recollections of our sad and melancholy history, and listening to the satanic philosophy which teaches that the end justifies the means, was willing to peril the future to avenge the past, and buy, no matter at what cost of desolation and blood, a share in that universal equality which denounces altars, and thrones, and hereditary rank, as tyrannical superstitions, unworthy of the Age of Reason, and incompatible with the Rights of Man.

Two wily parties watched the course and progress of popular excitement in Ireland. On the one side the restless and practised malcontents, who hoped to profit by political convulsion, and how it might; on the other, the cool calculators, who, possessed of sure intelligence, traversed the plans of the conspirators, and suffered them to mature their plot, in order to cut them off the more effectually in the overt act. Alas! for many a bold-spirited, over-credulous youth, who hearkening to the suggestions of those who, for their own evil purposes, taught him to look upon a bloody servile war, without concert or arrangement, that could give a chance of success, as an honourable and noble enterprize, and rushing into the double toils of private treachery and forestalled insurrection, perished in the inglorious field, or on the ignominious scaffold.

In an evil hour, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, piqued by a personal affront which he had received in a high quarter, lent himself to this ill-omened conspiracy. Little did he think, that plot within plot, and treachery within treachery, then lurked a canker in the very heart of the body to which he had united himself, and that not a step did he take, not a plan did he concoct, which was not detailed by an unsuspected informer to the government he sought to overturn. But so it was. I hasten to get rid of the subject. I am sorry I spoke of it at all, filled as it is with gloomy and mournful recollections. In a house in Thomas Street, on the right hand side as you go out of the town, and in a room which never has been used since that fatal day, was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, lying on a bed, disguised as a countryman, and reading *Gil Blas*, when the party commissioned to apprehend him, and guided by the double traitor to whom I have alluded, arrived; they were headed by the two town majors, Sirr and Swan, and a Captain Ryan, who joined them just as they were setting out from the Castle. Swan and Ryan entered the room together, and summoned Lord Edward to surrender; but he, relying on his extraordinary activity and personal strength, determined to make a dash for escape, and closing with poor Ryan, who rushed forward before his companion, killed him with a dagger on the spot.

Swan, who was in no way deficient in resolution, pinioned him round the body before he could well disengage himself from the dying man, and threw him back upon the bed from which he had sprung on their entrance, and then Sirr, who during the conflict was safely ensconced outside the door, saw fit to enter, and putting a pistol to his shoulder, as he lay under Swan, shot him into the body. He was carried off instantly to a place of security, and among the first who saw him in his miserable state, was a near and valued friend of mine, who, though he abhorred his politics, had known him long and intimately in private life, and who, himself a man of as strong nerves, and as little likely to give way to emotion as any one I know, was so shocked at the sight that he burst into tears. "Don't be downhearted," said the unhappy man, "it is the fortune of war." He lingered for a day or two in extreme agony, before welcome death closed his unfortunate career. Thus perished a high-minded but hot-headed man, who, born for better things, suffered himself to fall blindfold, as it were, into the hands of a knot of sanguinary dastards, who, as they betrayed him in the conspiracy, would have deserted him in the field. Something too much of this. I know not how I stumbled on the subject. I have done with it for ever.

Let us return to Donnybrook. During the fair week, Dan Donnelly's tent (he always kept one after he became a celebrated character) was always crowded to excess by all classes, high and low; some attracted by admiration of the good things of this life dispensed by the amiable Lady Dann'ly, others by the convivial and facetious qualities of her redoubted spouse; in the evening, especially, you were sure to find him the centre of a circle of wondering listeners, detailing some of his extraordinary adventures, the most astonishing of which it was heresy in the eyes of his followers to doubt for an instant, though my love of truth obliges me to confess, that one or two I have heard him relate sounded a little apocryphal. But great and extraordinary characters are not to be judged of by common rules; for instance, his account of the manner in which he obtained the honour of knighthood from the hands of our present gracious Sovereign, then Prince Regent, always appeared to me to differ in some material circumstances from the ordinary routine of court etiquette, and rather to resemble one of those amusing and instructive narratives denominated fairy tales. But on this delicate subject perhaps the safest course is to suffer the reader to judge for himself: so without further circumlocution, I will submit my lamented friend's account to his perusal, in the precise words in which I have so often had the pleasure of hearing it.

"My jewels, I was lyin' in bed one mornin', restin' myself, in regard ov bein' dhrunk the night afore, wid Scroggins an' Jack Randall, an' some more ov the boys; an' as I was lyin' on the broad ov my back, thinkin' ov nothin', a knock came to my door. 'Come in,' says I, 'iv you're fat.' So the door opened sure enough, an' in come a great big chap, dhressed in the most elegantest way ever you see, wid a cockade in his hat, an' a plume ov feathers out ov id, an' goolden epulets upon his shouldhers, an' tassels an' bobs of goold all over the coat ov him, jist like any lord ov the land. 'Are you Dan Dann'ly,' says he;—'Throth an' I am,' says I; 'an' that's my name sure enough, for want ov a better; an' what d'ye want wid me now you've found me.'—'My masther is wantin' to spake to ye, an' sint me to tell you to come down to his

place in a hurry.'—'An' who the divil *is* your mather?' says I; 'an' didn't think ye had one, only yourself, an' you so fine.'—'Oh,' says he, 'my mather is the Prence Ragin.'—'Blur an' ouns,' says I; 'tell his honour I'll be wid him in the twinklin' of a bedpost, the minit I take my face from behind my beard, an' get on my clane flax; but stop a bit,' says I; 'where does the mather live?'—'Down at Carltown Palace,' says he; 'so make yourself dacent, an' be off wid yourself afther me.' Wid that away he wint.

"Up I gets, an' away I goes, the instant minit I put on my duds, down to Carltown Palace. An' it's it that's the place; twicet as big as the castle, or Kilmainham gaol, an' groves ov threes round about it, like the Phaynix Park. Up I goes to the gate, an' I gives a little asy rap to show I wasn't proud; who should let me in but the 'dential chap that come to ax me up. 'Well Dan,' says he, 'you didn't let the grass grow andher your feet; the mather's waitin', so away in wid ye as fast as ye can.'—'An' which way will I go?' says I.—'Crass the yard,' says he, 'an' folley your nose up through the house, ever 'till you come to the dhrawin'-room door, an' then jist rap wid your knuckle, an' ye'll get lave to come in.' So away I wint across the yard, an' it's there the fun was goin' on, soldiers marchin', an' fiddlers playin', and monkeys dancin', an' every kind ov diversion, the same as ourselves here at Donnybrook Fair, only it lasts all the year round, from mornin' till night, I'm tould.

"Whin I come to the house, in I wint, bowin' an' doin' my manners in the most genteelest way to all the grand lords an' ladies that was there, folleyin' their own divarsion, the same as thim that was in the yard, every way they liked—dhrinkin', and singin', an' playin' ov music, and dancin' like mad! I wint on, on, on, out ov one room an' into another, till my head was fairly addled, an' I thought I'd never come to the ind. And sich grandeur!—why, the play-house was nothin' to id. At last I come to a beautiful big stairs, an' up I wint; an' sure enough there was the dhrawin'-room door, reachin' up to the ceilin' almost, an' as big as the gate ov a coach-house, an' wrote on a board over the door, 'No admittance for strangers, only on business.'—'Sure,' says I, 'I'm come on the best ov business, whin the Prence is afther sendin' his man to tell me to come on a visit.'—An' wid that I gave a knock wid my knuckle the way I was bid. 'Come in,' says a voice; and so I opened the door.

"Oh! then, ov all the sights ever I see, an' it's that was the finest! There was the Prence Ragin' himself, mounted up upon his elegant throne, an' his crown, that was half a hundhred weight ov goold, I suppose, on his head, an' his scepture in his hand, an' his lion sittin' on one side ov him, an' his unicorn on the other.'—'Morrow, Dan,' says he; 'you're welcome here.'—'Good morning, my Lord,' says I, 'plase your Reverence.'—'An' what do you think ov my place,' says he, 'Dan, now you're in it?'—'By Dad! your worship,' says I, 'it bates all the places ever I see, an' there's not the like of id for fun in the wide world, barrin' Donnybrook Fair.'—'I never was at the fair,' says he, 'bud I'm tould there's plenty of sport there for thim that has money, an' is able to take their own part in a row.'—'Throth, Majesty,' says I, 'your honour may say that; an' iv your holiness 'll come an' see us there, it's myself that 'ill give you a dhrop ov what's good, an' shew ye all the diversion ov the place—ay, an' leather the best man in the fair, that dare say, Black is the white ov your eye!'—'More power to ye, Dan!' says he, laughin'; 'an

what id you like to dhrink now?—‘Oh, by Gor!’ says I, ‘I’m afeard to take anything, for I was dhrunk last night, an’ I’m not quite study yet.—‘By the piper that played afore Moses,’ says he, ‘ye’ll not go out ov my house till ye dhrink my health;’ so wid that he mounted down off his throne, an’ wint to a little black cupboard he had snug in the corner, an’ tuck out his gardy vine an’ a couple of glasses. ‘Hot or cowl’d, Dan?’ says he.—‘Cowl’d, plase your reverence,’ says I. So he filled a glass for me, an’ a glass for himself.—‘Here towards ye, Dan,’ says he.—‘The same to you, Majesty!’ says I;—and what do ye think it was? May I never tell a lie iv id wasn’t as good whiskey as ever you see in your born days. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘that’s as fine sperits as ever I dhrunk, for sperits like id; might I make bould to ax who does your worship dale wid?’—‘Kinahan, in Dublin,’ says he.—‘An’ a good warrant he is,’ says I: so we wint on, dhrinking, an’ chattin’, till at last, ‘Dan,’ says he, ‘I’d like to spar a round wid ye.’ ‘Oh,’ says I, ‘Majesty, I’d be afeard’d ov hurtin’ ye, without the gloves.’—‘Arrah, do you think it’s a brat ov a boy ye’re spakin’ to?’ says he; ‘do ye’re worst, Dan, and divil may care!’ An’ so wid that we stud up.

“Do you know he has a mighty purty method ov his own, bud thin, though id might do wid Oliver, it was all nonsense wid me, so afore you could say Jack Lattin, I caught him wid my left hand undher the ear, an’ tumbled him up on his throne. ‘There now,’ says I, ‘Majesty, I tould ye how id would be, but you’d never stop until you got yourself hurt.’—‘Give us your fist, Dan,’ says he, ‘I’m not a bit the worse of the fall; your a good man, an’ I’m not able for you.’—‘That’s no disgrace,’ says I, ‘for it’s few that is; but iv I had you in thrainin’ for six months, I’d make another man ov ye; an’ wid that we fell a dhrinkin’ agin, ever till we didn’t lave a dhrup in the bottle; an’ then I thought it was time to go, so up I got.—‘Dan,’ says he, ‘before you lave me I’ll make you a knight, to show I have no spite agin ye for the fall.’—‘Oh,’ says I, ‘for the matter ov that, I’m sure ye’re too honourable a gentleman to hould spite for what was done in fair play, an’ you know your reverence wouldn’t be easy until you had a thrial ov me.’—‘Say no more about id, Dan,’ says he, laughin’, ‘bud kneel down upon your bended knees.’ So down I kneeled.—‘Now,’ says he, ‘ye wint down on your marrow bones plain Dan, but I give ye lave to get up Sir Dan Dann’ly, Esquire.’—‘Thank your honour,’ says I, ‘and God mark you to grace wherever you go.’ So wid that we shook hands, an’ away I wint. Talk of your kings and prences, the Prence Ragin’ is the finest Prence ever I dhrunk wid.”

J. R. O.

MY INABILITIES.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why some men have ten thousand a-year; others fifty thousand a-year; and some a hundred thousand a-year, while *I* can't get any thing like the least of those sums. And yet I am quite sure it has not been for want of wishing. The latter, indeed, for to say the truth, I am prone to that which Young calls "the constant hectic of a fool," though, at the same time, to do myself equal justice, I am far from being averse to that which I consider better than wishing, doing. I have been doing something all my life; even when I have had nothing to do, I never did nothing; and I may add, that, like the ostler at the Elephant and Castle, who "never does nothing for nothing," I have always made it a rule to have my *quid pro quo*. Why, then, am I doomed, every time I put on my hat, "to clap a ring fence round my whole estate?" Why are the pockets, the only part of my nether garment, I mean, which are always as good as new? Why, in short, as often as I look in a glass, do I behold, at one view, the whole of my personal property, and find myself forced to confess I have the appearance of a man of substance, though the very confession arises from a sort of personal reflection upon the nature and bulk of my real property? I could ask a dozen more questions, all of them as much to the purpose as those I have asked, and yet have as far to seek as ever for a sufficient answer to my main one. Touching the reasons why I cannot have all the money I could spend, while there are so many in the world who cannot spend all the money they have, and so many more who get all the money they want. I know it may be said that both these manys put together, would not amount to a thousandth part of that huge colossal many, who are in the same predicament as myself.—Granted. But as it could not be proved, I take it, that if there were a hundred men going to be hung, the disagreeable sensation of that ceremony would be divided between them, instead of each individual of the party having his separate allowance of rope; so, I maintain, it is equally incapable of proof, that the knowledge of there being ten thousand, or ten hundred thousand empty pockets, is, or ought to be, sufficient to produce in any one of them the same sensation as a purse would which is never empty. Besides, every man is the best judge of his own wrongs; or, at least, of the degree in which he feels an injury. I, therefore, knowing exactly to how many excellent purposes I should apply a large fortune, if I had one, am peculiarly sensible of the injustice, not only to myself, but to others, of keeping me without. It is incalculable the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. If any body thinks this is a mere piece of brag, all I say is, *try me!* I only wish the Duke of Northumberland, or Lord Grosvenor, or the Marquis of Stafford, or any other man who has more money than a man ought to have, would just let me serve an apprenticeship to ten thousand a-year, and if, long before I was out of my time, I did not shew I was fit to carry on the business afterwards upon double that scale, I would consent to have my indentures cancelled. Or I would undertake to spend other people's money upon commission; that is, if fifty or a hundred benevolent persons, sincerely desirous of making their wealth more extensively beneficial than they are able to do of themselves, would club their five hundred or thousand a-year each, for a time to be specified, but *long enough*

to give the thing a fair trial, and let me use it, I have no more doubt than I have of wanting their money, that I should be able to give them satisfaction. But to return from this digression, I repeat, it is incalculable, the good I should have done to the world, had the world been good to me. Where I now give only a tear to misery, because I can give nothing else, I should give a guinea; and every body knows how much farther that will go with bakers and butchers. Where now I can only sigh over misfortune, I should pay misfortune her wages, and send her about her business; and where now I am fain to content myself with simply advising a friend in distress what is the best thing for him to do, if he can, namely, to get out of it, I should do it for him, and get him out. I am quite, positively, certain, these would be among the consequences of my having only ten thousand a-year; and therefore I do maintain, that besides the injustice which the want of it inflicts upon myself, exhausting every day, my stock of sensibility, which is constantly oozing away in tears and sighs, and my store of common sense, which is hourly melted down into good advice to a numerous circle of friends who stand much in need of it, an equal injustice is done to every man, woman, and child, to every maid, widow, and wife, who do not get what *they* might, because *I* have not got what I ought.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND what commonly passes for *fine* writing; that is, fine words strung together, like a row of painted egg-shells, with nothing inside; or like an artist's palette, daubed over with vivid colours of bright yellow, deep purple, glowing crimson, &c., a mere confusion of gaudy hues, which offend the eye, and convey no meaning to the mind. There is a knot of these writers, just now, who figure in annuals, monthlies, weeklies, and hot-pressed duodecimos, and who call aloud for another Gifford to sweep them away with the besom of common-sense. They are upheld in their fooleries by another knot of small critics, each of whom has his pet poet or poetess, and snivels or drivels, as the case may be, over his or her "affecting," "sublime," "touching," and "powerful" effusions. There is Miss A., and Mrs. B.; Caroline C., and Letitia D.; Mr. E., and Leonard Lubykin F., Esq.; Lady Matilda G., and the Hon. Augustus H.; and so on, to the end of the alphabet—each and all of whom are, severally and individually, taught to look back with supreme contempt upon that age which was contented with such authors only as Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Collins, Thomson, Akenside, Goldsmith, and Cowper. They blot quire after quire of foolscap; but, as they never think, it is not surprising the thought never comes into their heads of blotting out what they write. They are the idols of the *afore-said* small critics; the paragons of young ladies, who subscribe by the year to circulating libraries; the astonishment of that very numerous class of readers who wonder "how people can write a book," because they themselves find it a serious business to write a letter; and the oracle of every circle where they appear, because they are always careful never to appear where they are not an oracle. I may take another opportunity, and in a different character, perhaps, of illustrating the opinions here expressed, by quotations from their works; but, as I have often fancied I could write very much like these modern Sapphos and Shakspeares, I will take *this* opportunity for the experiment:—

THE WARRIOR-LOVER, BY THE GRAVE OF HIS MISTRESS.

There he sat,
 In the dark storm of his soul! And the proud
 Warrior of a hundred fights, on whose
 Battle-blade his own fierce spirit dwelt—he,
 Who in the field of strife, all red with blood
 From helm to spur, had played with horrid Death,
 As children sport with it—a child himself,
 Now wept warm tears upon a new-made grave:
 The grave of his heart's mistress!—the lovely
 Ethelinda! Oh! she was beautiful
 As breathing morning in the vernal spring:
 And fair as summer flowers, that wanton
 In the sun, yet droop before his setting
 Ray kisses their fragrant beauty! Alas!
 That youthful love and maiden innocence
 Should wither to decay, and shrouded lie,
 Or ere the kindred soul their charms have touched,
 Can say farewell, and then decay itself!

And the warrior came! In the pride of his
 Glory he came! But stern and terrible
 In the tempest of his grief! And the grave
 Of Ethelinda was *his* grave! The bride
 Of death slept gently with the warrior,
 Who in life was the affianced bridegroom
 Of her heart!

There it is!—and it reads, I think, like something or other which I have heard called uncommonly fine. But if the reader thinks so, it is more than I do; and Heaven forgive the man who calls such writing poetry!

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why the alchymists of former times are considered by the philosophers of modern times as little better, if at all better, than fools. I am quite serious; though I know I make the declaration at the hazard of being accounted an egregious fool myself. But let me state my own case. I renounce, at the outset, not only as utterly futile, but as a presumptuous denial of Heaven's declared will, the dream of compounding an elixir, which, by the subtle concentration of the essence of vitality, or, in other words, by the discovery of the elemental principle of life, should enable the fortunate possessor of it to renew his youth, as the vegetable world revives at the approach of spring. I give this up, I say; not merely as a visionary bauble of the imagination, but as a direct attempt of the creature to contravene and abrogate a decree of the Creator. But I make my stand in defence of alchemy, upon that other grand object of its followers—the discovery of the philosopher's stone, as it is called; or of the tincture, or powder, or art,—not of transmuting metals, by converting a lump of lead into a lump of gold,—but of *bonâ fide* MAKING gold by a regular and scientific process. "It never *has* been done," is the triumphant answer of philosophers; but that it *therefore* never *will* be done, is not the deduction of philosophy. He who should have attempted, when alchemy was in fashion, to discover the means of navigating rivers and seas without the aid of wind and canvas, or of producing a brilliant and

permanent light without employing any combustible substance, would have been deemed as confirmed a disciple of folly by his own generation, as the seekers after the philosopher's stone have since been by succeeding generations. Yet the steam-boat and the gas-lamp are now too common to excite the wonder, or attract the notice, even of the vulgar; and there are many other mechanical inventions and discoveries of science which might be adduced to fortify this mode of argument. Why, then, should the notion be treated as an absurdity too gross almost for serious argument, that one of those accidents to which we owe various discoveries, or some of those experiments which have led to such astonishing results in chemical science, may one day penetrate the laboratory of nature, and detect her process in the formation of this precious metal? In short, is there any difficulty in conceiving such a progress to be made by the gradual triumphs of science, as to acquire the power, by analytical investigation, of ascertaining not only what are the component parts, but what are the respective proportions in which those component parts exist, in a piece of gold? And if once chemical science gets thus far,—if once she is able accurately to detect and separate whatever these component parts may be, and to determine, with equal accuracy, whatever may be their several proportions,—I should not despair of the synthetical process soon accomplishing all the rest. In conclusion, this is the sum and substance of my doctrine—that it is within the reasonable calculation of chemical science to be able to resolve gold into its primary elements; that when so resolved, the relative and positive quantities of those elements may be ascertained; and, lastly, that when we know what are the separate ingredients, and what are their combined proportions, to make gold will be no more difficult than it now is to make any other artificial metal. They who deny these propositions *à priori*, must be prepared to do so upon the grounds that there exists some moral, physical, or philosophical impossibility of decomposing gold, as palpable and self-evident as that which would stare a man in the face who should seriously set to work to contrive how he might get the sun and moon into a crucible, in order to make suns and moons, or stars and comets. And so ends my argument in defence of that branch of alchymy which sought to discover the philosopher's stone!

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND, why members of parliament call each other *honourable*; unless it is, because they choose to be singular in their opinions, or expect to have credit for more discernment than the rest of the world. If it be the former, all that can be said of the matter is, that it is their whim; it deceives nobody, and cannot fairly be complained of therefore, as an injurious misrepresentation; but it would redound more to their credit and utility as a public body, if they reciprocally gave themselves their proper designations. With regard to the latter hypothesis, they ought to know, that no man gains credit for superior discernment, by shewing he is deplorably ignorant of the knowledge recommended with such emphatic brevity by the ancient sage—*Nosce teipsum*. After all, it is very ridiculous constantly to employ a misnomer, susceptible of such malicious ridicule, and so much at variance with the known sentiments of their constituents. I am aware it may be said that it means no more, than when the first peer in the realm, writing to his tailor for a vote he happens to want for a particular friend, concludes with declaring that he “has the HONOUR to be” Snip's

"most obedient, faithful, humble servant." But here is the difference. Snip, it is a hundred to one, really believes that his grace does feel it an "honour," however much he may be puzzled with the condescension of the feeling, or struck by the dignified humility of calling himself his (Snip's) "very obedient humble servant," to the sincerity of which declaration he sees his grace's name "faithfully" pledged. But when some members of the House of Commons call other members of the House of Commons "honourable," they are in the predicament of Johnson's shrewd distinction of the degrees of mendacity, "they lie, and they know they lie;" with this uncomfortable addition, that all who hear, and all who read, what they say, know it too.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND what is the use of writing so many books as are published every year. It cannot be said that it is to supply the increased and increasing number of readers, because it is very well known to publishers and authors that very few of the works which are written are ever read at all; while surely a much less expensive mode of providing trunk-makers, pastry-cooks, and cheese-mongers with waste paper, might easily be hit upon. I should think lawyers' letters, and barristers' briefs, for example, if carefully preserved, would always be more than sufficient for those purposes. Be that as it may, however, there can be no fear of a dearth of waste paper for many years to come, were there no other to be had, than the reams of SECURITIES which were made during the bubble mania, to say nothing of the prospectuses. These are as good as ever they were, and better without the "securities" than with them; for, in the former case, they are like a bill of exchange or a promissory note, with a long time to run; but with the securities tacked to them, they look like the same bill of exchange after it has been noted for non-payment. With regard to curling paper for young ladies who wear their own hair, if all the printing presses in England were stopped for the next century, there are enough of poems, novels, romances, travels, and reminiscences, waiting to be torn up, for all the tresses of all the heads that shall need them during that space; and as to the old ladies, their wigs and mohair fronts, curl naturally. I saw it stated lately, that the new catalogue of the British Museum would extend to fifteen quarto volumes! The catalogue alone! The catalogue of only one library! Upon a moderate computation we may calculate that each volume will contain the names of three thousand books; so here we have FIVE AND FORTY THOUSAND volumes, and yet we go on writing and publishing. It follows, that reading, not thinking, must be the business of an author. Two hundred years ago, a man might hope to read all that was expected to be read by an industrious scholar, by the time he was thirty; but now, if a man could live to be two hundred years old, and ne'er so industrious, he could not reckon upon the same result. Either every thing has been said that can be said, and therefore a new book is, after all, nothing more than a new edition of an old one; or a man's life must be employed to find out what has *not* been said already, and then, he is ready for his coffin by the time he has ascertained that he has something original to publish. What is to be the lot of future scholars, I cannot pretend to foretell; but I suppose, as extremes are said to meet, the consequence of there being more books than *can* be read, will assimilate itself to that of there being no books to be read; and so, nobody will read. When these fifteen volumes

of the catalogue of the British Museum are finished, it would furnish a curious standard, by which to estimate the labours of a scholar in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, if the pen were run through every book, in every language, which has been written since the reign of Elizabeth, and which are considered as standard works in their several departments of literature or science. And yet I doubt, exceedingly, whether we are one jot wiser, or more erudite, in the strict sense of those terms, than were those ancestors of our, who had not the advantage of reading all that their posterity has given to the world.

I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO UNDERSTAND why a man should be not merely permitted or expected, but absolutely persuaded and almost compelled, by a judge, sitting on the judgment seat, and representing there the dignity and purity of justice, to tell a bold, deliberate, and notorious LIE. Yet, this is what every culprit does, or is expected to do, and if he refuse, is persuaded to do, when he is arraigned at the bar of a criminal court, and pleads to the arraignment, "*not guilty*." And why is this judicial form insisted upon? Not that guilt may more certainly be punished, but that it may have all the benefit of legal fictions and quibbles, for its possible escape. A case actually occurred at the Old Bailey, about eighteen months ago, where a young man of respectable connexions, was indicted for forgery. He pleaded "*guilty*;" that is, he confessed his guilt; but he was induced, after much persuasion from the bench, to retract his plea, and substitute for it the usual one of not guilty. The trial proceeded—there was some flaw in the indictment, or some defect in the evidence, and the judge directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty! Now this was all very well for the culprit; and he must have felt himself most agreeably bewildered with surprise and joy at finding his neck so unexpectedly slipped out of the halter: but what an indescribable satire it was upon the grave and impartial administration of justice! A criminal placed at the bar is asked whether he is guilty or not guilty of the offence with which he is charged; he says, "*I am guilty, I acknowledge my crime, and I am prepared to atone for it*;" when in steps the judge himself, exhorts him to tell a lie, entreats him not to be hanged, though he deserves it, and finally succeeds in placing him in a situation where he can escape from the consequences of his own frank confession, only by a gross mockery of all law. The very ground upon which he is urged to forswear himself, is one that proclaims the inadequacy of the law to protect the subject, and to punish the guilty. Why call upon a man at all to *say* whether he is guilty or not, when the fact of his guilt must be established, not by what he admits or denies, but by sufficient evidence? Why obtrude such a practical illustration of the lottery of justice, as to compel a man to take his chance of drawing a prize or a blank? But above all, why make the judge himself play the pander for a lie? M.

Our ink was hardly dry, when we read in a newspaper the following extraordinary illustration of the practice referred to:—

"NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

"York, August 5th.

"Mr. Justice Littledale took his seat upon the bench at nine o'clock.

"James Pilling, against whom there were five indictments for passing

forged notes, purporting to be of the Bank of England, of £5 each, PLEADED GUILTY.

"*Mr. Justice Littledale.* Prisoner, there are five indictments against you for paying away forged notes. I can only tell you, you will receive exactly the same punishment as if you were found guilty by the jury. You will be punished, whether by hanging or transportation, precisely the same; and I must tell you, that a great number of persons have been hanged for a similar offence to that you are charged with. If you expect any less punishment from pleading guilty, you are deceiving yourself. Do you persist in pleading guilty?"

"*Prisoner.* Yes.

"*Judge.* This is a very serious case which is charged upon you: you are liable to be hanged.

"*Prisoner.* Well, have mercy on me!

"*Judge.* Do you still plead guilty?"

"*Prisoner.* I WISH TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, *as near as I can.*

"*Judge.* I must tell you, as I told you before, that if you expect to be dealt more leniently with by pleading guilty, you are mistaken; your punishment will be precisely the same. Pleading not guilty to an indictment, is not telling a falsehood in the name of God; it is not taking an oath; or committing perjury: it is *only* denying the charge, which must be proved by the prosecutor.

"*Prisoner.* I must plead guilty, my Lord.

"*Judge.* Consider, prisoner—I will allow you time for consideration. (*After a few minutes pause.*)

"*Prisoner.* I AM guilty, my Lord.

"*Judge.* Then you are determined to plead guilty?"

"*Prisoner.* Yes; and have mercy on me!

"*Judge.* I ask you, once for all, do you determine to plead guilty?"

"*Prisoner.* Yes, my Lord.

"*Judge.* Very well. (The prisoner was then removed from the bar.)"

What a sorry exhibition is this! To see a Judge, on the very judgment-seat, quibbling jesuitically upon the distinction between simple and compound lying—between a lie in the *sight* of God, and a lie in the *name* of God—between mere naked falsehood, and falsehood heightened into perjury by the solemnity of an oath! The prisoner was either guilty, or not guilty; and, before trial, he alone was competent to declare in which predicament he stood. He does make the declaration: he confesses his guilt; not in the hope of obtaining mercy—for the Judge emphatically warns him of the fallacy of such hope—but from a conscientious repugnance to aggravate the crime he has committed by a fresh one; when the Judge, in what he believes to be the discharge of his duty, informs him that, to deny his guilt, in defiance of his own knowledge that he is guilty, is "*only* denying the charge which must be proved by the prosecutor." Only! only telling a deliberate lie! All the lawyers in England, entrenched up to their teeth in precedents and technical sophistries, cannot make the assertion of falsehood a truth. If there be any good reason why a man should be asked, at all, whether he is guilty or not guilty, when his reply either way does not matter a straw, surely there can be none why he should be persuaded to renounce his voluntary confession of guilt, and plead his innocence, for the miserable mockery, in such a case, of being *proved* guilty in the regular way of legal business!

OUR COLONIES—THE PROGRESS OF THE WEST INDIAN GOVERNMENTS TOWARDS AMELIORATING THE CONDITION OF THE SLAVE POPULATION.

"There are two objects for the attainment of which it is necessary that effectual provision should be made. The first of them is, the gradual elevation of the moral character of the slave population; and, the second is, the due protection of all the just rights of property which existing laws have vested in the owners of slaves."

Sir G. Murray's Dispatch of Sept. 3, 1828.

A POSITION so extraordinary as that in which Great Britain is placed with respect to her colonial possessions has no parallel in the history of modern politics. The case may be stated in a few words. A system, the growth of a great many years—the result of measures of national policy—involving, as all such measures must, a vast variety of personal and individual interests—has prevailed so long that it has become a part of the law of this country, and the very foundation of the only law that prevails in its foreign dependencies. Circumstances have arisen which render it expedient, or which are thought to render it expedient, that a material alteration should be made in that system. The alteration is proposed by the government of the metropolis to the colonies; the governments of the colonies agree to its principle; some differences arise as to the carrying it into effect: but those differences apply only to the details, not to the principle of the measure. Upon such topics as those which come into discussion under the circumstances here stated, common sense and common justice would require that the persons whose interests are most materially affected by the proposed alterations, and who, possessing experience and practical knowledge of the existing system, must have better means than any other class of men for judging of the probable effect of the changes which are to be made, should be listened to, that their reasons should be heard and examined, and should be allowed to have so much weight as they may appear on the discussion to be entitled to. A question so treated could not long remain unsettled; the power to enforce on the one hand, if coercion should become necessary, would of itself be enough to dispose of it; but when, besides that power, there is on the other side a willing and prompt recognition of the principle of the alteration, a ready obedience and an unequivocal desire to comply with whatever shall be found to be really for the benefit of *all* the parties concerned, nothing but a grievous mistake, or the interference of some evil disposed persons, who, from prejudice, or ignorance, or dishonesty—from an incapacity to understand what is true, or from a disinclination to adopt it—create most needless obstacles, could thwart the satisfactory adjustment of the matter in dispute.

Such a dispute exists between Great Britain and her West India colonies—such is the avowed disposition on either side to adjust it—such are the causes which have hitherto prevented its adjustment—and the same causes, unless the government is wise and vigorous enough to remove them promptly, will not only prevent it for ever, but are too likely to bring in their train consequences, the bare apprehension of which is dreadful, and which, if they are once permitted to begin, no man can see the termination of.

The sentence which forms the epigraph to this article expresses, as concisely and as explicitly as may be, the principles which the govern-

ment of Great Britain have laid down for their dealing with the colonies. To those principles, in their broadest and most general sense, the colonists agree. They are not stated by Sir G. Murray, in the document we have quoted, for the first time; but have been reiterated, in Parliament and out,—by all who have a right to be heard in the matter, and by all, who, having no right to be heard, raise their voices upon it.

It is now more than six years since Mr. Fowell Buxton (into whose merits we do not propose to enter very fully at this moment, although an opportunity may occur in which we shall have occasion to notice some parts of his public conduct), who had for a long time openly avowed the most decided hostility to the West Indian colonists, and had pursued it with all the zealous fury which characterizes fanaticism, proposed a set of resolutions to the House of Commons, the result of which, if they had been adopted, would have been the total destruction of those possessions, their certain loss to this country, and the ruin of the persons who had made the unpardonable mistake of believing, that if the government of England could not see its own interest, it would at least have too much regard to its own honour and good faith to commit an act of such flagrant injustice as to wrest from them their property. Mr. Buxton's attempt met with a disgraceful, but well merited, defeat. Mr. Canning detected the hypocritical duplicity of that too pious personage, and after bestowing on him a vapulation, which, only to read, makes one almost pity the humiliated object of such a chastisement, proposed other resolutions, which were adopted by Parliament. Those resolutions are to the same purport as the intimation before alluded to from Sir G. Murray, and they lay down the principle on which the work of improvement is to be carried, and the means by which it is to be ultimately effected, so clearly as to leave no room for cavil or equivocation. They are:—

“That it is expedient to adopt effectual and decisive measures for meliorating the condition of the slave population in his Majesty's colonies.

“That, through a determined and persevering, but at the same time judicious and temperate enforcement of such measures, this House looks forward to a progressive improvement in the character of the slave population, such as may prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects.

“That this House is anxious for the accomplishment of this purpose at the earliest period that shall be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property.”

With these resolutions, wise and righteous in spirit, and moderate in tone, the West India body in England concurred as far as their powers enabled them to do so, and recommended their adoption to the several colonial legislatures. It has been asserted that they also approved of the further regulations, which, in the shape of orders in council, were transmitted by Lord Bathurst to such of the colonies as possess no independent authority, and are therefore under the controul of this government; that assertion is untrue, and known to be untrue by the persons who have been most busy in spreading it. If therefore we thought fit to advocate the cause of the free West India colonies with the feeling of partizans, we should rest their case upon the obedience

they had shown to Mr. Canning's resolutions, which alone had any force upon them, and to which alone their agents had given their concurrence; but we have no disposition to treat a question of so much importance to the political and commercial interests of Great Britain, (important, no doubt, to the colonies, but of an importance incalculably greater to this country than to the colonies) on any such narrow grounds. We will put the case higher, and show what the colonists have done towards effectual and earnest improvement, and we shall be content to rest their claims to more worthy treatment than they have yet experienced, on the result of that statement.

The orders in council, which Lord Bathurst transmitted to all the colonies, embraced about twelve heads, which were recommended by him as the means of effecting that amelioration in the condition of the slaves which was admitted on all heads to be so desirable. They were—

First, to provide the means of religious instruction and Christian education for the slave population.

Secondly. To put an end to markets and to labour on the Sunday, and to appropriate that day entirely to rest and recreation, and to religious worship and instruction; and instead of Sunday, which had hitherto been the day on which, in most of the colonies, the slaves had cultivated their provision grounds, to allow them equivalent time on other days for that purpose.

Thirdly. To admit the testimony of slaves in courts of justice.

Fourthly. To legalize the marriages of slaves, and to protect them in the enjoyment of their connubial rights.

Fifthly. To protect the slaves by law in the acquisition and possession of property, and in its transmission by bequest or otherwise.

Sixthly. To remove all the existing obstructions to manumission, and to grant to the slave the power of redeeming himself, and his wife and children at a fair appraisement.

Seventhly. To prevent the separation of families by sale, or otherwise.

Eighthly. To prevent the seizure and sale of slaves detached from the estate or plantation to which they belong.

Ninthly. To restrain generally the power, and to prevent the abuse, of arbitrary punishment at the will of the master.

Tenthly. To abolish the degrading corporal punishment of females.

Eleventhly. To abolish the use of the driving whip in the field, either as an emblem of authority, or as a stimulus to labour.—And

Twelfthly. To establish savings' banks, for the use of the slaves.

In every one of the colonies to which these resolutions were addressed, whether they were received as mere intimations or as possessing a character of authority, steps have been taken to comply with them. In Barbadoes an act has been passed which the government of this country has confirmed, and which Mr. Huskinson described as containing "unequivocal advances to a better system of law, of which his Majesty is graciously pleased to mark his approbation by its allowance." In St. Vincent a similar bill was passed, and was received with equal approbation, which was intimated by the Secretary of State to the Governor in these terms. "His Majesty has observed with satisfaction the progress made by those enactments in the measures to be taken for the improvement in the state of the slave population. Upon a revision of the whole of this law, I am commanded by his Majesty to express

his satisfaction with the general disposition of the council and assembly to adopt the recommendations which have been addressed to them on this important subject." The law passed by the legislature of Grenada for the same purposes, provides for the evidence of slaves in all cases, for the abolition of Sunday markets, and permits all free-born coloured people to sit on juries. The new slave law of Dominica has been confirmed, and his majesty has been pleased to commend the disposition which the legislature of that colony has manifested "in many of the provisions of those acts to improve the condition of the slave population," and to acknowledge "that they are framed, in general, in such a manner as to promote the well-being of that class of society." The bills passed at St. Christopher's have been approved of, and that circumstance notified to the governor in terms of warm encomium. At Nevis eight bills of a similar import have been passed, on which the determination of the privy council has not yet transpired; although, from their resemblance to those of St. Christopher's, no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the matter. A bill was drawn up by the Assembly at Tortola, providing for the same objects in the Virgin Islands; but its progress has been suspended, owing to the death of the late Attorney-General at St. Christopher's, to whom it had been sent for revision. The law passed in the Bahamas has been approved of by the government of this country, and the disposition which has been there manifested "to acquiesce in so large a proportion of the suggestions which were made by His Majesty's command for the improvement of the condition of the slave population of that colony" has been strongly recommended. At Tobago an act has also been confirmed, which Lord Bathurst characterizes as comprising many humane and judicious enactments very materially contributing to the improvement of the slave laws. And, in Antigua, the opinion expressed by Sir Patrick Ross, the governor, in a speech to the Houses of Legislature (June, 1827), proves most satisfactorily the point to which the work of amelioration has there been carried. "It gives me pleasure," he said, "to assure you, that my experience, during the last twelve months, has enabled me to form the most favourable judgment and conviction of the reciprocity of attachment which I have observed invariably to exist between the higher orders and proprietors throughout this colony on the one part, and the slave population on the other. An attachment which could have originated alone, and been gradually cemented by, those benevolent and humane feelings, which you with justice attribute to yourselves, and which are confirmed by the various enactments which are already contained in your code of laws."

In recapitulating what has been done by other colonies, we have left out the case of Jamaica, as well because it occupies an important and distinct feature in the subject, as because it has been singularly exposed to the successful misrepresentations of the malignant enemies of the colonies. We now, however, proceed to it. In Jamaica, where the orders in council had no more force than the blank paper they were written on, the legislature prepared and passed an act for consolidating the slave laws then in existence, and for adding such other provisions as had become necessary. The preamble of that act states its express object to be "to promote the moral and religious instruction of the slaves, by means whereof their general comfort and happiness may be increased as far as is consistent with due order and subordination, and the well-being of

the colony." A more perfect and unqualified recognition of the principle of the resolutions of the House of Commons cannot be conceived. An examination of the substance of the act will shew how far the legislature of Jamaica have evinced a disposition to carry into effect the specific recommendations of Lord Bathurst: a disposition not generated by any notion that those recommendations possessed even the shadow of authority, but a gratuitous and spontaneous inclination on the part of the colonists to fulfil the promise which had been made in their names, and to go as far as prudence would permit them in the very path pointed out by the government of this country.

In considering what has been done by the legislature of Jamaica, the fact must never be lost sight of, that regulations which are not only wise and humane, but which would be absolutely just in this country, are, in many respects, wholly inapplicable to the state of negro slaves—that they must be prepared gradually for the improvement they are to undergo, and that the first steps towards such improvement must be the releasing them from the ignorance, and from the practices of that degrading superstition which is a characteristic of the nations of Africa; in short, that before they can be made free, they must be made Christians. With a view to this important point, and in compliance with the first of the requisitions, the proposed act directs the owners of slaves to endeavour, as much as in them lies, to instruct their slaves in the principles of the Christian religion, whereby to facilitate their conversion; and requires them to do their utmost endeavours to fit their slaves for baptism, and to cause them to be baptized, which ceremony clergymen are directed to perform without any fee.

The spirit of the second regulation is carried into effect by the colonial legislature by an enactment, the preamble to which recites, that "it is expedient to render the Sabbath as much as possible a day of rest and for religious worship;" and which then provides, that no levy shall be made on slaves under any description of process, on Saturday or Sunday—that the slaves shall be allowed one day in every fortnight to cultivate their own provision grounds, exclusive of Sundays, except during the time of crop; and that the number of days so allowed to the slaves, for the cultivation of their own grounds, shall be at least twenty-six in the year, exclusive of holidays at Christmas and other accustomed festivals; that no person shall hire the slaves of others to work for them on the Sundays or holidays; that, during the crop, not only shall the slaves be exempted from labour on Sundays, but that no mills shall be put about or worked between the hours of seven o'clock on Saturday night and five o'clock on Monday morning; and, for the purpose of preventing that violation of the Sabbath, which the Sunday markets had been found to give rise to, no white person, or persons of free condition, shall expose on a Sunday, after the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, any goods or provisions for sale in any market, or in any shop or other place. When it is remembered, that the distances at which some of the negroes reside from the markets of their several parishes or districts renders it necessary that they should have time enough allowed to reach them; that under the old law, the markets might be kept open till nine o'clock at night; and that the act from which we quote was only proposed to remain in operation for three years (after which the result of this experiment would form the basis for future regulations), it will not be denied that every disposition has been shewn by the colonists to comply with the resolu-

his satisfaction with the general disposition of the council and assembly to adopt the recommendations which have been addressed to them on this important subject." The law passed by the legislature of Grenada for the same purposes, provides for the evidence of slaves in all cases, for the abolition of Sunday markets, and permits all free-born coloured people to sit on juries. The new slave law of Dominica has been confirmed, and his majesty has been pleased to commend the disposition which the legislature of that colony has manifested "in many of the provisions of those acts to improve the condition of the slave population," and to acknowledge "that they are framed, in general, in such a manner as to promote the well-being of that class of society." The bills passed at St. Christopher's have been approved of, and that circumstance notified to the governor in terms of warm encomium. At Nevis eight bills of a similar import have been passed, on which the determination of the privy council has not yet transpired; although, from their resemblance to those of St. Christopher's, no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the matter. A bill was drawn up by the Assembly at Tortola, providing for the same objects in the Virgin Islands; but its progress has been suspended, owing to the death of the late Attorney-General at St. Christopher's, to whom it had been sent for revision. The law passed in the Bahamas has been approved of by the government of this country, and the disposition which has been there manifested "to acquiesce in so large a proportion of the suggestions which were made by His Majesty's command for the improvement of the condition of the slave population of that colony" has been strongly recommended. At Tobago an act has also been confirmed, which Lord Bathurst characterizes as comprising many humane and judicious enactments very materially contributing to the improvement of the slave laws. And, in Antigua, the opinion expressed by Sir Patrick Ross, the governor, in a speech to the Houses of Legislature (June, 1827), proves most satisfactorily the point to which the work of amelioration has there been carried. "It gives me pleasure," he said, "to assure you, that my experience, during the last twelve months, has enabled me to form the most favourable judgment and conviction of the reciprocity of attachment which I have observed invariably to exist between the higher orders and proprietors throughout this colony on the one part, and the slave population on the other. An attachment which could have originated alone, and been gradually cemented by, those benevolent and humane feelings, which you with justice attribute to yourselves, and which are confirmed by the various enactments which are already contained in your code of laws."

In recapitulating what has been done by other colonies, we have left out the case of Jamaica, as well because it occupies an important and distinct feature in the subject, as because it has been singularly exposed to the successful misrepresentations of the malignant enemies of the colonies. We now, however, proceed to it. In Jamaica, where the orders in council had no more force than the blank paper they were written on, the legislature prepared and passed an act for consolidating the slave laws then in existence, and for adding such other provisions as had become necessary. The preamble of that act states its express object to be "to promote the moral and religious instruction of the slaves, by means whereof their general comfort and happiness may be increased as far as is consistent with due order and subordination, and the well-being of

the colony." A more perfect and unqualified recognition of the principle of the resolutions of the House of Commons cannot be conceived. An examination of the substance of the act will shew how far the legislature of Jamaica have evinced a disposition to carry into effect the specific recommendations of Lord Bathurst: a disposition not generated by any notion that those recommendations possessed even the shadow of authority, but a gratuitous and spontaneous inclination on the part of the colonists to fulfil the promise which had been made in their names, and to go as far as prudence would permit them in the very path pointed out by the government of this country.

In considering what has been done by the legislature of Jamaica, the fact must never be lost sight of, that regulations which are not only wise and humane, but which would be absolutely just in this country, are, in many respects, wholly inapplicable to the state of negro slaves—that they must be prepared gradually for the improvement they are to undergo, and that the first steps towards such improvement must be the releasing them from the ignorance, and from the practices of that degrading superstition which is a characteristic of the nations of Africa; in short, that before they can be made free, they must be made Christians. With a view to this important point, and in compliance with the first of the requisitions, the proposed act directs the owners of slaves to endeavour, as much as in them lies, to instruct their slaves in the principles of the Christian religion, whereby to facilitate their conversion; and requires them to do their utmost endeavours to fit their slaves for baptism, and to cause them to be baptized, which ceremony clergymen are directed to perform without any fee.

The spirit of the second regulation is carried into effect by the colonial legislature by an enactment, the preamble to which recites, that "it is expedient to render the Sabbath as much as possible a day of rest and for religious worship;" and which then provides, that no levy shall be made on slaves under any description of process, on Saturday or Sunday—that the slaves shall be allowed one day in every fortnight to cultivate their own provision grounds, exclusive of Sundays, except during the time of crop; and that the number of days so allowed to the slaves, for the cultivation of their own grounds, shall be at least twenty-six in the year, exclusive of holidays at Christmas and other accustomed festivals; that no person shall hire the slaves of others to work for them on the Sundays or holidays; that, during the crop, not only shall the slaves be exempted from labour on Sundays, but that no mills shall be put about or worked between the hours of seven o'clock on Saturday night and five o'clock on Monday morning; and, for the purpose of preventing that violation of the Sabbath, which the Sunday markets had been found to give rise to, no white person, or persons of free condition, shall expose on a Sunday, after the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, any goods or provisions for sale in any market, or in any shop or other place. When it is remembered, that the distances at which some of the negroes reside from the markets of their several parishes or districts renders it necessary that they should have time enough allowed to reach them; that under the old law, the markets might be kept open till nine o'clock at night; and that the act from which we quote was only proposed to remain in operation for three years (after which the result of this experiment would form the basis for future regulations), it will not be denied that every disposition has been shewn by the colonists to comply with the resolu-

tions of parliament, and with the wishes of the government; and that, of all things, they least deserve the imputation which has been cast upon them by Mr. Huskinson, of proposing a systematic violation of the Sabbath.

The third resolution relates to the admission of the evidence of slaves. On this head the act agreed to by the Colonial Assembly, provided that in all criminal cases the evidence of slaves should be received *on any complaint, inquisition, or prosecution*, with the single qualification, that the slaves so giving evidence should first have been baptised—an equivalent to the provisions of the English jurisprudence, which require that a witness should be acquainted with the nature of an oath, and should believe that it is binding on his conscience.* It went on to enact, that objections as to the competency or credibility of slave witnesses should be received in the same, and no other manner, as they would be received respecting white persons, and persons of free condition; and added the salutary and necessary caution, that the consistent evidence of two slaves, who should be examined apart from each other, should be given within twelve months from the commission of the crime charged, before any white or free person should be convicted under it. These provisions go far beyond the recommendations made on this subject by the British Government, which declared expressly, that "the admission of the evidence of slaves is not to extend to cases where a white person, or person of free condition shall be charged with, or prosecuted for any capital crime." And it is a most important fact, that during the very short operation of the act now under consideration, the evidence of slaves was admitted in two capital cases. In one, the offender, a white man, was convicted, partly on slave evidence, of murder; and in the other a man of colour was convicted of manslaughter, solely on such evidence.

The fourth resolution has for its object the legalization of the marriage of slaves. On this point the proposed act provided, that slaves who had been baptised, may be married by any clergyman of the established church, if such clergyman should, upon examining the slaves, be satisfied that they had a proper knowledge of the nature and obligation of the contract, and should produce a written consent from their owners. In limiting the performance of this ceremony to ministers of the established church, the colonial legislature not only adopted a precaution, which their experience and local knowledge of the state of the colony had

* The true construction which the English Government intended to put on the Orders in Council, is contained in a speech of the late Mr. Canning, delivered in Parliament, on the 16th of March, 1824. The whole speech is no less admirable for its honesty and benevolence than for the eloquence which it displays: every part of it might be satisfactorily appealed to by the colonists, as a vindication of their readiness to comply with the expressed wishes of the Government; but there is none that affords a more striking proof of this than that part in which he speaks of the qualifications under which slave evidence is to be received. "It would be as wild," he said, "to say that the evidence of slaves should be indiscriminately admitted in all cases, as it would be unjust to exclude it in all cases. In this country a person in the condition of a slave—I do not mean politically but morally,—an infant, whose mind is not sufficiently expanded to be able to estimate the obligation of an oath, is not permitted to give evidence. It is first ascertained by examination that the mind of the infant is in fact so matured as to be capable of comprehending that obligation. It would be improper to admit the evidence of blacks without a similar guard."—(*Canning's Speeches*, vol. v. p. 204, Ridgway's edition.) Compare this with the disallowed Slave Law Consolidation Act of Jamaica, and let any honest man say whether the Legislature of that Island have not fulfilled the spirit—nay, whether they have not exceeded the utmost scope, of that order in council.

convinced them is necessary, but they also adhered to the law of England relating to the same subject.

The fifth resolution concerns the acquisition and transmission of property by slaves. By the fifteenth section of the proposed act, which recites that the usage of Jamaica has always been to permit slaves to possess personal property, and that it is expedient that such laudable custom should be established by law, a penalty is inflicted on any person who shall take away from, or deprive a slave of any species of personal property; and the next section provides, that any pecuniary bequest or legacy of a chattel to a slave, shall be valid. In this respect, it must be admitted, that the act falls somewhat short of the recommendation of Parliament, inasmuch as the slave has no personal remedy for property which may be withheld from him. This, however, is a defect which must be ascribed, not to any unwillingness on the part of the colonists to do all that has been required of them by this Government, but to an unfitness in the present state of things, on the part of the slaves, to receive all the advantages which the benevolence of the British legislator intended to confer on them. The very essence of the condition of slaves is their dependence on their masters; that condition secures for them many immunities, and brings with it some unavoidable disabilities. Consistently with that condition, they can neither have the time nor the means of engaging in litigation; but, again it must be observed that the amelioration of the condition of the slaves must be progressive; that the operation of this act is intended to be only temporary; and that even if any immediate alteration were necessary, that alteration might be shortly and easily made. In the mean time, no honest man can deny that a sincere desire has been evinced by the Legislature of Jamaica to go as far, in this particular case, as their own convictions, and a due regard to their own interests, justified them in complying with the terms of the requisition. To give the slaves the means of acquiring landed property while they remain slaves, would be wholly absurd, because they cannot have either the means of enjoying such property or of making it productive; and they would be at the same time placed in a condition wholly inconsistent with all the relations and incidents that now belong to them.

The sixth resolution is devised to facilitate the manumission of slaves. This point is an extremely debateable one, and that upon which the greatest difficulty of the whole case rests. It is that to which the advocates for general emancipation look with an eager interest; but, as it is also one which involves to a considerable degree the property of the colonists, they are naturally desirous that such protection should be afforded to the rights they possess, as is consistent with those laws, and that policy of the British government under which they have been induced to invest their capital, and to bestow their enterprize and exertions in the acquisition of such property. At the same time, that they are neither slow in their endeavours, nor insincere in their expressed readiness to co-operate with the government in the design which has been formed, is clear from the enactments they have proposed on this subject. The question of compulsory manumission, forms no part of the parliamentary resolutions, has been in no shape agreed to by the West India body, and has, moreover, been by common consent postponed for the present. From the necessity, induced by the state of society in Jamaica, it is requisite to provide, that the owners of slaves shall not get rid of the

burthen of maintaining their slaves in sickness or old age, and therefore the proposed act provides against owners availing themselves of the pretext of manumitting their slaves, to cast upon the general community the care and expence of providing for such of them as may be past their labour. With this one just restriction, every possible facility is afforded to the manumission of slaves; they may be disposed of by will, they may be freed by persons having legal or equitable estates in them for life; and in case of dispute, the value having been ascertained by proper officers, the mode of doing which is pointed out by the act, the amount may be paid into the Court of Chancery, which has power to decide on the claims of parties who may be entitled to it, so that the liberation of the slave cannot be postponed by reason of "the law's delay," or the disputes of parties. It has been usual, under the existing law of Jamaica, to require from the persons by whom slaves have been manumitted, a bond for the purpose of indemnifying the parish against the expences to be incurred by maintaining the persons so freed, if they shall become chargeable by reason of age or infirmity; this bond is dispensed with in manumissions by will, to which the law proposed to give immediate effect, and also in those cases in which the owner shall give satisfactory proof that the slave is not old or infirm.

The seventh resolution is directed against the separation of families by the sale of any of their members to different proprietors—a practice which was never common in Jamaica—which by universal consent has long ceased to exist, excepting in very rare instances, and which might obviously be the cause of great grief and agony to the persons who are the objects of the proposed regulation. The act of which we are speaking—one of the purposes of which is to give the effect of law to customs which are so common as to require such an enactment only for form's sake—provides, that in all cases where a levy shall be made by any deputy-marshal or collecting constable of a family or families, (that is, the only case in which such a sale is ever known to take place) such family or families shall be sold together or in one lot. In the hope of preventing the possibility of doubt or misconception as to the word families, (a vain hope, as it should seem, from Mr. Huskisson's despatch) a former act is quoted in the same section, and its definition of a family adopted, in which it is expressly stated to consist of "a man and his wife, his or their children." Any sale made contrary to this provision, would have been void, and might be set aside.

With respect to the eighth resolution, the proposed act contains no provision, and for a very obvious reason. The slaves being, by the laws of England, the property of their owners, must be subject to the incidents of all property, so far as the interests of those owners are concerned. All that humanity requires having been, as we have shown it is, provided for by the act, that mistaken philanthropy, or that affected benevolence which would indulge itself at the expence of others, is not to be so far encouraged as to defeat the just claims of honest creditors, to unsettle the established law of property, or to be made the means of protection and impunity to fraudulent debtors; and what other effects than these the resolution could produce, if it were carried into effect, would be difficult to conceive.

The ninth resolution proposes to restrain the power of arbitrary punishment at the will of the master. No one will venture to deny—no one can affect to doubt, that if such punishment could be wholly abo-

lished, it would be in the highest degree desirable; but of the practicability of such an abolition there may be much question, under the existing state of things. To persons disposed to investigate this matter with fairness and candour, and with a sincere and honest desire to arrive at the truth, in order that they may apply the most speedy and effectual remedy to an evil which every one possessing human feelings must be most desirous of putting an end to, the state of Hayti offers a useful example. There the existence of slavery was abolished at once; five and twenty years have elapsed since the freedom (as it is called) of that republic was achieved, in the midst of tumult the most frightful, and excesses the most sanguinary and revolting. The consequences have been, that the population has lamentably decreased, the revenues are in a state of the utmost uncertainty and poverty, the strength of the country is almost annihilated, even for the purposes of defence, religion is little better than a name, and all progress towards the education and moral improvement of the people is at a stand still. We would not be understood to say that such must be the result of emancipation under any circumstances; but we do insist, that with such an example before their eyes, legislators would do well to carry on the work they have undertaken with caution; and that, whatever fanatics may think, and designing persons may assert, there is no safe or certain way of effecting emancipation, but by patient and prudent measures, which shall have been carefully tried by the test of experiment. In Hayti it has been said with an appearance of triumph, compulsory labour is unknown. Sir G. Murray observed on a recent occasion in the House of Commons, that unless the power of coercing labour was abolished, it appeared to him that government was acting in a circle, and that when it had done all it proposed to do, it would find itself at the point at which it set out. What will he say to the evidence furnished by the Hayti papers, which have been published since that remark was made? What will the advocates for immediate emancipation say when they find that the practical results of their scheme have been the decrease of one-third of the population of the only country in which it has been tried, in a period of five and twenty years, the desolation and irreclaimable poverty of a state which is one of those most favoured by nature, and which was formerly one of the most prosperous on the face of the globe? The system of military inspection established by Toussaint, which was infinitely more severe than any coercion that had ever before been practised in Hayti, or than has at any period existed in the British colonies, was abolished in 1806. The blessed effects of the law then adopted are obvious. At a much later period the Code Rural, to which the anti-colonists appeal with all the confidence of ignorance, came into operation. Mr. Mackenzie* says of

* Mr. Mackenzie, the late Consul-General at Hayti, in a letter to Mr. Canning, dated the 5th of March, 1827, after specifying the decrease in British imports and exports there, adds, "the insuperable indolence of the population, the extraordinary facility of acquiring the means of subsistence, render any chance of improvement hopeless; added to this, there is but one staple article of export from Hayti, viz., coffee, the cultivation of which has been so rapidly and enormously extended in other parts of the world, as to reduce its value largely. The loss in remittances has been such as to reduce, occasionally, the value of the current dollar to three shillings sterling. This diminution of value in the principle of exchangeable produce, lessens the means of purchasing foreign manufactures; and, accordingly, in the country, the labourers are, generally speaking, nearly naked; in fact, adults only wearing what is barely necessary to prevent indecent exposure, while the children of both sexes run about without covering of any kind."—*Hayti Papers*, p. 86.

that code, "the provisions are as despotic as those of any slave system that can be conceived. The labourer may almost be considered as *adscriptus glebæ*; he is deemed a vagabond, and liable to punishment if he ventures to move from his dwelling or farm, without license; he is prohibited from keeping a shop; no person can build a house in the country unconnected with a farm. Deviations from the law are punished by fine and imprisonment. The code determines the method of managing landed property; of forming contracts for cultivation between proprietor and farmer, farmer and labourer; of regulating grazing establishments; the rural police or the inspection of the cultivation and cultivators; of repressing vagrancy; and of the repair and maintenance of the public roads. Lastly, it affixes the penalty of fine in some cases, and in others of indefinite imprisonment, at the option of the judge of the peace." Let the spirit of this be-praised law, be compared with that which the legislature of Jamaica proposed for the protection and amelioration of the slaves in that island, and let the state of the agricultural population of the one be compared with that of the other, and the British colonists need ask no other justice to be done to them. All that they can do with respect to compulsory labour, they have done. It is indispensable that they should prevent the punishment which wilful and obstinate idleness justly provokes, from being inflicted wantonly or degenerating into cruelty. If the disallowed act has failed in this respect it is defective; if it has guarded it with the best cautions and restrictions that can, under the circumstances, be devised, surely it ought to be exempt from the insulting and undeserved reproaches it has encountered. The proposed act limits the punishment of a slave at any one time, or for any one offence, or until he has recovered from any former punishment, to thirty-nine lashes if they be inflicted in the presence of the owner, and to ten lashes in his absence. In order to obviate the possibility of any cruelty being practised with impunity on the slaves, it enacts also that in case any owner, or others by their direction, shall mutilate or dismember, or wantonly or cruelly whip, maltreat, beat, bruise, wound, or imprison, or keep in confinement without sufficient support, or brand any slave or slaves, the offender shall be subject to a fine not exceeding £100, and imprisonment not exceeding twelve months, and the slave freed at the discretion of the court before whom the same shall be tried; and all provisions are added for facilitating such trials, for doing effectual justice on the offenders, and for giving to the injured slave such compensation, as the case may admit of.

The tenth section proposes to abolish the corporal punishment of females. That it "were a consummation devoutly to be wished" every man will agree, and the only reason which can be offered against the abolition is that which is furnished by the resolutions of the House of Assembly, which, as they cannot be stated in more temperate and becoming language, we take leave to quote. "Until negro women have acquired more of the sense of shame that distinguishes European females, it will be impossible, with respect to them, to lay aside altogether punishment by flogging, there being no substitute that promises to be accompanied with the same salutary dread."

The abandonment of the whip, either as an emblem of authority or as a stimulus to labour, which the eleventh section recommends, is in the present condition of the slaves pronounced, by those who are best acquainted with their habits, to be impracticable. That such will be the

ultimate consequence of the meliorating process that has been begun is certain, unless the rash measures which are threatened shall prevent it. In the mean time it will be remembered that the use of the whip has been discontinued for any other purpose than those which the laws allow, and the manner in which the protection of those laws is secured to the slaves we have already shown.

The twelfth resolution relates to the establishment of savings' banks, respecting which we believe nothing has been done, for the best of all possible reasons; but there can, we apprehend, be no objection on the part of the colonists to adopt it, if any necessity or use for it should arise.

Such are the steps which have been taken by the British West India Colonies to fulfil the wishes of Government. Some of them, as we have shown, have been commended; nearly all their regulations have been approved, with the exception of those proposed by Jamaica, and these latter have been disallowed for various reasons stated by Mr. Huskisson, (as we mentioned in our number for May last); the principal of which is disclosed in the instructions which have been sent to the Governor to allow no bill which shall contain any enactment on the subject of religion* without a suspending clause: a condition which is contrary to the constitution of Jamaica, and which the legislators of that colony, who are as jealous of their rights as free men should be, are not likely ever to submit to. That their attempts have miscarried, must be a subject of deep regret to every one, and to them more so than to any other description of persons. They have, however, the consolation of knowing that this lamentable consequence has been produced by no fault of their own.

The great disadvantage under which the colonists have hitherto laboured, is that their intentions have been wholly misrepresented, that their honest endeavours to ameliorate the condition of their slaves have not been fairly and fully laid before the public, that they have been stigmatized as the pertinacious and incorrigible advocates of a system which, for their gain, inflicts a load of misery and oppression on a class of human beings, who have rights as indefeasible, and feelings as much entitled to protection, as any other creatures made in God's likeness. A crowd of mistaken and designing persons — for of both descriptions are the enemies of the colonies — have laboured to represent them in this light to the British public. Availing themselves of that natural sympathy which Englishmen have for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, and of their detestation of the very semblance of oppression,

* The influence of sectarians, which has of late been most disastrously exercised against the best interests of this nation, has never been more openly or more impudently apparent than in the disallowance of the Jamaica consolidated slave law, solely because it restrained missionary dissenters from extorting money from the slaves, and from holding nocturnal meetings. A passage of Sir George Murray's letter, above quoted, forms an amusing commentary on Mr. Huskisson's dispatch, in which the disallowance is notified. Sir George Murray says, "I am aware, however, that whilst provision is made for securing to the slave sufficient time and opportunity for religious instruction, and every latitude is allowed with respect to the mode of his instruction which the spirit of toleration demands, it is very fit, notwithstanding, that certain local regulations should be established to guard against those abuses and that misapplication to which the best institutions are liable; and to obviate those disorders which might be occasioned, or the apprehension of which might at least be occasionally entertained, if an unrestricted liberty were permitted, to assemble considerable bodies of the slave population at unreasonable hours, or without the previous consent of their owners."

they have succeeded in raising a cry against them which they keep up with that blind and untiring industry which as often characterises the machinations of bad men as the enthusiasm of good ones. One moment's reflection ought to convince every man who can think for himself, that since, by the operation of English laws, and under the express and often repeated sanction of the British Government, the slaves have become the property of their owners, the latter are not very likely wantonly to ill-treat the former. No person of common sense can believe that the owners of slaves will, by cruelty or severity, by flogging or over-tasking them, prevent their increase or destroy their capability of making those exertions on which the very bread of their owners depends. It would be a tale just as credible, that the old ladies who subscribe to the Anti-Slavery Associations would throw the dividends they receive upon their stock into the river Thames—or that the man who breeds cattle should wantonly torture or dismember his beasts—as that a slave-owner should ill-treat his slaves. But the case does not rest upon probability. Here are a series of laws framed, by the Colonial Government, tendered by them for the sanction of this country, in which they expressly provide for the security of the persons, for the comforts, for the gradual amelioration of the condition of the slaves, and for their liberation when that may become practicable. Let any one look at the provisions of these several laws, and if he dare afterwards say that the several legislatures, as well those which have been approved of as that of which the proposed law has been so strangely rejected, have shown themselves unwilling to aid the progress of improvement or to meet the wishes of this Government, he must be one who has no reverence for truth and candour, no regard for the opinions of honest and thinking men, or else he must be strong in the belief that the affectation of sanctity and charity can impose upon all the world.

It will be said—it has been said—that the legislature of Jamaica has not gone far enough; that the provisions they have made fall short of the purpose to which they ought to be directed. That is a point very much open to discussion: the diversity of opinion which prevails on these subjects cannot, perhaps, be easily, and ought not to be hastily settled. It may happen, as it always does in such matters, that the consolidation of the laws has not been perfectly accomplished. Does not the whole history of jurisprudence, particularly of modern jurisprudence, show that the task is a very difficult one, that the wisest and most cautious provisions want revising, and that experience alone only can shew in what respect a code may chance to be defective, and where it ought to be amended? What has been the result of the recent attempts in France? what has been the success of Mr. Peel's attempt to consolidate some branches of the criminal law of England? what has been done, after years of labour, with the commission for inquiry into the equitable jurisdiction? why, if the work be an easy one, are the labours of some of the most enlightened lawyers perhaps in the world now being exercised on the several branches of the law relating to real property in this country? Who can judge of local interests so well as the persons who are most conversant with them? What statesman, following his own notions of abstract right, would compel a whole community, of whose habits he can know little or nothing, to conform to a rule of local government prescribed by himself? or, what is worse, and applies more directly to the present case, prescribed by the ignorant, prejudiced, and, sometimes, dishonest views

of the sworn foes of the people against whom that rule is to be established. With respect to slavery, no man advocates it. As regards Jamaica, no man is called upon to justify it; because it is by the law, not of Jamaica, but of England, that it has been established in that colony. Upon the question of amelioration, no doubt exists among free and Christian men; and that the legislatures of the several colonies, and none more than Jamaica, have shown themselves ready powerfully to assist that good work, their proposed enactments triumphantly testify as honourably to themselves as the denial of their fair intentions is disgraceful to their enemies.

We have provoked—in common with all persons who have ever ventured to appeal on this subject from falsehood and prejudice, to common sense and justice—the ireful invectives of a certain notorious periodical called the “Anti-Slavery Reporter,” and for which it would not be difficult to find a more appropriate cognomen.” The general character of the publication is so well known that we should have hardly condescended to reply to it, but that the indolence of those whose business it ought to be to expose its misrepresentations has given it a sort of currency; and when any of those members of the House of Commons who are the constant antagonists of the colonies and the interests connected with them, have occasion for a startling lie, which they do not care to vouch for themselves, they find it, or have it made for them, in the “Anti-Slavery Reporter.” The ingenious person who “does” it, is a sort of murder-monger to the general body, and frightens the old ladies of Clapham once a month with tales “most incredibly attested,” of atrocities that never existed but in his fertile imagination. The style is something between that of *Mamworm* and Mr. Wilberforce, flowery as the one, and vehement as the other.

“Scarce so much learning as makes felons’ scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,”

this worthy gentleman finds good enough for his purpose and for his readers; and, with a very accurate notion of the value of his productions, they are given away every month by the handful to any body who will condescend to accept them. He has honoured us with his abuse, and has, in his charity, consigned us already to that place in the public execration which has been well deserved by the advocates of the slave trade (we, who never did him harm, and who abominate the slave trade and all that belongs to it, as much as we hate all canting hypocrites!). This we might have let pass, but although we do some violence to our own feelings, and little good, we suspect, to our cause, by noticing so utterly contemptible an assailant; yet, since he has brought against us a charge of misrepresentation, we owe it to ourselves to waste three words upon him.

He says that our former article is an epitome of Mr. Barclay’s exploded work. In the first place it is untrue that Mr. Barclay’s work is exploded, or that it has ever been satisfactorily contradicted; it has on the contrary, gone through three editions, which have not been given away, and is well known to be a book of authority, written with honest intentions, and displaying as much good feeling as information: two particulars in which it differs from every thing the “Anti-Slavery Reporter” ever yet produced. In the next place, that our article is an epitome of it, is a pitiful falsehood, the satisfactory proof of which will be apparent on looking at the two works, which have no other resem-

blance than is unavoidable on all writings on the same subject. The honest Reporter then takes four several points, in which he accuses us of falsification. The first is, that we have said "the slaves in Jamaica do not work for a greater number of hours than the agricultural labourers of Great Britain." We say so again, and defy contradiction—and we say, moreover, that the artizans and mechanics of Great Britain work for still longer periods, and that many of them have less comfort and enjoyment as the reward of their labour than the slaves of Jamaica. His second charge against us is for having asserted that the practice of enforcing the labour of slaves by the whip, has been almost, if not wholly, discontinued in Jamaica. Without condescending to notice the dishonest artifice by which he has extracted from a long paragraph a single sentence the meaning of which can only be understood by the context; without referring again to the provisions of the law which provides for the safety of the persons of slaves against any cruelty by their masters, we stand upon the very letter of our former assertion, and in support of it we quote an authority, at least equal to that of this scribbling Mawworm—the Report of the House of Assembly of Jamaica—who in replying to an objection of Mr. Huskisson's on this subject, say "on many properties the whip is no longer an instrument of punishment, and the use of it will soon be so generally discontinued, as to enable the legislature to restrict or abolish it by law." His third complaint is that we have stated "the use of the whip, save as the punishment of crime, is discontinued;" and the proof that we are right in saying so is contained in the law we have referred to, and the sentence we have just quoted. In the fourth place, Mawworm is touched to the quick by a sentence in which we said, "If some of those good-natured dreaming people, who take for granted all that they have been told on the other side, ask why we have left out of the picture the torture to which slaves are put, at the mere caprice of their masters, the dismemberments, the chainings, the wanton floggings, the separate selling of slaves who are united in families, the cruel severing of nature's sweetest and holiest ties, the answer is, that if such atrocities ever existed, they have for many years past ceased to disgrace the colonies;—that to assert they now exist in any degree, is a foul, gross, malignant calumny; the falsehood of which is notorious to every one who has taken the trouble to read and examine the evidence on the subject, and more notorious to none than to the crafty forgers of these monstrous lies."

Is this not true? Do not the conduct of the colonists of Jamaica, the law they proposed, and their vindication of that law, establish beyond doubt or dispute that what we have said is true? Does it not prove also that the sentence which follows, and which Mawworm would not venture to quote, is true also? But we are shocked at finding ourselves insensibly engaged in a contest with such an antagonist. It is upon other grounds that the case of the colonies rests; and however the equitable and most desirable adjustment of such differences as exist may be retarded by the machinations of such an assailant, and by those of his

* Relying upon the public appetite for whatever partakes of the marvellous—upon the proneness of uncharitable nature to believe imputations of evil rather than to receive proofs of good deeds—and more than all, upon the supineness and apathy of the West Indian proprietors, their enemies have exerted themselves indefatigably, and to a certain extent successfully, to create a public prejudice against the colonists, and to engage the co-operation of Government to their ruin.

prompters, it cannot be prevented. For ourselves, we protest we blush at having to reply to such a person; and as Swift said, upon a somewhat similar occasion, "Nothing can be more mortifying than to reflect that we are of the same species with a creature capable of uttering so much scurrility, dulness, falsehood, and impertinence, to the scandal and disgrace of human nature."

It is upon the broad basis of public justice, of humanity, and of good policy, that the colonists rest their case. And it is because we believe that it is a question of deep and momentous interest to England, that we have thought it right that it should be, for once, truly stated. They have proved to the Government of this country, and to the whole world, that they have no other interest, no other desire than to settle the question between them on the very terms proposed by the existing administration—that they have exerted themselves strenuously (it is the shame of others that those exertions have been rendered fruitless) in promoting "the gradual elevation of the moral character of the slave population;" and that all they ask for, is "the due protection of all the rights of property, which existing laws have vested in the owners of slaves."

THE FRIENDLESS ACTRESS!

"The bewitching Miss Foote has certainly been as much admired in her present provincial tour, as she has been ill-treated by managers. She has no town engagement, and she has declared herself 'without a friend!'"—*Country Paper*.

HANG all politicians! I'm sick of their tidings,
Of cabinet trickings, and patriot backslidings;
How this rogue has rattled, and that rogue has jobbed;
How many good pounds t'other rascal has fobbed;
How sycophant Banks has sneaked back to his place,
Yet still walks the streets, and looks men in the face:
I value them all, at their worth, a rope's end;
But my heart's-blood's all up, to hear Foote wants a friend!

What care I if Peel by all mankind is cut;
If Tindal's a booby, or Lethbridge a butt;
If Melville hangs booing at Wellington's heels;
If Lyndhurst takes physic, and throws up the seals;
If Palmerston bellows, or Huskisson snivels;
If Grant plays the pious, or Castlereagh drivels?—
But two things there are that I can't comprehend—
How Fitzgerald can find, or sweet Foote want, a friend!

Oh! where are the ensigns and captains so brave;
And where are the judges and lawyers so grave;
And where are the sheriffs and knights of the shires;
And where are the doctors, and where are the 'squires;
And where are the ploughmen, and where are the players;
Nay, are even the Methodists turning betrayers?—
But the sky's coming down, and the world's at an end,
When beauty like your's, pretty Foote, wants a friend!

And where is that play-going colonel of thine,
 So famed for old wit, and so famed for new wine ;
 Who fills all the country with lispings young sinners—
 Who never choaks woman or man with his dinners—
 Whom none of the sex to the altar can bring—
 Who, less than a lord, is as wise as a king—
 Who will love, drink, and dun, and do all things but lend ?—
 In short, pretty Foote, have you lost your old friend ?

And where is that exquisite saver of shillings,
 With his tinder-box soul, and his cooings and billings ?
 The puppy ! to think that his pair of white eyes,
 And his kid-covered fingers, could hold such a prize !
 Be hanged to both coxcombs ! the deaf and the dumb—
 The man of new wine, and the man of new rum !
 But brains and old women no lawyers can mend ;
 So you kicked Peagreen off, much too green for a friend !

Sweet actresses ! think of this fruit of your labours,
 When you scamper from home after fiddles and tabors !
 See the beauty that kindled a blaze in each breast,
 From the cit in the east, to the lord in the west—
 Who has flirted in Juliets, in Imogens blubbered,
 By Richards been jilted, by Jaffiers been slobbered—
 Who has made Rogers blush, and Charles Kemble bend—
 More shame for the world—at a loss for a friend !

You may play Desdemonas to ragged Othellos,
 With neither their eyes nor their pantaloons fellows ;
 You may walk *en chemise* with undone Mrs. Shore,
 And rant till your'e hoarse at your length on the floor ;
 Spoil dozens of dresses, break hundreds of laces,
 And disfigure your own by all horrid stage faces ;
 Or gaze upon ghosts, with your hair all on end ;—
 And yet, for your pains, be in want of a friend !

You may smile from a throne on a courtful of knights ;
 You may walk in a churchyard in all kinds of frights ;
 You may play in a stable, or dance on a green—
 To-day be Pope Joan, and to-morrow a queen ;
 May ride on a moon-beam, and sing like a fairy ;
 May feed your own sheep, or be maid of a dairy ;
 May play all that England's worst blockheads have penned ;—
 And yet come to your exit in want of a friend !

Between Bristol and Bath, at five shillings a night,
 You may fly, dance, and die with the speed of a sprite ;
 You may romp Little Pickles, Paul Prys, and Tom Thumbs ;
 Be the victim, in short, of all nonsense that comes ;
 Be sea-sick, and land-sick, and tired as a hound,
 And wish you were banished, or wish you were drowned ;
 And wish Diamond hanged—for he's hopeless to mend—
 And yet, like sweet Foote, be in want of a friend !

THE MAN OF ILL-OMEN.

SOME years since, as I was lounging over my breakfast in one of the hotels of Rome, my valet rushed into my chamber, with a face writhing with consternation, joy, and a hundred other passions, for which none but an Italian face was made. I apprehended a new invasion of the Turks, the failure of Torlonia's house, or the general conflagration. But when my Roman could speak, his speech was—"The mountain! the mountain! Vesuvius is on the point of a new eruption; there has not been one these twenty years; all the English are going to see it. If Milord waits another minute, there will not be a post-horse in the states of his Holiness disengaged."

The rattle of equipages in the Piazza di Spagna told me that my road-loving countrymen were already on the alert. I ordered the newspaper for further information; but my valet's look was now as expressive as it had been on the tidings of the mountain. The finger on the lip, and the shrug of the shoulders, additionally told me that I might consult its pages in vain. It was even as he said. Not a word on the subject was suffered to enter the *Diario*. The affair was a matter of state, and the only allusion to it was a paragraph stating, that "a meeting of cardinals had just been summoned on an affair of particular importance, connected with the arrival of a courier from Naples." I left the conclave to settle the question of treason with the mountain, and followed the tide. Curricles, post-chaises, britchskas, and berlines, were rolling along the Pontine, without the fear of banditti before their eyes, and loaded with a living freight of English beauty and English bronze, the hysteric population of Mayfair, tossing over roads rough as their original quarries, ploughing through floods of alternate sand and mire, and musquito-bitten from instep to eyebrow. But the sex are incomparable in every way; and Science, daughter of Italian skies, and sharing its honours only with that exquisite Sensibility which converts the English prude into the most outrageous of foreign coquettes, and makes her scorn the dull distinctions between the "friend" and the husband; alike elevates the soul, and invigorates the sinews. Praise be to the land of fat monks, mustachiod heroes, and soft sentimentality, boundless and glowing as it can be made by a sovereign contempt for the frigid decencies of England!

I struggled on through the scientific multitude, arrived at Naples, and found that for once a Roman valet had told the truth. The mountain was giving signs of one of those explosions which, from time to time, relieve the rabble-population of this picturesque and very profligate kingdom from being buried in general ruin by an earthquake. Naples was all in a tumult—perfectly resembling the confusion in which I have seen some of the great continental cities on the approach of a French army, with Napoleon at its head. But the tumult here was one of exultation. The innkeepers, the gamblers, the nobles, and the lazzaroni, all saw their harvest in the eruption. The mountain, it is true, poured down nothing but smoke and lava; but, by the magic of the "social system," every puff of smoke and every burst of lava was turned into gold.

I soon grew sick of the city. Dust, heat, confusion, and extortion, are sufficient reasons for hating any city on earth; and I took refuge in one of the dilapidated villas that the noblesse of Sorrento let out at

fifty times their value to my much-enduring and well-plundered countrymen. The mountain was still tardy in its performances, and I was not unwilling to wait its leisure. A roar like that of distant artillery now and then gave signs that the battle was at hand; and then died away, as if the belligerent spirits of the mountain had made up their quarrels, and, like continental kings, were satisfied with having made fools of the English. But the mountain-mania was as wild in Sorrento as in the Strada di Toledo. Every living soul was full of it, and every one seemed to have registered life only by the movements of this paragon of fireworks. "It is twenty years since we have had an eruption!" said a monk loaded with flesh and sanctity, as he toiled along under my window, counting his beads. "It is twenty years since we had an eruption!" resounded a troop of peasants, hurrying to market with their water-melons. "It is twenty years since we had an eruption!" was the cry of the four postilions of an English duke and his suite, as they rushed by, clattering their whips, and raising a dust that almost hid Vesuvius itself. All the world were moving up the mountain like swarms of ants; covering every gully and gorge of the mighty pyramid, and all crying out the same words. I grew tired of this, too; and, turning away from the scene of clamour and science, went unphilosophically to take my rest, and enjoy the shade of an enormous vine that, in defiance of training and trellises, hung down to the water's-edge. The "twenty years" cry was still in my ears; and I was trying to get rid of it by the wise occupation of thinking what absurdity had brought me a thousand miles, only to be choked with dust, and die of the popular scream of a rabble of Neapolitans, when I heard it repeated at my side. I started up more angrily than became a sage. But the fellow's look was not one to give much ground for hostility. He was a jocular-visaged rogue, half in rags; but rags are no sign of humiliation in the southern paradise. The face had been handsome; the eye was still bright and black as jet; and the remains of the figure—for he had lost a leg—were those of a Hercules. In England, this fellow would have been a sturdy beggar, hunted by constables, and convertible into a highwayman on occasion. But he was here in a congenial land, privileged to all the pleasures of freedom, and living at his ease on the revenues of a cracked guitar. He approached me with the bow of a courtier, prefacing his entreaty by telling me that "it was twenty years since there had been an eruption!" I shall not say what answer I gave; but it was sufficient to astound the minstrel. He started back a few paces; but needless alarm was no part of his trade, and he returned, begging a million of pardons for having obtruded on my leisure, and requesting permission to give me a specimen of his skill on his instrument. He next tried to improvise some of the common-places, on love, absence, and the glories of Naples. But his art failed. He was full of but one topic; and he gave me a long succession of stanzas on the virtues and values of "twenty years."

"Within the next twenty years," sang this dismantled son of Phœbus, "all the world expects to find what it wants. The trader marks it as the end of his trade, when he shall be compelled to cheat no more, and may retire to settle the affairs of his soul in a villa within sight of the bay; the lawyer expects, by that time, to labour for fees no more, but to be entitled to bribes on the bench; the man of office is to be reposing in the delights of a sinecure; the soldier is to have a brigade; and the statesman—that most unsatisfied and unpitied of all the slaves that human

folly ever made—is to be lifted beyond the chances of kingly caprice or popular ill-fortune. Twenty years to come are a life !”

The minstrel paused, and received my congratulations on his panegyric, accompanied with a slight donation.

“ But what is to be said for twenty years past ?” I observed.—He retuned his strings ; and, throwing himself instinctively into an attitude that reminded me of some of the lyric statues in the Vatican, dashed off a few shewy chords, and began :—

“ What are twenty years past ? A dream, an echo, an hour. We look on them as we look on a play, when time and distance are compressed into a scene ; or like the gazers on a map, where the eye glances from continent to continent, and a turn of the compasses measures an ocean. Yet what rich, strange, and fearful materials have the last twenty years had for the thought of the poet and the philosopher !—Kingdoms overwhelmed, and kingdoms raised ; proud dynasties dragged at the conqueror’s chariot-wheel—that conqueror himself more a wonder than all the rest, yet himself, in turn, dragged at the wheel ; Europe restored ; France stripped of the sword and shield together ; new republics starting into life in the west ; old empires struggling in the east ; colonies rising into the strength and stature of empires ; ruin, triumph, war, revolution, freedom, all the great elements of human hazard and renovation, let loose in full conflict ! And yet of this grand disturbance, what remains upon the eye ?—what more than remains on a field of battle, when the day is done ; or in a theatre, when the heroes and heroines, kings and queens, have laid by their trappings, and the curtain has fallen, and the lights are extinguished ? Or are human affairs, after all, but like Pulicinello’s wooden company—very busy things before the spectators ; but, when their hour is over, flung together into a box, there to lie as quiet, and wooden as ever ? Then comes some master-hand again : the puppets are put in motion—the show is begun—the heroes and heroines flourish—the spectators applaud, and are fleeced for the spectacle—and, finally, the puppets are flung into their box once more.”—He finished with a flourish that was to take my patriotism by storm :

“ Then let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled go play ;
For some must watch ; while some must sleep—
Thus runs the world away !”

The quotation, recited with a tolerable attempt at the English accent, was evidently meant as a peculiar civility by one who probably scorned Shakspeare in his inmost soul as a northern barbarian ; and the compliment was acknowledged in the most congenial way, by a few pauls more than customary. The improvisatore bowed to the ground ; and, carelessly tossing the pauls into a purse capacious enough for the national treasury, told me, laughing, that “ he was rejoiced to have found a noble signor, so generous, for he had observed that all those who treated him with neglect, were sure to have ill-luck.” I laughed in turn. He felt his honour implicated ; and drawing out a bottle of brandy, which he begged me to taste, and which I candidly acknowledged to be superior to any thing that I had touched south of the Apennines, he seated himself on the ground, and proceeded to demonstration.

“ Twenty years ago,” said he, “ exactly on the day of the last eruption—”

I writhed at the sound ; but he was not easily disconcerted, and with a smile he began :

—“ At daybreak I ran away from Reggio, to see what all the world was running to see—Vesuvius in his glory. I had a guitar, a passable voice, a handsome pair of legs, and a light heart. With those accomplishments, if a man cannot make his way through the world, the fault is his own ; and with those I made my way gallantly from Calabria up to nearly this very spot. But here my trials began. As I was singing a stanza, to the great applause of a circle of brown beauties, a party of officers of the Customs burst in upon us, swore that we were all smugglers together, and, having pilfered the greater number of my auditors in the name of the king, seized upon me as the ringleader. I spent that night, and some others too, in the dungeons of the custom-house. My first determination was revenge upon the whole human race ; but, as my passion cooled, I narrowed this general war to the fellow who had especially singled me out, and robbed me of my guitar besides. After a week of the usual prison pleasures under the most humane of all monarchies—that is, after being almost stifled and almost starved—I saw my custom-house friend open the door of my cell. I flew at him as far as my chain would let me, and poured my whole vocabulary of wrath on his head. He took it with a true Neapolitan sneer, promised me another week of the dungeon, and kept his word. When he returned again, I was calm. He congratulated me on my good sense, questioned me about Calabria, and finished by offering me a share of the profits of a grand smuggling transaction, in which he was the principal. I was all acquiescence. My chain fell off immediately. I was taken privately to his house, and fed like a German elector. A felucca was fitted out, and with the gains of a life of loyal extortion, I was commissioned to buy Barcelona brandies, which were to revisit the lovely shores of Naples, and rejoice the next Carnival, without troubling the collectors of his majesty's rights and dues. My Calabrese life had trained me to the sea ; and my management of the felucca in the bay was considered a first-rate specimen of seamanship. The officer was enchanted ; so was his handsome, black-eyed, and very impudent wife. I might have carried her with me as one of the ventures ; but I owed the husband a grudge, and that at least was not the way to punish him. I sailed at last, reached Barcelona, enjoyed that delightful city for a month, and concluded my career by selling the felucca, putting the money in my purse, and enclosing my tavern bills to the signor, with a significant hint that any delay in their discharge, or any inquiry after me, would produce a public discovery of the whole affair.—You see, Milordo, I had foretold his ill-luck, and it was no fault of mine if fate would have it so.

“ But where can an Italian live out of Italy ? I sold my villa, my horses, and my share in the hazard-table of the Duke of Bandelero—a grandee who had claims to the throne of Spain ! and in company with whom I had for three months raised more dues on noble exchequers, than his Majesty of the two Indias in as many years. I sent the money on board a Florentine ship in the offing ; and, for reasons of my own, made my arrangements for bidding farewell to Barcelona and its beauties by moonlight. Night fell ; I figured at a masquerade, was the charm of a host of senoras, the envy of as many senors, and was in the act of listening to a long detail of complaints of my friend the duke from the rosy lips of the duchess herself, just as the bell tolled twelve. At the sound, I

left her to dream of me, if she liked, and galloped down to the shore. There never was a brighter moonlight, nor a smoother sea. The scene would have been incomparable for a serenade; but never was man less disposed to the picturesque. My ship was not to be seen between heaven and earth, nor on the waters of the earth. My dollars, doubloons, bills, jewels, rings set with the most jetty locks, and miniatures presented by the noblest fingers of Spanish beauty—all were gone! I grew furious; I screamed—I tore my hair—and, in the loudest tones of my voice, devoted ship, captain, and crew to more than purgatory. I called on the rocks to echo my vows against the traitors; and echo they did, with a vengeance! A roar of merriment and a shot were the echo. I was instantly in the hands of a dozen coffee-visaged thieves, fresh from Tripoli. They had touched upon the Spanish coast for information from the governor's secretary of the sailing of a vessel with royal treasure for Cadiz. A thought struck me. I told them that the vessel had put to sea, that I was sent by the secretary with the information, and that they had no time to lose. I exulted in this sudden retribution; and, having pointed out her course, was about to bid them good night. But I felt the captain's strong grasp on my shoulder at the moment. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to have a gentleman on board, to teach my fellows manners; and, as you seem to be a showy cavaliero, you cannot do better than take a trip with us.' I was thunderstruck; but where was the use of resistance? I walked on board with a heavy heart. But sorrow never sat long upon me.

"The captain was as bold a ruffian as ever swam a ship, and his felucca as pretty a sailer as ever carried a gang of robbers. The captain, too, was a man of taste; for I soon became such a prodigious favourite, that he offered to make me a true believer. 'A turban would become you,' said he; 'you have a fine marauding eye, and, to judge by your figure, it would be pity to spoil so fine a pirate by making you a grandee.'

"I liked the man. The turban was as good as the cap, and better looking. A scimitar by my side was more showy than a fisherman's pouch, or even a cartouch-box. So I took his offer; and a month's sailing made me his lieutenant. We now ran along the coast just as we pleased, and never had man a gayer time; for wherever we chased a merchantman, we took her; and wherever we fell in with a frigate, she ran away. We had made little fortunes apiece before the month was over; for I knew the coast, and I was not indelicate enough to make any distinctions between Europe and Africa. But this could not last. Off Corsica we fell in with a sloop, that, at a distance, glittered like a church-steeple. Our fellows gave a general shout, and got pike and pistol ready. They would have run through a fleet of line-of-battle ships, to lay a grappling-iron on such a prize. Still we found it impossible to make out the nature of this shining display. The captain, a pious rogue, pronounced the sloop some magical thing risen from the bottom of the deep, and covered with gold. Others would have sworn that it was the Grand Signior's barge, driven down the Mediterranean by the last east wind. But she had now caught sight of us: all her finery vanished in a moment, and away she flew like a swallow. A shot from one of our chasers, however, soon brought her to reason, by knocking down her mast. She lay quiet, and we stepped on board of the *Santa Maria of Livorno*. The shew that had been her ill-luck was now explained. The captain, a precious Maltese, had been freighted with a

live cargo—an opera company, bound from Lucca to Ajaccio. The captain was struck with the look of their baggage; and after casting up the balance between the passengers and their portmanteaus, settled with himself that the baggage was the better worth of the two. Under pretence of a puff of wind from the heights of Cagliari, he put them on shore for the night; and they saw no more of the captain. He was gone before a king, queen, or lover of them all, was out of their first sleep. A general overhaul of the baggage was the captain's first employment; and as, in an Italian sloop, the only merit is that it lets out sea-water as fast as it lets it in, the royal mantles, crusaders' armour, and maids-of-honour's petticoats, were found in a drowning condition. A sunny day and a brisk breeze produced a general muster of the wardrobe; and mast, shroud, and sail, hung with helmets, crowns, turbans, and embroidered pantaloons, dangling to dry, made the showy sight that caught our enamoured gaze.

"After a great deal of burlesque at the fellow's being caught in his own trap, we proceeded to divide the plunder, equipped ourselves in the finery, and held a mock trial on the Maltese, whom we unanimously condemned to the alternative of putting the turban on his head, or of having no head to put it on. The Maltese, half dead with fright, and being a profound physiognomist, took a liking to my visage, and whispered that, if I saved him from this scrape, he would be the maker of my fortune. I closed with the terms as readily as if I had been chief judge of Naples—followed him into his cabin—and there, behind a cupboard, saw one of the prettiest brunettes that ever danced a tarantella. 'I reserved her to sell,' said the captain, 'when I sent the rest of her compatriots adrift; and as it was, of course, quite the same to the signora in what part of the world she made her pirouettes, it was my idea to steal a march to the Dardanelles, and see what sum the pashas would bid for La Caramboli.'

"We had now nothing to do but to steer for the Straits; and as opera-dancers sold as high in his highness the dey's harem as if it had been a college of cardinals, I took charge of the signora. The captain of the felucca, however, had not the sense to understand the law of the case—insisted on having the right to choose among the plunder—and offered me my choice, of jumping overboard, or being put in irons. On went the irons; and I took my revenge in telling the tyrant that ill-luck would befall him. The fellow answered me only by a blow with the flat of his scimitar. He had better have saved himself the trouble.

"I had been not half an hour chained on the poop, where I sat under a sun that would have calcined a salamander, before I saw a heavy ship looming on the horizon. The felucca was put about instantly; for the captain well knew that this was not one of his old friends, the frigates of his highness of Tuscany. After an hour or two's run, the wind dropped dead; for Mediterranean winds are like Mediterranean promises—abundance of them at all times but the time when you want them. The frigate had the wind still, and came down thundering on us from her bow-guns, with, now and then, as she brought her broadside to bear, a fire from a dozen twenty-four-pounders together. This could not go on for ever. But the captain was a sturdy Mahometan, who, if he knew but little about fighting, knew nothing about surrendering. So, rather than see his plunder taken quietly from him, or go home and be hanged for the loss of the felucca, he fought like a fury. The balls fell thick; men

were soon wanting, and I was let loose, and ordered to a gun. The round shot were flying about ; and, as my revenge might be put off by an accident, I resolved to lose no time. I fired away all my cartridges at once ; but the gun, by miracle, did not burst ; and one of the enemy's masts came tumbling over the side. Charges to the muzzle suddenly became the order of the day. The frigate soon felt the work of the new system, in ports knocked in, yards falling, and sails cut to pieces. I saw that she was getting sick of the affair, and made up my mind at once. In the hurry of the business, I scattered the contents of a barrel of powder unseen along the gunwale, slipped down to the cabin, brought up the brunette on my arm, and, throwing a cloak over her, coolly speculated on the future.

"The captain's quick eye discovered me, and he came up, raging, scimitar in hand. I knocked him down with the portfire, dropped it on the train, jumped on the bulwark, holding the signora fast, and plunged with her into the sea. A flash, a howl, and an explosion, that seemed to tear the waters to the bottom, followed almost before I fell. I was stunned, —but life is sweet ; and, after rolling about for a while, the signora and I were picked up together by the boats of the enemy.

"I was now on board a French frigate, which my system had mauled as cruelly as any frigate that ever fell in with a true believer. But the French are all heroes, and, of course, love a hero. I had been conspicuous during the business ; and, as I had no objection to their thinking me Alexander the Great if they chose, I gave them to understand that, but for me, they might have taken the pirate without the loss of a man. They applauded me to the skies—swore that they loved a gallant enemy, whether he believed in the Pope, or in Mahomet, or, like themselves, in nothing. I found excellent wine, capital ragouts, and practical toleration of the gayest kind among those brave fellows ; and might have lived with them till now, but for one misfortune—my pretty fellow-swimmer.

"In whatever part of the globe an opera-dancer may have been born, her soul is Parisian. My barrel of gunpowder did not catch the portfire in a more sparkling style than this enchantress the shrugs, smiles, compliments, and *calembourgs* of the French officers. I had been too obviously anxious to bring her along with me for any of those well-bred warriors to believe my protestations that I was her husband ; and the captain, a French beau of the most *déagé* species, gave various hints that he was disposed to relieve me of her guardianship. This adorer was indefatigable : he wooed with sigh and smile ; sang *chansons*, which he swore he wrote ; and was the most languishing of swains, except when he preferred delighting the signora with his activity in the gavottes and sarabandes that our old Spanish fiddler played with patriotic constancy. This victim of love was not quite a skeleton, was not more than bent double, and acknowledged only seventy-two years on his last birthday. His charms, however, were evidently making a rapid impression on the susceptible heart of my brunette. I was likely to lose the purchase-money of my prize. No man likes to be forced out of any thing, and I ventured on a private remonstrance. The signora's answer was in a tone which brought all the idlers of the ship round us. We were laughed at, until the lady burst into a hysteric, and I forgave. But on that night, I slept with a soundness that might have been envied by a dormouse.

"It was late in the day when I awoke : the sun was scorching the skin off my face. I opened my tardy eyes. But where was the roof of that

cabin against whose heavy beams I had so often expected to be knocked to pieces? Where was the peep of daylight through the little jail-like windows? My cabin was now wide enough, for it was the sky; my mattress was a layer of sand and shingle; and my curtain was the broad foliage of an immense cedar, that waved and nodded down to the water's edge in as hot a blast as ever breathed African fire. The catastrophe was complete. The signora had given me this opportunity of knowing woman and the world. The old captain, *tout à fait Français*, had gallantly saved her from the pain of making any apologies to me; and a few opiate drops administered by her own fair hands, and a stout boat's crew, left me on shore ten miles from the frigate, to watch her ploughing away the azure, and curse, or laugh at, as I might, the perfidy of opera-dancers, and the perilous charms of youths of seventy-two!

"On what part of the globe I was thrown, was beyond all conjecture. Sand, interminable sand—a sky clear as glass, with a sun burning like a red-hot shot in the centre of it—and a level sea, where the frigate was already flying away like a phantom—were all that lay before, behind, or above me. For the first time, I felt an inclination to give up the struggle, and find in the bottom of the sea a bed from which I could not be flung by the tricks of opera divinities, the rivalry of inamoratos past their grand climacteric, nor the hands of all the boats' crews of Christendom. I will acknowledge, to my shame, that I suffered this petty accident to weigh with me; and, in two minutes more, I might have been among the sharks and lobsters of the Mediterranean, had not a shot, that whistled by my ear, broke the whole chain of my meditations. Half-a-dozen savages, lance and carbine in hand, darting from a thicket, were round me.

"I expected that this was to be the last day of my adventures, and, as life was of no use to a man who had nothing to eat, I offered it to them. But they were better judges of the value of things than to trouble themselves with taking it: they took my clothes, stripped me of every claim to an appearance in civilized society, and galloped off, leaving me to make my meal of the sand, and wash it down with the sea-water. I might now have drowned myself at my leisure; but the fit was gone by. A man is never fitter for a hero than when he has nothing to lose; and, as I compared the shrivelled wretches that had robbed me, with my own full-shaped and sinewy limbs, I determined to begin by the usual end of heroism, and turn collector of that harvest which one man sows and another man reaps, which asks neither plough nor sickle, and which finds its most arable field in the high road.

"My resolution might be slow, but my execution was rapid. After a day and a night's march, I reached a small forest, where I sheltered myself at once from sight and from sunshine. A little village was at one end of it—an Arab saint's tomb at the other. In the shrine I found a priest, who, instead of saying his prayers, was luxuriously indulging himself on his carpet with coffee and a pipe. The sight was irresistible. I sprang upon him, knocked him down with my naked hand, and, before he could recover the blow or his astonishment, was master of his breakfast, his purse, his carpet, and his pipe. Never was Mollah more completely cleared of the temptations of this world!

"But I ought to have robbed him of his voice; for, long before I could wind my way through the thicket, I heard it calling after me in all the names that African tongues ever showered on the head of the

spoiler. The whole village was instantly up in arms; and where every living creature, from the child of three years old to the man of a hundred, carries his carbine or his bow as regularly as his head, I may be supposed to have been in danger. I fled through the forest like a hare. Shots fell thick among the brambles round me. I saw the shrine, sprang in, and the saint's bones had thenceforth the honour of my companionship.

"None thought of looking for me there. The Mollah's business was done with his morning visit: he had come to feed on the offerings, and he hated ultra-activity as much as if he had been king of Spain. The villagers dreaded the resting-place of so much sanctity, and would have cut the throats of half mankind rather than violate it by an intrusive step. So, in that spot I remained a week, incomparably fed, so far as African banquets go—thriving in flesh, though horribly ennuied. But my trial drew to a close.

"One morning I observed a large, heavy-built man, with a countenance in which guile, good-humour, dulness, and a love of good eating, were moulded in every line, prowling about the tomb. My first idea was to treat him as I had done the Mollah. But I was too well-fed to be hungry; and the best time to meet even the tiger is notoriously after he has had his breakfast. Wrapped in my carpet, I approached the investigator courteously. He at first cocked his pistols; but his alarm was turned into rapture when he discovered that I was human. He had come out on a three months' journey to explore the site of the temple of Jupiter Ammon. He was an English linendraper, who, having acquired a taste for more sublime pursuits in one of the brilliant institutions of his country of philosophers, had thrown aside the measuring of long-cloth for the measuring of every stone within his reach. I found him at once civil and sullen, crafty and gullible. I gave him full opportunity for the exercise of his genius—cordially invited him to the hospitalities of the shrine—sold it to him, bones and all, for a sum of money which would have purchased an African principality—presented him with half-a-dozen inscriptions in a dialect invented for the occasion, on the strength of which he made up his mind to canvass his Royal Society—and, to complete his raptures and his collection, suffered him to sketch me in my carpet, as a native chieftain in the original costume of the Pharaohs.

"Till now, all went on swimmingly; but there was still a delicate transaction to settle between us. I applied to him for the purchase-money of the tomb, out of the enormous bag of dollars that he carried on his camel. The antiquarian asked for delay. I saw the *esprit bou-tiquière* rising within him; and, as his friend, I desired to lay it. He offered me a bill at an immense date; but my affairs required expedition. I refused the offer, and calmly told him that those who attempted to injure me were always unlucky.

"He was probably glad of the excuse for a quarrel; and he replied by one of those brief phrases in which Englishmen couch such ready opinions of every thing that stands in their way. I remembered his pistols, and bade him a very good night.

"How he enjoyed my wish, I cannot tell to this hour; for I no sooner perceived the moon go down, than I emerged from my lair, piled one of his camels with his trunk, slung the bag of dollars over the hump of the other, and instantly set off at a steady pace of seven miles an hour.

"For two days I rode across the sandy ocean, piloting my way as far

from the coast as I could, in the surmise that there my indignant antiquarian might have made my route troublesome. But just as I was beginning to grow weary of solitude, a cloud of dust rose at a distance. I trotted towards it, and found it to be a caravan of negroes marching to the coast for embarkation. I saw that here was something for a man of my style, and addressed myself to the superintendant of this battalion of sugar and indigo makers. I offered him my tribute—a flask of excellent brandy out of the Englishman's store. He swallowed it to the bottom, embraced me with tears in his eyes, suffocated me with kisses and snuff, and pronounced me a *bon sujet* on the spot. I had found the royal road to his heart, and he told me his whole story. He was from Nantes, and 'boasted but of three things on earth—his knowledge of brandy, beauty, and the slave-trade.' He was now driving the 'finest venture of negroes that had been caught for the last twenty years,' on account of one of the French ministers, who had just made a prodigious harangue against the traffic, and established his fame over Europe as an *Ami des Noirs* of the first magnitude.

"We were within a day's march of the coast, when, on entering a miserable village, whom should I find, in the midst of an Arab rabble, but my Englishman. A bag of dollars, that escaped my accurate eye, had worked the miracle. He was as furiously bent on the plunder of stones and old clothes as ever; and the tumult had arisen from his secret purchase of the travelling costume of the sheik's favourite wife. He flew to the Frenchman for protection, saw me, and charged me with robbery. I denied ever having seen his antiquarian face before. He stormed, and threatened the rigour of the law on our first reaching a civilized port. The threat put me on my mettle, and I determined that we should never reach one together. A Greek would have shot him in his bed; a Frenchman would have run him through in daylight; an Englishman would have brought an action for libel, and sent him to die in a jail; a Venetian would have invited him to his casino, and poisoned him:—but we of Naples are tender creatures. I asked him to supper; but I only made him drunk with his own brandy, and, in his sleep, painted his face as pure an ebony as ever shone on negro. The ship was at hand; the captain was a man of the world; the slave-dealer made no scruples, on condition of sharing the purchase-money; and, before the antiquarian could open his eyes next day, he was in the hold of the *Bon Citoyen* of Nantz, enjoying the finest opportunity imaginable of studying African habits, and rolling away at the rate of ten knots an hour. My friend the slave-dealer, and myself, took our coffee on the shore, while we contemplated the rapid run of the vessel, and congratulated ourselves on the good fortune of having fallen in with so capital a display of thews and sinews as the Englishman. But then came the grand affair, which has broken up so many friendships—the division of the money. The Frenchman tried to cheat me; and I was forced to warn him against the ill-luck of every one who injured me. He laughed at the idea, and proposed a bumper of brandy to our chance of coming athwart another antiquarian.

"The brandy was excellent; but I either indulged my taste too much for the laws of Mahomet, or, my French friend had been trying his skill on it; for I soon fell into a strange half-slumber, not quite so solid as the Englishman's, but with a narrow escape of the same consequence. I could still hear the hum of voices; and as the slave-dealer, in his

eagerness to overpower my understanding, had very fully set me the example, the tone was rather louder than became the business. The dialogue concerned myself; and, to my sincere surprise, I heard the slave-dealer striking a bargain for the disposal of my faculties with the owner of a Sicilian chaloupe, who had joined us at our coffee, and enjoyed with infinite laughter the capture of the antiquarian. The bargain was struck in my hearing; and, if I had had any vanity, it would have been completely punished by the low price that I bore in the market. But my time was to come. My first thought was to start up, and shame both the traffickers; but my second thought told me that the probable reward of my putting them to the trouble of making apologies, would be a brace of bullets through my head. I lay in the most profound sleep that ever man wore upon his features, in the chance of having his throat cut; and, by degrees, had their whole story, and discovered they were rapidly getting drunk. The talking ceased: I awoke as they fell asleep. There was not a soul within view of the tent, which we had pitched out of sight of our rabble of drivers, to carry on the Englishman's transfer more at our ease. I arose, and made a rapid examination of their persons, which I relieved of every temptation to the lovers of watches, purses, and bills of exchange. The tent was next inquired into, thoroughly cleared, its portable contents thrown into a pair of panniers, and, on the Sicilian's mule, I took my departure under the shelving shore, in the cool of an evening that would have set a lover of the picturesque out of his senses. But I had eyes for other things than seas blue as indigo, and gold and silver tissue'd skies. My eyes were fully employed in looking out for the chaloupe; and gladly I saw the smoke of its little stove rising from behind one of the ridges covered with wild orange-trees that are so common along the African shore. I found the crew already more than tired of waiting for their captain, and prodigiously anxious to set sail with a little cargo of Moorish sheep, which they had purloined the night before. The fear of impalement was in every rogue's face; and never was man received with more popularity than I, on displaying the captain's papers, of which I had taken especial care, and giving his order for instantly hoisting sail, and steering for Messina.

"The distance of the Moorish coast from the Italian is the most convenient one in the world for sweeping off the superfluous population of my countrymen. A single puff of wind from the south, and twenty-four hours, carries the corsair clear into the Strait; and he must be an unlucky devil of a captain who does not, in the course of a night, pick up a cargo, whether of monks or princes. But it was our purpose not to relieve, but to increase the burthen of the soil. Our passage was disastrous from the first half-hour. The wind changed to all the points of the compass at once. My seamanship was good for nothing, with a crew of such piety, that, at every roll of the little chaloupe, they fell on their knees, roaring out to the Virgin; and I began at last to tremble for my doubloons. One entire week saw us tossing about in billows as high as the mast-head; and, on my soul, I do not believe that, in the entire week, we stirred a hundred yards from the same spot. My crew were half dead, and had even given up praying to the Madonna; and I was taking what I thought a last meal upon our last biscuit, when a brigantine shot by us full of as ill-looking ruffians as ever bore arms in the service of monarchy. They sent up a roar of laughter at our battered appearance, and left us to go to the bottom if we would. But they

suddenly changed their minds. The vessel was put about ; and we were taken formal possession of in the name of his Majesty of the two Sicilies. " From that moment, I gave up my worldly possessions for lost. If we had fallen into the hands of a regular pirate, we might have contrived to keep a few of our piastres. But I knew the searching hand of law, and set myself down as lucky to escape with my head on my shoulders. Even of that I was not perfectly sure, when I saw the personage who commanded the brigantine : it was my old friend of the customs. He had recognized me at a glance, as I stood forlorn on the deck, taking what I thought my last look at the brigantine. On being brought up for examination before this new scourge of the ' free trade,' I denied all possibility of my ever having seen him before. He listened with a smile ; and, ordering my rags to be stripped off, and a stout iron collar and handcuffs to be put in their place, saw me carried down to his cabin, with a promise of preserving me to be hanged on the point at Capri, for a general warning to the contraband. In about an hour, which was employed in plundering the unlucky schooner, he came down ; and, while he employed himself in unpacking my trunk, and robbing me deliberately, he told me that the whole affair was of my own doing ; that my exploits in Barcelona having stripped him of his office, he had purchased the command of one of the custom-house cruizers ; and was now rewarded for all his troubles, by making an example of the rascal who had caused them.—My prospects, on this occasion, certainly were not brilliant. But '*patienza!*' He had robbed me of every testoon I possessed on earth ; and nothing prepares a man so much for being hanged as the certainty of being starved. I bade him do his worst, and roundly acquainted him with the fact that ill-luck would be his portion. My wisdom was recompensed only by a kick, which I bore with a perfect resolve that it should be repaid in due season, and with compound interest.

" The philosophy with which I took the insult did me good service. On that very night my jailer roused me from as sound a sleep as ever wrapped a judge, by telling me that we were close in with the shore, and that, if I chose to save my neck, now was the time.—' The fact is,' said he, ' I always had a regard for you ; and, though your Spanish trick was a confoundedly slippery one, yet I will acknowledge that it shewed genius. Still it was rash. You must have risen among us. You had a plausible air, a sly tongue, and a conscience wide enough to swallow a bribe as large as the exchequer. You might have made a figure in the law : you had certainly the talents that might have made you a cardinal. I had intended to make you a custom-house officer ; and there, with the natural produce of fees, secret service-money, and smuggling, you must in a few years have made your fortune.'

" I began to feel the guilt of my offences, and professed myself a sincere penitent.—' Now,' said my master, ' as I see that virtue is taking root in you again, I will show you that I can forgive. One half of this prize is the king's ; but I know how little the poor man will ever see of it, if it gets into the hands of the admiralty. So, to prevent ill blood, and take away temptation from the heads of departments, I mean to carry it to my own account. You know the coast well : take a boat, and carry this letter to a friend, whom you will know by signal—the firing of a pistol, off Pausilippo.' I expressed the greatest gratitude for being allowed thus to exhibit my return to virtue. The boat was hoisted out,

and I was set loose on the waters of the bay, in a night as black as ink. I shot along the bay ; but my course was not for Pausilippo. In half an hour, I was on the quay of Naples ; and, in five minutes more, I was in high council with the chief of the police.

"My terms were simple—a third of the cargo: they were instantly granted. I was furnished with half-a-dozen of the police row-boats ; and, just as the sweetest dawn began to touch the rigging of the brigantine with silver in its nook under the shore, I was on board, at the head of fifty soldiers, and had the honour of seeing the giver of my kick handed over the side of the vessel into my boat. His rage was indescribable, but useless. He poured out a perpetual fire of the Neapolitan vocabulary on my defenceless head ; but I only reminded him of his yesterday's exercise of power ; and, laughing, told him that if he escaped the gallies this time, he might reckon upon his being an emperor.

"On my arrival at the prison, the chief of the police congratulated me in the highest terms on my address, activity, and loyalty—promised that the adjudication of my prize-money should be made with the smallest possible delay—and exhibited me as a model to all his subordinates. I answered him in a speech, which excited a burst of applause, "that I was only too happy to have done my duty to the most distinguished of police officers and the best of kings." Naples was now before me—glorious Naples !—and I was taking my leave of the escort with a low bow, when one of the officers whispered to me that I had better remain where I was, at least until the popular irritation had subsided a little—informers not being in more vogue at Naples than elsewhere. I remonstrated. But a look from the chief settled the business ; and I found myself housed within—the walls of the city prison.

"I raved for a while against all public functionaries all over the world, and wondered where were the earthquakes for Naples, above all other spots of the earth. But the earthquake slept : I found not a single stone of the prison-walls shaken by my wrath ; and within these walls I remained a week, a month, a year. The world was not at a stand in the mean time ; and one day the prison-doors were opened, and all its tenants ordered to appear in their best costume. I found in the court-yard a company of French grenadiers drawn up, and half-a-dozen drill-serjeants examining the prisoners. The whole dynasty of Naples had run away. Murat had come in their place ; and the present operation was to raise recruits among the best-looking of the prisoners. I had the honour to be selected, in spite of my desperate reluctance to be shot for any monarch, legitimate or illegitimate, under the sun. I was sent to parade, learned the art of killing with a rapidity which earned me the good opinion of one of the royal aides-de-camp, and was, in consequence, drafted into the body-guard.

"Here was the happiest period of my life—for it was the idlest. To stand the ornament of his majesty's staircase—to wear lace, receive douceurs, and enjoy pay for nothing—were my sole occupations for a month. Delightful time ! But what man is born for perpetual good fortune ? I fell in love. The fair one was the daughter of one of the king's chamberlains—a marquis, and as proud as Lucifer. But love is the finest leveller in the world. The lady was lovely, young, and of first-rate taste—for she adored me. I had fixed on the night of elope-

ment, when she was to be the wife of the handsomest man in his majesty's guards, and a hero.

"The night was as dark as Hymen could desire; and I was leading my lady and my love to the door of the San Januario chapel, where a well-fed monk was in waiting. As I lifted her from the caleche, I found my arms pinioned, and a cloak thrown over my head. Resistance was useless, for I was already half-strangled. The cloak was taken off my eyes in the guard-room; and I was left to repentance in the barrack-dungeon. The lady, disappointed of one husband, made up her mind without delay; she took an old gouty adorer; and, within the next twelve hours, was the Marchesa di San Caracolo. Happiness be to them both!

"But the truth always comes out at some time or other, even in Naples, and I discovered that my betrayer on this memorable night, was the serjeant-major of my own corps; he having been an accepted lover of the lady, but distanced by my superior charms, and taking his revenge in the shape of revealing my plan to the lady's family. I reproached him with his baseness; he laughed in my face, ordered me to drill, and superintended its performance in person. I was sullen, and he grew insolent; I made no improvement, and he raised his cane. This was an indignity forbidden in the service; and calmly ordering my musket, I defied him to strike, telling him at the same time, that no one was ever the better for my ill-will. He was enough in the wrong to fly into a passion, and down came the cane, and a *sacre* together. He was a tall showy Frenchman, the best dancer, foto-player, and small-swordsman in the guards. If he had spared himself one blow the more, he had effrontery enough to have risen to be commander-in-chief. But it was the last blow, and the last *saere* that the serjeant-major ever threw away. We fought that night under one of the lamps in the Strada di San Geronimo, and the serjeant-major never drew rapier nor ration again.

"Naples was now no residence for me. I quitted his Majesty's guards before day-break, and without waiting for a furlough, had soon made a tolerable progress towards the States of his Holiness. But I quitted Naples with a heavy heart. The Mahometan waits for his paradise till his throat is cut. But we had the glorious certainty in Naples under king Joachim. Never was king so fitted for a people, nor people so fitted for a king. He was a thorough lazzarone: as idle, as gay, as bold, as profligate, and as useless, as if he had been born on the sands of the bay, and lain naked on them from the time he was born. Contractors and commissaries, duchesses and opera dancers, managed all as they liked; the palace was a French guinguette, the city a French theatre, the kingdom a French fauxbourg, and the whole reign a long French holiday of plunder and pleasure.

"But, as ten years in the galleys, or a discharge of a dozen muskets into me on parade, would have been my penalty for remaining, I bade adieu to the joys of Naples, and pushed across the dreary frontier of the dreariest corner of Europe—the territory of the Pope. Of all countries, however, give me that territory for an escape. For as nine men out of every ten are actual robbers, and the tenth looks as like one as possible, the less resemblance you have to an honest man the better. I took up my quarters in a convent, by giving a touching detail of my escape from captivity among the Moors, and by giving the promise of becoming an eminent saint in good time. Here I lived pleasantly enough for a while. But I felt the loss of Naples. The eternal clamour, guitaring, rioting, rattling of equipages, and masquerading, rose upon my mind, and I

never started from my bed with more delight than one morning, on hearing an uproar of true Neapolitan throats in the convent hall. I sprang down stairs half dressed, and was received with shouts of laughter. I had sprung into the midst of old acquaintances ; or the convent had the honour to be made the head-quarters of his Majesty, marching to take possession of the Pope's estates, on his way to take possession of Italy. I protested my astonishment at the general error in my person. But all my eloquence was in vain. My comrades swore that they were inconsolable for my loss ; that half the Marchesas in Naples had put on mourning, and that now I had nothing to do but to put on my harness and go along with them to beat the Austrians. I appealed to his Holiness, the cardinals, and the saints, for their protection to a pious brother, who 'desired nothing but to say matins and vespers until he was removed from this mortal scene.'—'His Majesty is coming to breakfast here,' was my quondam colonel's answer, 'and unless you choose to follow us in chains, you will take your musket, and hold your tongue.'—'Well,' said I, 'so much the worse for his Majesty ; if ill-luck comes on him after this warning, it is no fault of mine.' A roar of laughter followed my prediction, which, however, was carried to Murat, and was, I fully believe, the only word of truth that was ever suffered to reach his royal ear.

"He sent for me. Murat was a jovial fellow, and never forgot that he had been a trooper. 'So, Birbone,' said he, '*per Bacco*, to judge by the swelling of your shape, you have made a capital choice of your quarters. I hear that you are a philosopher, and threaten me with the vengeance of the stars. Now, I like philosophers well enough, though I like grenadiers better, and as you luckily combine both, you see we cannot do without you.'

"As I found that refusal was of no use, I exhibited the greatest promptitude, 'in thus being honoured with the command of the most gracious and gallant sovereign in Christendom,' and forthwith proceeded with my corps.

"We went on magnificently for a week ; singing, '*Italia, Italia ! bella, bellissima !*' and so forth, for eight or ten days, during which we lived on the oil and wine of the land, plundered *ad libitum*, frightened the conclave out of their pious senses, and voted ourselves the most heroic host that ever gave liberty to a fettered land. My prediction had gone abroad through the ranks, and in return I got the soubriquet of 'the Man of Ill-Omen,' and was ridiculed from right to left of a line of forty battalions, and twenty-four squadrons. But at the close of one of those days of pleasantries, while his Majesty's body-guard were dining in the château of a Lombard duke, and in the very act of drinking, 'Confusion to Austria and success to Naples,' a volley came in from the garden, which sent the glass of every window flying about our heads. This was the experiment of a platoon of Tyrolese yagers, who had slipped through our position. The camp was roused instantly, and for that night we lay on our arms. The day broke, and showed us the horrible apparition of the whole Austrian army drawn up in line, within half a mile of our front. Of what followed for some hours, I can tell nothing more than blindness and deafness can tell. The whole was a business of roaring, galloping, the fire of artillery, and whole volcanoes of smoke. But the Austrians had by no means the best of it ; and towards evening Murat, covered with dust, rode up to us, at the head of an immense crowd of aides-de-camp, applauding

us for our extraordinary prowess, and telling us that a single charge would send the Austrians over the Alps. No news could be more popular, and if huzzas could have decided the day, no battle was ever more triumphant. But the order was given to advance. The Austrians were evidently tired of having their bones broken for an emperor three hundred miles off; and ten minutes more would have seen them in full march off the ground. But our advance compelled them to halt; and I had, for the first time in the day, a view of their battalions within the fair firing distance of one hundred yards. I saw them regularly load, cock, and come to the present, till I could have looked into every musket barrel of the ten thousand that seemed directed expressly at my own person. The thought occurred to me, quick as lightning, 'What am I to get by standing to be shot? I shall not be a piastre the better, turn which way the day will. Have I not been brought here without any will of my own? and have I not given my bringers fair warning that they might better have left me where I was?' At that instant a platoon fired. There was evidently no time to be lost, if I meant to live with whole limbs. I faced to the right about, and ran for it. The whole guard followed my example, crying out, 'Treason.' The cry spread along the line, and the line ran, crying out, 'Treason,' louder still. The reserve saw the movement in front, and, congratulating themselves on their being five hundred yards further out of mischief, led the way, crying out 'Treason,' like the rest. Vollies from the Austrian infantry, and the galloping of three thousand Austrian hussars among us, did not increase our tranquillity; and before sunset there was not a Neapolitan within sight from the highest hill. The Austrians sang *Te Deum*. About the same time, Murat reached Naples, and also ordered *Te Deum*, and by the light of an illumination, for what the Neapolitan bulletins declared the greatest victory gained by them since the Crusades, got into a felucca and made his escape to the French shore.

"So, you see, Milord," said the fellow, taking off his cap, and making a flourish with it down to the ground, "I had some right to be glad that so accomplished a cavaliero as yourself behaved so handsomely as you have done; for, some how or other, ill luck would have followed you, if you had not listened to my claims on the bounty of every man of taste and talent."

"But your leg, my friend," said I; "you did not lose it in the wars, at least?"

"Ah!" was the reply, "that was an oversight. A man never should forget his principles. In foolishly endeavouring to carry off my old colonel, whom I found wounded and trampled on, I got into contact with an Austrian dragoon. As he could make nothing of my bayonet with his sabre, he sent a ball through my leg, which I returned by one through his forehead. The leg was useless, and I had it cut off at the monastery, where I lived so much at my ease. The monks offered me my old quarters; but I liked the world—had no taste for the cloister, and so set forth to add to the pleasures of the noble cavalieri who come from England to add to the happiness of Naples."

MONTESQUIEU BELLEW AND LAWYER SHEIL :

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

ALL newspaper readers have seen an account of a drunken quarrel which lately took place at a dinner in the county of Louth, between Montesquieu Bellew and Lawyer Sheil, the two candidates, under the Emancipation Bill, for the honour of representing that place. Some people may suppose that this brawl was a mere wine-bibbing prank—an accidental Irish row—an electioneering combat. No such thing: its elements were more deeply seated; its rise and origin must be traced to causes which have escaped attention, in the confusion of more important subjects.

Sheil, in writing his "Sketches of the Irish Bar," forgot to write his own sketch;—we shall supply the deficiency; and if our portrait be not quite so poetical and imaginative as he would have made it, the difference of temperament must be taken into consideration. Our object is truth—his has been fiction.

The progress made by this assertor of "grievances"—himself the worst of all—to notoriety, is one of the remarkable evidences of the state to which society has been brought in Ireland, by the vulgar intolerance of the liberators. We should not now be led to chronicle his name, if Ireland had been less enslaved by the arts and mendacious profligacy of a faction. His name would never have attained the distinction conferred by the billsticker and the secretary of a conspiracy assembly. But in the storm straws are thrown to the surface; and now that the 'excuse for agitation is removed, the shred struggles to float, with a certain consciousness that when the waters are calmed, it must sink to the bottom.

Years passed over his bag, and never brought a brief. He was to be seen in the vast hall of the Four Courts, traversing its sullen round with inflexible submission: and it was not the least amusing part of the exhibition to observe his figure, as it glided along in contrast with the oily, well-fed, and monk-like looking rotundity of O'Connell, who had commenced his trade of clamour, and was beginning to receive his new customers in the crowded lounge of the Irish Westminster Hall. O'Connell takes a remarkable pleasure in the disappointment of others; and the chuckle of self-satisfaction is so habitual to his nature, that it has worn its facetious channels into his cheeks and lips. On those occasions he might have been observed casting a satirical glance at the junior, who had as yet never ventured in his political displays beyond the noisy turbulence and equivocal patriotism of the tavern. Sheil was originally bred amongst Jesuits, and had contracted from them that peculiar air of pedantry and insidious pliancy which, though apparently contradictory to each other, those admirable professors of Machiavelian theology have blended into harmonious union. His response to O'Connell's sneer was a jerk and a smile; he dared not dissent or remonstrate in words, because he knew that his future hopes depended upon embarking, when he could summon courage for the enterprise, in the same boat with the demagogue. He bore the silent taunt, the supercilious contempt, and arrogant ridicule of his more powerful fellow Catholic with external submission; but he burned at the heart to revenge it one day or another. Having no business to transact in the Courts, he had the more leisure for cultivating the ac-

quaintance of the numerous petty politicians that congregate daily in the vestibule of the Law: and being gifted with a capacity for talking, he contrived to possess his auditors with a notion that if he could not talk well himself, he had volubility and audacity enough to prevent any body else from talking at all. This is a popular quality in Ireland. The man who has what Curran called "the gift of the gab," is sure to become known, if not trusted. In addition to colloquial facility, Sheil superadds what is also essential to notoriety in Ireland,—the power of talking nonsense for any given period; or in other words, the science of mystifying any given subject, while he pretends to argue and explain. Such recommendations as those could not glide unostentatiously through a heated community. He became, not quickly, but after long and almost despairing repetitions of his mystifying eloquence, a sort of stalking-horse for the scanty wit and adust chit-chat of the little attornies and nominal barristers, and miscellaneous idlers of the Common Pleas and King's Bench. Even the criers laughed when they saw him; and groups of tip-staffs laid down their rods and tittered. In the robing-room, where at first he was dogged and speechless, he now became grotesque and comical: but his grin was sardonic. Many and many a bitter joke he uttered as he descended the narrow stairs to the dark, under-ground chamber where the gowns and wigs were deposited, and which, on more occasions than one, being visited by an overflow of the neighbouring river, has floated the serges and bob-tails up to the landing-place, and saved the barristers the trouble of a descent at the expence of a deluge. If we would not be accused of a pun, we might refer to these damp wigs the source of that water-on-the-brain giddiness, which he has since so frequently betrayed.

Dublin is but a village, in as far as professional reputation or personal character are concerned. Farquhar, the funny attorney, was as well known as Sir Boyle Roche. To be the centre of a coterie of drivellers—the hero of tavern riots—the best voice in a catch—the ablest master of slang—or the most potent drinker of whiskey—will ensure that sort of fame which lives just so long as the distinguished fool is blind, or vigorous enough to keep up the excitement. Easily earned by those who care nothing for just and rational conduct, this kind of distinction is as rapidly forfeited. Sheil might as well have been the penny tumbler of a fair, as the versatile mummer of his little circle; but chance having made him a barrister, he shaped his course into the next convenient avenue to which his destiny led him, and was soon the gossip-god of all those who not having ability or nerve to follow O'Connell in public, were needs forced to babble politics in private. All he wanted was to be known—else how could he thrive in the courts? and, like men who are destitute of manly feelings, he pursued his end with utter indifference to the means.

Then came the consideration of the veto—what a significant title for a measure that went to invest the Government with the power of doing that which it is the inalienable right of every Government to do. This was the occasion for him to try his wings. He had long, after the manner of the old woman in the fairy tale pursuing the ghost, followed O'Connell, and in vain tried to catch his mantle; and conceiving that as he made nothing by acquiescence in the views and theories of the man who supplanted Keogh, and humbugged Scully, who permitted Magee to expire in Newgate, and Harding Tracey to die of want,

he might, by a stroke of good fortune, succeed by flinging himself into an eccentric opposition, and creating a party of his own. The French Revolution, and dreams of meretricious eloquence and sentimental martyrdom were before his eyes; he thought of the tailor in the revolt, who threw his goose into his leader's face, and flourishing his needle, cut off a remnant of the *sans culottes*. Brilliant prospects opened upon his crusade against the chief democrat; and he became an incarnation in little of Mirabeau, as the infant at Astley's personifies the heroism of Napoleon. Alack! there was no justice in those days; mistaken clemency spared the idiot insurrectionists; and the only fluid that was spilled was some vagrant ink to rebut calumny and detraction.

It was natural that Sheil, in his lack of political knowledge and sound judgment, should fly from one extreme to another. His transit from ultra emancipation—unconditional, unrestricted, and boundless—was to that qualified arrangement, the most atrocious in the eyes of all true Catholics, which would have placed their ecclesiastical appointments and their church government in the hands of the British minister. Upon this alarming negation of Papal independence, he took his stand against Daniel. The consequence was personal estrangement, lavish abuse, mutual Billingsgate, and the utter defeat of poor Sheil, who shrank out of the whirlwind he had raised about his own ears.

It must not be supposed, because he adopted this line of policy, that he therefore assented to its utility, or believed in its merits. His actions have never been of the syllogistic class; it is impossible to infer first principles, or draw logical conclusions from any part of his conduct. He always did that which seemed to suit the momentary exigency, without consulting results or reasons. He hoped to make a diversion by resisting O'Connell, and he expected, at all events, to combine out of the scattered troops, a sufficient number over whom he might assume the command; a desire which, next to filling his bag, mainly occupied his attention. An embittered correspondence between the worthy champions ensued, in which he exhibited a specimen of that new talent which, under the mortifications of a neglected probation at the bar, he found it useful and convenient to cultivate. We mean that politico-dramatic skill which enabled him to exhibit to the public, in all the perfection of character, the "Apostate." His letters to O'Connell developed an intimate acquaintance with stage trick, and the usual melo-dramatic flourishes of the theatre; he ranted like Lee's Alexander, and boasted of bestriding the people, as the Macedonian gloried in crossing Bucephalus; and when O'Connell reproached him with borrowing his patriotic enthusiasm from the green-room, he hinted darkly at some deep tints that lay within the surface of his rival's reputation; and a compromise in secret preserved the public from the continuance of a controversy which promised to commit both parties. Sheil retired, fell into the ranks again, and with an O'Connell cockade in his hat, was well pleased to follow where he could not lead, and to pick up the loose guineas which the superabundance of business enabled the "Counsellor" to drop in his path. From that hour he became an echo in the councils, and a jackall at the aggregates. His political importance consisted in a subservient repetition of the praises of him whom he hated to obey, but feared to contradict; and a miserable improvement in his finances was the only token he ever received of the wisdom of his degradation.

Finding the veto unpopular, his next line of acting was a violent opposition to it. Nobody heeded, or cared about, his unexplained apostasy. He was too insignificant to excite attention, and too heartless to feel contumely if he had been sufficiently prominent to be honoured with it. This course was pursued with unabated perseverance until the period of the deputation to London, and the proposition of those auxiliary measures absurdly entitled the Wings. Imagining he saw another crisis, which might be dextrously turned to advantage, he went back to Ireland to defend once more the payment of the priests, and to suggest a new Whig-like remedy for the troubles of the people—the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholds. He was the first who publicly announced these adjuncts to the Catholics; and the sophistry by which he sought to vindicate them, affords a characteristic specimen of the shallowness of his mind and the insincerity of his heart. His reception was precisely such as he merited. Even the stolid peasantry detected the lurking hypocrite, and they hooted him into his old guilt of swallowing his words, and abandoning his opinions. In a week he reviled his new code of liberty, and was as suppliant as before. He could not be firm, for two reasons—first, because he could not afford it; and second, because it is his nature to vacillate and intrigue.

At this period Mr. Montesquieu Bellew appeared in public. His connection with a respectable Catholic family, which had long maintained an unostentatious place in the Popish aristocracy, his youth, his abilities, and his judgment obtained him at once hearing and respect in the assembly of demagogues. It was a pity to see a young man, well-dressed, well looking, with a fluency of tongue, and a gentlemanly demeanour, enter as a performer into a theatre where the audience, like the folks in our upper gallery, were admitted at a shilling a-head. But he was carried away in the stream, which had now grown too strong even for those who had embarked at its source, and were experienced in the navigation of the rapids. Mr. Bellew, having still an unpolluted mind, and being zealous and unsophisticated, exhibited on all occasions a just contempt for the tergiversations of the moral hypocrites by whom he was surrounded. He could not justify to his school understanding, the defamation of all that was great and good in the country—he could not reconcile to his natural sense of right and wrong, the helpless opprobrium that was daily cast upon the highest official authorities and the resident gentry, with many of whom he was on terms of personal intimacy; and he accordingly did not hesitate to expound his notions of good breeding and honourable discussion for the benefit of the impudent and senseless round him. This species of remonstrance was quite new to the self-elected representatives of all the Catholics; they were astonished to find themselves bearded by a beardless boy; they murmured, insinuated sundry malevolent charges, and at last endeavoured to drown his expostulations by the most daring repetitions of their offences against society. Among the foremost of the crew was Sheil, who always tried to make up by violence what he wanted in power. The chief points of his puny satire were directed against the Beresfords—whom he abused collectively and individually. Many believed that he must have had more than ordinary grounds of hatred to the race of Curraghmore, and referred less to his political predilections than his personal ire, as the cause. That he had good reason to detest them, may be drawn from the fact—and the more the fact because

he denied its truth—of his having offered his professional services on the occasion of the celebrated election against Villiers Stuart, and of that offer having been indignantly rejected. Had that Lord George Beresford who has now stooped to employ him, feed him *then*, we should never have heard one syllable of reproach from his lips.

Of this damning circumstance Mr. Bellew was either positively aware, or shrewdly suspicious; or, at all events, he could not see a sufficient pretext, in the history of a family, for such fearful denunciations of its descendants; and he therefore took every opportunity of resisting the current of Sheil's vituperation, and of separating in the Catholic orgies the demerits of public men from legislative measures. Having a touch of philosophy in his spirit, and being bred up amongst gentlemen; and, with the other advantages of a liberal education, having imbibed a tendency towards the fair and rational examination of questions, before he came to an irrevocable conclusion upon them, he stood in the front of those individuals who censured and doubted Sheil. That was his crime—there lay the mystery of that animosity, which, ripening into feud, has at length broken out into congenial vilification. Mr. Bellew is denounced to the freeholders of Louth, because he dared to question Mr. Sheil's motives,—because he had the honesty to expose his *charlatanerie*.

Little as we desire to see either of those persons represent the county of Louth, in the House of Commons, we have no hesitation in preferring the manliness of Bellew to the time-serving chicanery of Sheil. If we are to have a Catholic parliament, give us at least the men who have not yet been prostituted to the dirty work of the mob. Bellew's powers of eloquence, and his general manners, in public and private, afford a strong and instructive contrast to that of the trading counsellor, who has so indiscreetly intruded himself upon the suffrages of the freeholders of Louth.

A pretty extensive course of polite reading has supplied Mr. Bellew with a correct and ready phraseology. His language, less ornamental but more appropriate than Sheil's, is nervous, frequently figurative, and often powerful. He deals in principles, not dogmas; he seldom indulges in personality, and cannot command that species of bitter invective and wormwood exaggeration, which form the staple of Sheil's rhetorical displays. Although educated as a Catholic, and nurtured in the prejudices of his creed, he has a dash of protestant high-mindedness that enlivens and redeems the darker portions of his belief. He would never have fulfilled the anticipations that had been formed of him during the reign of the Association; he never could have inspired a vulgar auditory with the frantic theories of revolution; he never could have marshaled their fury, nor acted a diplomatic part in their hill-side negotiations; if he wore the ribbon of the liberators, he despised its emblematic office, and could not have levelled himself to the purposes it was meant to provoke. No doubt he would have been found in the ranks of the disaffected; but his family's existence, his own life, and the safety of his property, were so many motives to force him in self-defence to mingle with a herd to whose views and proceedings he felt himself superior. That superiority consisted less in the amount than the sobriety of his merits. His judgment was sufficiently cautious to keep him on the reflecting side in politics; he felt it was better to hesitate than to hurry;

and that the procrastination of dangerous objects was better than their precipitation. Evil as were the whole gang with whom he associated, he still preserved his moral purity: he cannot be accused of any of those meannesses and abominations which his companions perpetrated! he is bad for being of them, but the choice was scarcely of his election. It is said that he once breathed the air of official favour, and grew ashamed of the men in whom he had been accustomed to confide. One always revolts at low company after enjoying higher and more intellectual society. Certain it is that should he once emancipate himself from the trammels of his plebeian party, he will never return to their earthly communion. One of his relatives, we believe his uncle, is in the enjoyment of a pension from the Government. This is some guarantee for the conduct of the nephew. He will not wantonly vituperate men in authority, merely because they are so; but feel disposed, with Lord Chesterfield, to think twice, before he speak once. After all, there is some assurance of propriety and good faith in high birth, or even association with the upper classes. Men of rank, and those who are habitually in their company, carry into public life, generally, the nobility of carriage which marks them in private; they are above the use of slander and petty expedients; they are usually honourable and elevated in their feelings; and can no more descend to the base subterfuges than to the degrading customs of the *canaille*. Witness the examples of both in our own ministry. Contrast Peel and Lyndhurst even with Wellington, the prime innovator. Does not the mind feel almost respect for the haughty bearing of the one, compared with the shrinking and adaptive tenacity of the others? Does not the aboriginal pettiness stick to the sons of the painter and the weaver, which, with all his faults, we can no where discern in the victor of Waterloo? We condemn Wellington for his ambition—it will lead him and his country into great peril; but we abhor his compeers for the want of that very temperament the excess of which we censure in him. Had they nobler aspirations, and he juster, perhaps we might have forgotten the distinctions of birth, and left them to fix their own rank in their proper circles.

Mr. Bellew's uncle was a lawyer of some consideration, and during the period when Scully was insulting the common sense of his profession by one of the most monstrous fictions that ever escaped from the pen of a legal writer—when Keogh was heading a band of mercurial shopkeepers in the metropolis—and sundry other wild freaks were perpetrating by the excited Catholics in various parts of the country—he kept aloof from their drunken brawls and inflammatory meetings, and satisfied his patriotism by occasionally advising both the administration and the people against the consequences likely to ensue from the atrocious appeals of the fanatical champions of equal rights to the constituency of the country. One of the favourite schemes of reform in those days was the annihilation of the obnoxious members of the government; an effective recipe, no doubt, for a change of heads as well as hands. Physical revolution was the darling theory; the moral purpose was left unconsidered. In expressing his dissent from doctrines and designs so flagitious, Mr. Bellew exposed himself to hazards in various shapes. The worst of all was the imputation of being a bad Catholic; which, however, he had courage to bear without repining. He could afford to be thought an indifferent disciple of the mother church, while he advanced the true interests of his native land, and upheld the legitimate authority of the

state. The sins of the uncle, however, are not forgotten to the nephew ; little Sheil reminded him the other day of the pension and the government influence ; and drew therefrom a series of deductions, which, as they were neither logical, true, nor apposite, we shall not pause to recount. Pretensions that are founded upon the demerits of another, could find favour no where except at the election of a Pope, where the votes of the assembly fall on the man who is least capable of performing the duties of the office.*

Considered merely as a speaker, without reference to his political tenets, Sheil presents some curious points for consideration. His phraseology is of the most laboured and infelicitous description ; he seems carefully to avoid those words that would most clearly convey his meaning, and to ramble away in search of those modes of expression that are the least obvious and natural. He uses words that have long been laid aside in polite literature ; and delights in creating out of foreign and heterogeneous materials, a strange and indescribable style in which he is certain nobody will attempt to imitate him. His enjoyment consists in this very dissociation from the ordinary habitudes of public speaking. The favourite figure with Sheil is, as may be anticipated, the antithesis ; the last remnant of that old, formal, and crippled school which depended, like the French gardeners, rather upon the cut of its flowers than their beauty or fragrance. We have had no writer since Junius, who could render antithetical composition popular ; with him the power died : and we have fallen into the more simple, but just, manner which substitutes fluency for method, and aims at attaining perspicuity, unincumbered by obsolete forms. But Sheil has not participated in the improvements of the age. His mind and his models are with the Jesuits ; he cannot fling himself abroad, and bathe in the fresh waters of regeneration. There is no flow of thought or language in Sheil, although the flexibility and rapidity of his speeches have been mistaken for facility of comprehension and delivery. He is cold and slow, but by a painful preparation of topics, and the gathering of a voluminous vocabulary, he is enabled to assume the air of a ready speaker. His speeches are all written deliberately for the occasion. Break in upon him, arrest him in the midst of his memory, and he drops into verbiage and common-place. Flights, such as he indulges in, are not compatible with deep thinking, or a profound mastery of the subject ; they betray their origin, and can never deceive the audience into a belief that they spring from the emotions they are intended to characterize. In describing him, we should rather say, that he has accomplished the art of talking quick, not the art of oratory. But such audiences as he addresses would spoil loftier minds. Unless a speaker at the association uttered extravagant absurdities, and indulged in violent anathemas, he would make no impression. Sheil has profited by a temperament so congenial to his own, and perfected himself in that species of hyperbole which is fortunately suited at once to the elements by which he is surrounded, and his own taste.

* It is well known that the animosity which rages amongst the cardinals previously to an election is of so bitter and uncompromising a kind, that they invariably elect the oldest of the fraternity, because he is the least likely to live long in the enjoyment of the pontifical chair. Thus the head of the Catholic church, and the successor of St. Peter, is systematically the most incompetent papist in the priesthood !

Those are the future candidates for the representation of Louth; the gentlemen whose pretensions are to be canvassed on the hustings, and insinuated into the houses of the freeholders. It might be well that the freeholders who are now called upon for the first time to exercise a delicate and important prerogative, should be warned how they abuse their trust. Hitherto the voice of the election came from the hovels of the serfs; and the multitude of hireling voters, bannered under the priest and his myrmidons, drowned the honest votes of that intermediate class who are just independent enough to be raised above the temptations of perjury. It was unavailing to contend against clouds of senseless peasants; hence many abandoned their privilege altogether in despair, and neglected to register their votes, since they could not render them available. Thus the representation of the country gradually fall into the hands of those who had no judgment in their own cause, and who were, therefore, the most unfit to select the representatives of the interests of others. With the abolition of these nominal electors, who had power without will, and who were invested with a right which they exercised to promote sinister objects, the constitutional prerogative has reverted to a comparatively respectable class of persons. Their numbers are, relatively speaking, few; but it is that very physical paucity that enhances their responsibility. The attention of the empire is earnestly fixed upon the Louth freeholders, because it will be with them to set the example that may determine the future character of the Irish representation. Let them boldly refuse their votes to the tom-fools of a scattered party. Let them select from the Protestant gentry of the county, an honest and able man; his religion can no longer be hateful in their eyes, since it can no longer be an impediment to their political schemes. But if they desire to hold a station in the estimation of the people of this country, let them with the same ardour that we advise them to scout Sheil and Bellem, reject indignantly either Mr. lisping Leslie Foster, or any nominee of his or of his family. He has already skulked one party—give him not the opportunity to insult another.

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE prominent topic of the theatrical world is, we regret to say, the surmise that Covent Garden Theatre will not open during the next season; the expenses of that establishment having for a considerable period largely outrun its income. It must be acknowledged, that the change from Harris's management has worked no miracle with the house, for the chief result has been in a few years an addition of 30,000*l.* of debt to the 50,000*l.* left by Harris. There is no imputation on the fidelity of any of the parties to their trust. They have probably exerted themselves to the utmost in their several vocations. But there is no answer to the facts, "that the establishment is desperately involved, and that there is a painful probability that the company will be dispersed, and this magnificent theatre abandoned." The causes of this unfortunate state of affairs are allowed, we understand, to be, the original improvidence in building the theatre of so vast a size—at so large a waste of ground and rents from the houses which occupied that ground—at so large an advance of rent to the Duke of Bedford; and, independently of all this, at so immoderate an expence in the actual building and its equipment, that nothing but the most unabated popularity could make it productive: the debt originally thus contracted being upwards of 150,000*l.*, and the rent being 14,000*l.* pounds a year. The next incumbrance arises from the nature of the management. In

the absence of all that authorship which, even so late as the days of the elder Harris, made the fortune of the manager, though he afterwards thought proper to throw it away upon this enormous building, it has been found necessary to rely upon the popularity of peculiar actors; and, like all marketable commodities, those actors rose in price with the demand. These salaries became inordinate. The nightly salary of one tragedian takes away the receipts of the pit. A comedian has carried home the gallery in her pocket, and the whole dress circle has been the prize of a singer. With such claimants for the division of the spoil, the other performers must be not only reduced to the lowest possible pittance, but the management must be a system of perpetual loss.

The absence of authorship produced its evil, in the second shape, of giving over the stage to melodramas and translations from foreign operas, nine of them unsuccessful for one that can be endured; intolerably heavy, dreadfully unpopular, and ruinously expensive. Of all these operas, the *Freischutz* alone stands its ground. But it was the work of a man, who, *in his style*, never has had his rival, and may never have his equal. The *Freischutz* is a phenomenon, and managers might as wisely calculate upon a shower of gold from the Georgium Sidus, as on its successor.

The Court of Chancery has had a formidable share in the catastrophe. Of that court it has been said, that "it is worse than purgatory; because, out of purgatory a sinner may expect to come at some time or other, and to be even the better for his penance." The quarrels of the late managers with the present, could not be weak or ruinous enough, without calling in the aid of Chancery; and accordingly Messrs. Const and Harris, Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, have figured in the court for a succession of years,—long enough to have excited the compassion of even the Chancellor, and to have induced even the Vice Chancellor to go the length of hazarding an opinion. Those functionaries having both recommended the amicable arrangement of the business, with the additional hint, fatally true, that perseverance in this passion for equity practice, must rapidly reduce the theatre to bankruptcy.

Yet Covent Garden might still become, as it once was, eminently a source of fortune to its managers. The elder Harris realized no less than £80,000 by it, besides keeping up an opulent style of living for a long course of years. William Lewis, the comedian, was one of the sharers in that time of prosperity, and he retired from it with £20,000. He had first purchased the shares now held by Charles Kemble; but, in consequence of what was denominated at the time, a rebellion by the *glorious eight*, (composed of distinguished actors in the establishment, who sought to rid themselves from what they deemed grievances and exactions, and, in a sort of *round robin*, afterwards embodied into a pamphlet, addressed to the proprietor and the Lord Chamberlain), was "frightened from his purpose," and Harris, the kindest-hearted man in the world, let him off. Lewis, in conjunction with Knight, afterwards became proprietor of the Liverpool Theatre, where they realised handsome fortunes. Lewis left to his family upwards of £60,000; and Knight, who married a sister of the Countess of Derby, survived his partner, and died a rich man. When the disputes between the proprietors and the "*glorious eight*" had terminated, John Kemble became a partner; and we understand if the money invested in the concern by that great actor, who was neither a man of business nor a man of the world, had been placed at compound interest, it would by this time have amounted to £60,000; whereas, according to the present condition of the pecuniary affairs of the house, the whole has dwindled to nothing.

Drury Lane is recruiting vigorously for the opening in October. It will probably have the start of Covent Garden for a while, and Price deserves all the patronage that ought to be given to great assiduity, punctuality, and, we believe, very considerable liberality. We, however, regret to hear of some of his dismissals. Gattie is a good actor in his line, and popular. Mrs. West ought to have been retained, at least until the manager could see her relieved from the odious and unmanly persecution that seems resolved to destroy a meritorious actress and, we understand, a very well conducted and estimable woman. And Miss E. Tree, is at once the handsomest, and one of the most

intelligent and promising of our young performers. She ought to be retained in deference to the public opinion, not less than to the exigencies of the stage.

The Haymarket has produced nothing that we have heard of but Liston, who plays at the rate of four times the pay of a field-marshal; three times the salary of a vice-chancellor; twice the average of a bishopric; one half more than the salary of a secretary of state; and the full salary of a chief justice; or about 8,000*l.* a-year. Liston is certainly a pleasant fellow, but after this, he can have no great reason to complain of public parsimony. Like some of our statesmen, he cannot deny that "he has had his price."

But it is in the English Opera House that the true activity of management has been displayed. Since the commencement of the season there has been a vigorous succession of performances, the only way to deserve the popularity essential to a theatre.

A clever melodrame, "The Witness," from an Irish tale, has been frequently played.

This was followed by "The Spring Lock," a musical drama, founded on the old Italian story of the Bride who disappeared on her marriage day, and was, after many years, found to have perished in a chest, where she had sportively hidden herself, and whose spring lock had closed upon her. But Mr. Peake, the present author, has had more compassion on her, and has merely shut her up for a few days in a cabinet where she had gone to give a last look to a favoured lover's letters. This serious portion is diversified by the adoption of another old Italian story of the frolic of a prince who brought a stranger to his palace while overpowered with wine, and amused himself with his embarrassment when this Christopher Sly has returned to his senses. *Doctor Manente* (Keeley) is the subject of the experiment on this occasion, but the amusement arises not from his luxury but his fright. He is left in darkness, and then visited by fiends; who dance round him, compel him to swallow food, which he thinks the direct cookery of Beelzebub, and finally, whirl him down a trap-door in the midst of an explosion. Keeley's acting his terrors is extremely clever; but mere pantomime is a waste of this pleasant little performer, and the author has given him nothing better. A few remarks on a negro attendant, more remarkable for matter of fact than novelty, are all his dialogue, and Keeley is reduced to his skill as a grimacier. The music is by that promising composer Rodwell; and very pretty and well adapted to its purpose. But we should wish to see him exert himself on the production of something in a higher style. He has talents, and should give the evidence of them, that can be furnished by an opera and by an opera alone.

Two operas from the German school have appeared. The first was *Die Rauberbrant* ("The Robber's Bride,"), by *Ries*.

Theatres are at a discount in all directions. The proprietor of one of the Paris theatres has fled the capital in order to escape his creditors; and we believe that the art of flying would be one of the most popular among our theatrical neighbours if it could effectually lift men above their difficulties.

The Dublin theatre, built a few years ago, by Harris, at a sum not much less than 100,000*l.*, was lately put up to auction, and, notwithstanding all its merits, and among the rest, that of "not being under the jurisdiction of the licenser," as the bills declared, in their largest letters, it was scarcely bid for, and was bought in at 17,000*l.*!

The papers gave Covent Garden to Arnold; an imputation which Arnold instantly repelled in the most unequivocal manner, as an attack on his common sense.

Laurent, the Parisian manager, was reported to have offered 8,000*l.* a year for it. But it turned out a *fanfaronade*; for, on his being applied to, to put the offer on paper, it was discovered, that, "in his education, writing had been neglected."

Mathews and Yates have been counteracting the gloomy weather through a large range of country. But the farmers are so busy drying their crops, the merchants so busy speculating on an importation of corn from the Baltic,

the country ladies have been so severely washed at the race balls, and the world, in general, is so *pluviose* and cloudy, that we are inclined to think the Adelphi would have been as good a treasury as the provinces to those enterprising and merry persons. But they still have to encounter water; for M. Laurent summonses them to Paris, where they are engaged at the particular request of the new Ministry, to take off the edge of the public wrath against the turners out of the liberals.

Price generally contrives to open with a lion. The royal beast on this occasion is to be young Charles Incledon, son of the celebrated English melodist, who will make his first appearance on any stage, at Drury Lane theatre, the first week in October, in the character of *Young Meadows*. There is the strongest possible resemblance both in person and features between this youth and his father, when the latter was in the prime of life. Young Incledon is, we understand, married to an amiable lady, and is exemplary as a domestic man. The only fault about him is said to be his *extreme diffidence*. Time will cure him of that. We hope his likeness to his father is stronger in his voice than in his diffidence. Old Charles never suffered under the imputation of any weakness of the kind. Of all men living, he had the highest respect for his own merits. When the O.P. row commenced at Covent Garden with abuse of Catalani's engagement, and a demand for "native talent," Incledon could not suppress his indignation at the preposterousness of the cry. "Native talent!" he would exclaim, as he paced furiously behind the curtain, and heard the thunders of the population beyond; "Confound the fools, what do they want—native talent! is not Charles Incledon here?"

The second German opera at Arnold's theatre is the "Vampire," founded on the story of a Wallachian nobleman's selling himself to the fiend, and being allowed a respite only on condition of sacrificing a female before a particular hour. The music is bold, various, and learned, and the performance altogether interesting. The translation is by Planché, and managed with his usual cleverness. The opera is popular.

A fierce newspaper controversy has been started, from assertions relative to the Covent Garden patent,—some saying that it must lapse if the theatre is not opened in the beginning of the season. The facts are, however, these:

Charles II. granted to Tom Killigrew, and to Sir W. Davenant, (who had a grant from Charles I. in 1639) full power and authority to collect two companies of players, and to purchase, build, and hire two theatres, for the representation of tragedies, comedies, operas, &c. The grant was dated August 21, 1660, and was for their personal advantage. Davenant's was called the Duke of York's company, and Killigrew's the King's. The latter commenced at Drury-lane in 1663. Davenant continued at Dorset Gardens. In 1682 there was a junction of the companies, and both patents lapsed into one, under the name of "His Majesty's Servants." In 1714, George I. granted a licence to Steele, Wilks, &c., to establish Drury-lane Theatre. This was revoked by the Lord Chamberlain in 1719, since which time both theatres have continued to act by sufferance only. Drury-lane licence commenced in 1816, and ends in 1837, 300*l.* a-year being paid to Mr. Mash. The "act of patents" prohibits a grant for more than 21 years.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE British cabinet, with the most wonder-working genius at its head that ever decided the destinies of nations, may now go and cut toothpicks. The barbarians have turned the miracle-worker to scorn, the Muscovites have laughed at his politics, and the Cossacks have made cartridge-paper of his protocols. The Russians are at Constantinople. Yet Europe may feel itself safe, for his Grace the Dictator has said so, and is gone to Walmer Castle. The Russians are marching over hill and plain, swimming rivers, storming fortresses, and firing at the very beard of the Sultan. The Dictator is whitewashing, bricklaying, papering, painting, and glazing. Russia is gathering fleet upon fleet in the Euxine, and throwing cannon-shot into the seraglio. The Dictator is taking his morning's bath at Deal, and his evening's ride at Dover. But tranquillity is the true attitude of grandeur, as Voltaire says, we are afraid, with a sneer, at the dulness of the great; and "solitude is the true school of a statesman and philosopher," says Zimmerman, we are afraid, with the grave foolery congenial to his countrymen. At all events, if the Czar establish himself in the seraglio, we shall have opium cheap, and we then may share the dignified repose of the first of ministers.

All Paris had been employing itself during the dull months of spring in conjecturing what under heaven could make Prince Polignac so fond of crossing the channel. The weather was a perpetual storm; the king was no lovelier than he had been during the last seventy years; the prince had not a share in the proceeds of the Académie Royale de Danse, and was not miserable without the play and *petits soupers* of the Salon; and yet not a fortnight transpired without the sudden apparition of the prince in Paris. The problem is at length resolved. He was manufacturing a ministry—which early in this month was announced in form, in the indignant journals of the astonished capital of the Graces. Prince de Polignac, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. de la Bourdonnaye, Minister of the Interior; Count de Chabrol, Minister of Finance; General Bourmont, Minister at War; M. Courvoisier, Minister of Justice; the office of Minister of Commerce, Public Instruction and Religion, being united with that of Minister of the Interior; Baron de Haussez, Minister of the Marine; M. de Portalis, First President of the Court of Cassation.

The whole revolutionary and jacobin press of Paris, which is about nine-tenths of the whole, has been in uproar ever since, and every phrase that the bitterest writhings of French vexation can invent, has been poured upon the new ministry. Prince Polignac has certainly not profited much by his English sojourn, in making battle against this host of patriotic scolds. Here, when the ministry are pelted by one journal, they administer that kind of wisdom to another, which raises a champion immediately. The attack is retorted in an hour or two after it is made, and the minister who was torn down to the earth in the morning, is exalted to the skies in the afternoon. The balance is kept up. A few judicious fragments of intelligence thrown into the friendly paper, soon give it a formidable supremacy with the reading mob; and the opposition journal, finding the diminution of its pence and popularity, follows the example of its superiors, and quietly *rats* as fast as it can. We give this advice to Prince Polignac as the result of an experience never once

contradicted, and recommend him to lay the soothing system aside (the French are too mad for this regimen), and try the treasury system. It would settle the affair in a week.

"*A certain Personage*," says one of our newspaper writers, "could, if he had the inclination, solve the enigma and mystery in which the marriage of a celebrated *Prima Donna* is at present involved. After some provincial engagements, highly advantageous in a pecuniary point of view, shall have been fulfilled, the lady will return to the continent, attended by her secretary and another individual of far greater importance." No doubt he could, and so can every body else. We wish those ridiculous singers and dancers would not add hypocrisy to their other qualifications. We have actresses who appear regularly before the public in a state of "which any eye may be a satisfactory judge; though whether they love their lords, or their lords love them, or whether they have any lords to love, is as doubtful as it should be. If theatrical women will insist on thus making a class of their own, we cannot help their taste, whatever we may think of their decency. But let us be done with the sickening affectation of the business. Let the truth be told. Let us get rid of those marchionesses in disguise, call them opera-dancers and singers, and feel no wonder at their conduct. If the miserable woman alluded to in this paragraph be the slave of some German beggar, of some fifty quarterings, who covers his sullen physiognomy with one hand, while he seizes her salary with the other, let him be forced at once to take down the covering hand, and give a respite to the financial one. Then let him leave a country into which he ought never to have come, and which he cannot leave too soon.

A circular has been published by the Horse Guards, stating the prices of military equipments. This paper comes signed by an adjutant-general who has the appropriate and unlucky name of Taylor; and unquestionably there has been more legislation upon cuffs and collars since this officer's appointment, than for twenty years before. The following tariff exhibits the average expense of equipment in the different branches of the service:—

Cavalry.—	Dragoon Guards and Dragoons	-	£140	0	0
	Light Dragoons	- - - - -	140	0	0
	Lancers	- - - - -	170	0	0
Hussars, as per returns.—	7th	- - - - -	252	19	4
	8th	- - - - -	231	13	0
	10th	- - - - -	399	7	6
	15th	- - - - -	283	8	6
Infantry and Light Infantry of the Line, with lace			50	0	0
Ditto, ditto, with embroidery	- - - - -		60	0	0
Fusileer Regiments, including the cap	- - - - -		60	0	0
Highland Regiments	- - - - -		65	0	0
Rifle Regiments	- - - - -		50	0	0

The curious reader will observe the happy variety of expenditure in those corps. First, to take the cavalry:—the equipment of the Light Dragoon officer costs £140, and this equipment is complete for all purposes of service and of frippery, as every one who sees them can tell. But then come the Hussars, the very lowest of whom cost twice the money. Why should this be? Is the hussar a more useful soldier than

the dragoon, either light or heavy? But even among the Seventh—and Heaven knows there is dandyism enough about the Seventh, and will be so as long as it is the Marquis of Anglesey's regiment—is eclipsed by the Tenth to the amount of £150. a coat—the Tenth costing no less than £399. And why, we must ask, is this suffered? We will not believe that it is because the Marquis of Londonderry is the colonel, and chooses to ride once a year at a Hyde Park review, at the head of the most frippery corps, excepting Mr. Merryman's, in the universe? Is it in the idea that the more yards of lace, and the more fur on pelisses, the better soldiers? or is it in the still sillier idea of creating an aristocracy in the army, to be ascertained by their tailor's bill? We must leave the solution to the twin marquisses. But we will tell them, that a more vulgar and effeminate mode of marking a military distinction cannot be made: and we will tell the masters of those marquisses, that a more vexatious and paltry contrivance for offending the feelings of the service in general could not be adopted.

If superior ornament of dress be a distinction, let it be given for actual merit in the field, if it must be given at all; and then we shall acknowledge the pre-eminence of the Seventh and the Tenth, as soon as we can discover the scene of their exploits. But if it be the mere occasion for a coxcomb who has just put on his first boots, and knows much more of bergamot than of bullets, to flourish in the face of men of honour, who have known what fighting was, though they have not so many yards of gold and silver on their pantaloons, we must pronounce it a piece of unwarrantable absurdity. We shall tell them further, that nothing is actually more a subject of complaint to the officers, even of these Hussar regiments, than this extraordinary and silly expense of uniform. With half-a-dozen young spendthrifts in a corps, it may be popular while their money lasts; but with the great majority it is felt to be an offensive, because a totally unnecessary burthen. And there is not one circumstance which causes so much discontent, so many exchanges out of a regiment—always a bad sign—and so rapidly strips a regiment of all its experienced officers, as the expense of this frippery. But the expense is not limited to the first equipment: a dandy colonel is perpetually making some alteration, which, though trivial to the eye, is formidable to the purse.

But the whole system is absurd, from the gingerbread hussar to the subaltern of marines, with his collar embroidered with gold acorns and oak leaves, like a French field-marshal. While an uniform at once serviceable and handsome, answering every purpose of the field and of parade, might be supplied to the infantry for less than one half the price in this Taylor General's list. The less lace daubed on a soldier's coat the better. Why should there not be some reference of the cost to the power of the officer to disburse it? The pay of the subaltern is not the pay of a scrivener's clerk; yet he must renew his uniform perhaps twice a year—and his uniform costs £50, the sword being its only permanent appendage. A hundred pounds a year out of a hundred and forty, is a handsome allowance for a man's coat out of his whole income. And the evil does not stop here. There are perpetual changes of taste in the clothing board, whether those changes come from head-quarters or from the genius of the old personages who preside over this cutting and button-hole department. It is discovered that the troops will fight better with three buttons on their skirts than with six; and that without a new

lapel the British name must be undone. The tailor is in immediate requisition in every regiment from Bermuda to Bengal—the grand reform of coat-breasts and breeches is made, and the British army is made invincible by the magic of the needle and thread-paper. The evil is not over yet, for the tradesmen advance their prices with every new change. To take a single instance, the common cap of the infantry officer, about a year since cost six pounds—exactly three too much. But it has pleased the higher powers to order a change in this cap, and the price charged by those honest tradesmen is now actually eleven pounds, or nearly twice the former. How has this been done? A clumsy piece of gold twist is hung in front of the cap, which tarnishes in a week into the colour of so much brass wire, and which is a mere incumbrance to the head, and an ugly incumbrance. And for this foolery the set-off is seven guineas! What can be more preposterous than all this? Or are we to be surprised if, while the army is putting new stripes upon its breeches, tailors should flourish about in their curricles, purchase villas, and plant their monstrous wives in opera boxes?

We never knew a radical who was not a slave in his inmost soul, nor a hunter after mob popularity who was not a pitiful creature. What has become of Westminster's darling? Where, as the bard of republics says,

Liveth he with his dear constituents,
Showing his noble presence and his rents;
Scattering around the land his beef and beer,
Sublime on fifty thousand pounds a year?

One merit, however, he has. No man has ever less administered to the corporeal corruption of his followers; stomachic bribery has been scrupulously avoided; and if patriotism was ever, like poetry, the more dinnerless the more divine, the patriotism of his lovers and countrymen was in a fair way of reaching the highest point of perfection.

Of Sir Francis Burdett's innate slavery, his panegyric upon Sir George Murray's harangue on the benefits of a military cabinet is proof that will last him all his life. As to his pitifulness, take the fact that notwithstanding his large rental, and the number of splendid mansions placed upon his different estates in various parts of England, he has not at present a single country house in his own possession. A villa now occupied by Lady Burdett and her family, at Twickenham, is only hired for a limited period. And why? not only because lodgings are cheap and houses dear, but because the poor devil who lives in lodgings has the excuse of a poor devil against seeing any body inside them. Dinners and the common hospitalities of English life are, of course, quite incompatible with the "unsettled establishment" of gentlemen gliding from one hired floor to another hired floor. The world must excuse them—recollect the inconveniences of their locomotive state, and put off their expectations of reception until "the family have a house that they can call their own." The patriotic baronet has half-a-dozen. But it is a much better contrivance to let them than to live in them; and thus after dragging out the costly periods of the year in the obscurity of the suburbs of Paris, the baronet escapes the London spring, and runs down to a hovel twenty miles out of town. Such is the advantage of knowing the difference between sixpence and sixpence farthing.

The world rings with accounts of the extravagance of London. There is extravagance, but it is among the strugglers for high life, the *gens de banque*, who, thank the just stars! are so often the *gens de banqueroute*, the half-breeds, the Mrs. Boehm tribe, the Barings and Trotters, and Masseh Manassah Lopezes, and so forth, through the whole Judaic pedigree. But the established *monde*, having no necessity for this canvass through the gastric region, and feeling necessities of every other kind, contrive to manage matters with an œconomy that might have done honour to old Elves. We give from the fashionable chronicles, a Collection of "Exempla varia."

"The Marquis of Hertford has *hermetically sealed* up the doors and windows of his pleasant cottage at the foot of Richmond-bridge, where the late Duke of Queensbury enjoyed 'midnight song and revelry, tipsy dance and jollity,' for half a century. The good tradespeople of Richmond sigh for the return of the marquis."

The marquis has done more; for he has shut up his house in Piccadilly, and, with a hundred thousand pounds a-year, has shut up himself in that region of retired tailors, and grocers past their labours—the Regent's Park.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley, with 50,000*l.* a-year, has let the handsome family mansion in Piccadilly, and has gone to some hut or other, to save his soul! a practice happily coincident with saving his pocket too.

"The Duke of Gloucester has regularly conveyed to each theatre he may please to visit his *tea equipage*; and the Duchess of St. Albans, in imitation of royalty, has adopted the same plan.—There are rooms attached to the private boxes occupied by these personages, where the *hissing-urn* or more humble *tea-kettle* are put into requisition."

The unlucky coffee-room keepers at the playhouses have calculated that his Royal Highness cannot save more than a farthing a cup by the importation of his own tea and sugar into their territory.

"Lord Stair, one of the very accomplished *gourmands* of the present day, arrived in town, from Paris, last Tuesday.—On Wednesday, his lordship gave a dinner at the Albion, in Aldersgate-street, to two distinguished individuals of well known *goût*, which consisted of cold oysters, by way of a *whet*, turtle dressed in a variety of ways, and afterwards three regular *courses* of the most choice *viands* peculiar to Mr. Kay's establishment. The party finished the evening at Vauxhall."

Thus were *gourmandise* and economy exquisitely united. The noble lord feasted himself and his two distinguished oyster-eaters without the bore of a dinner establishment at home. About five pounds discharged him of the obligations to Mr. Kay, and four shillings expended at Vauxhall made a handsome completion of a day of patrician pleasure.

The Herald lately published an account of the rebuff of the Dover corporation, by the Dictator, and attempted to explain the reason in the following style. The corporation had waited on his grace at Walmer Castle to congratulate him on his appointment.

"'Tell their worships,' said the man *wot drives the Sovereign*, to the man *wot* brought the message—'tell their worships that I am ready to receive them if they have any *business of importance* to communicate, or any thing *useful* to suggest to me touching the wardenship of the Cinque Ports; otherwise I have no leisure at this time to attend to them.'

And then their worships looked at each other, and so came back to Dover, each man with a flea in his ear. Never was the corporation of the town and port of Dover so cavalierly treated by any Constable of Dover Castle since the days of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the *first* Constable, down to Robert Jenkinson, Earl of Liverpool, the 137th, and last Constable! And nobody can make out why they were so treated—except that on the 14th of May, 1827, only twenty-one months ago, they sent up their hearty congratulations to the King for having allowed Mr. Canning to form a cabinet from which *the duke was excluded*; and in which hearty congratulations they took occasion to insinuate that the duke had been engaged in an ‘attempt to controul the just prerogative of the crown.’”

Nonsense! the Dictator forgets the year 1827 as much as if he had never made an harangue against popery in it, nor pledged himself against ever “breaking in upon the constitution.” The true secret is, that an order has been issued against the undue prodigality in cake and wine that was supposed to allure the various addressers of his grace. In future let the corporations indulge their tastes at home.

The reign of liberalism is prospering. The papists at Montreal having built a cathedral, which they, oppressed and impoverished people! have, however, been able to build twice the size, and at ten times the expense of any British protestant church within the last two centuries; exhibited the pageant which they call High Mass, in honour of its opening. The ceremony is eminently papistical, and has the worship of the wafer, the adoration of images, the prayers to the Virgin and the saints, and all the other performances of popery, displayed in the most distinct and outrageous style. Yet at this ceremony attended Sir James Kempt, a protestant, the officer of a protestant government, and the governor of a colony under protestant laws, and of which two thirds of the population are protestant; and with this protestant governor attended the whole crowd of protestant functionaries, &c.! We should like to know how they managed the mass, with what degree of prostration they honoured the images on the altar, how they knelt to the virgin, and how their foreheads smote the ground and their hands flew to their penitent bosoms, when the wafer, the god of popery! rose in the hands of the priest, and they were presented with the full glories of idolatry!

We take this account from the Montreal papers. We can scarcely believe it to be true. But if it be, it strikes us as one of the most extraordinary experiments that we ever remember. It is, however, not the less an evidence that a new order of things is contemplated. It is a genuine “sign of the times.”

The nonsense talked in the Parisian journals about Prince Polignac is only fit to be laughed at. Those wise men are ready to swear that the Prince has been put into office by the Duke of Wellington. If they knew anything on the subject, they would know that the Duke of Wellington never troubled his ducal head about the French ministry, nor any other ministry fifty yards from Downing-street; that if he could keep matters going on smoothly at Windsor, and could contrive a daily tour round Virginia water, and an hour’s gudgeon fishing, to be among the pleasures of those who could extinguish him with a breath; he thinks he has accomplished the first feat of human policy.

No, if the magnificent Marchesa be kept in smiles, what cares he
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who may frown—all the Polignacs that ever wore beards would not disturb a hair of his, while he retained the pleasant security of his pay, his place, and his patronage. But Polignac has brought half the evil on himself, by the associates whom he has chosen. Could he find no man in France fit for a minister of war, but Bourmont? a personage never to be forgiven by the French military. "Before the Revolution he was in the Royalist army; after it, we find him among the generals of Buonaparte. On the return of the Bourbons, he offered his services to Louis the Eighteenth. Subsequently, when Buonaparte appeared in France, he obtained the command of a division of the *corps d'armée* of General Giraud; but just before the battle of Waterloo, abandoned his post, and again took his station on the side of royalty. He has thus, beyond dispute, proved himself a most accomplished *girouette*—friendly, it would seem to the royal cause, but always faithful to his own interest." So say the Frenchmen.

Next comes La Bourdonnaye, son of the furious declaimer of the Chamber of Deputies, against whom the journals are quoting a speech of a few years since, calling on the throne for a sweeping measure of execration against the generals, the functionaries, &c., of France, in the hundred days; a speech which implied, either the most excessive rashness, or the most excessive thirst of vengeance; neither of them very eminent qualifications for the highest rank of office, and both giving a most powerful occasion of obloquy to the opponents of the ministry.

The word *humbug* was once vulgar; but, like the Dundasses, it has risen into repute by its being ready for all kinds of work; and we must make use of the drudge till we can find a better. Three-fourths of human transactions are naturally ranged under the title. Some time or other we shall write an essay on it in forty folio volumes, with an appendix, a supplement, and a "postliminious preface." What an infinity of heads would be furnished by modern authorship, modern patriotism, modern benevolence, (slave trade and otherwise,) tavern charity, and high-life morals, national architecture, cabinet councils, king's friends, National Galleries, patronage of the arts, plays, players, and patent play-houses, commissioners of woods and forests, patriotic prelates, Popish Protestantism, and presidents of the Royal Society. We give a few miscellaneous notes.

Sir something Sugden, the new *rat*, and solicitor-general, has been lately in a degree of bodily peril which has greatly moved the compassion of the bar.—"A gentleman named Johnson having called upon him to retract an assertion which he had made professionally, in a case in which he was engaged some months ago, he had *forgotten* all the circumstances, but he proved that he only spoke from his instructions. Under these circumstances he refused to apologise, and in consequence Mr. Johnson addressed a letter to him, which contained these expressions:—'Your conduct throughout sufficiently shows that you are *destitute* of the feelings of a gentleman and a man of honour; and I am now only withheld, by the respect which is due to myself, from inflicting upon you that personal chastisement which you so richly deserve.' He has since published the whole of the correspondence in the *Morning Post*."

That Sir something Sugden should have totally forgotten a transaction in which, however, he brought the margin of his brief to prove that he

had been paid his five pounds for repeating the words "then and there written," is bar logic, with which, of course, common understandings have nothing to do. But we see that he has been neither shot nor horse-whipped, and we congratulate the bar on his continuance in this world, and in his wig and gown.

We come to another instance, to which we invite the attention of all our pictorial knights.

"If the speculators and promoters of the fine arts are to be trammelled with enormous exactions, how is it possible that they can flourish, or the utter ruin of the speculator be prevented? One individual, eminent certainly in his art, prevailed upon a single establishment to give him six thousand pounds for permission to engrave paintings and drawings, for which the artist had previously been paid the highest price. This, with other improvident bargains, not quite so flagrant, produced the result which we anticipated as inevitable."

The speculator in question, broke for the insignificant sum of six hundred thousand pounds! His creditors can best tell how many farthings in the half million this dashing firm has since paid.

"The Duke of Wellington is carrying his system of retrenchment into every part of the State and public offices. He contemplates a considerable saving in the stamp revenue, by *consolidating* districts. Berks has lately been added to Oxford; and the eastern and western districts of Hants are now consolidated; and Mr. Græme, as the senior distributor, has both. This will be a saving of from £200 to £300 a year, as the poundage *per cent.* to the distributors, lessens as the annual remittances from each increase."

We should feel much obliged to some of those mustachioed and military gentlemen who rule the world from the Horse-guards, to give us a fair answer as to the number of pence that those grand retrenchments have produced to the nation, within the last two years of Horse-guards' sovereignty. We deeply doubt whether the blacking of a staff boot has been carried to the national purse.

It would further gratify us to know whether, with this routing out of clerks, stamp distributors, and the other pauper establishments of the state, there has not been a righteous reserve for that sublime race of functionaries, "whose services cannot be too amply repaid by a grateful and rescued people." How many shillings of his salaries has Mr. Peel's patriotism laid on the altar of his applauding country? How many appointments does the dictator hold at this hour, and of how many has he abandoned the salaries? How much is the First Lord of the Treasury minus by the sacrifice of the Field Marshal's pay and allowances, by the grenadier guards, by the rifle brigade, the constableness of the Tower, and the governorship of the Cinque Ports and Walmer? How much of their military pay is sacrificed by the Hardings, the Murrays, and the whole crowd of these men of the epaulette, who are now drawing from two to eight thousand a year, as men of the desk? Let those bloated functionaries disgorge, and then we may listen to their stories of savings from the pittance of miserable clerks, superintendants and subalterns; but not till then.

"The death of Mr. Charles Warren, which took place at his house in Bedford Square, on Wednesday afternoon, makes a vacancy in the lucrative and much-sought-for office of chief justice of Chester."

Warren was a clever barrister, but a *rat*. Copley says "that Warren

had not nerve enough for ratting," and prides himself on his superior energies in the science. But, whatever might be the reason, Warren never rallied after his ratting. His chief justiceship comes under the general class. It is a sinecure. It has been declared useless by a Committee of the House. Yet it was kept up, and will be kept up, though the price of *rats* has greatly sunk of late, according to the market principle of the superabundance of the commodity.

Another.

"Notwithstanding current reports to the contrary, we believe Covent Garden Theatre will open at the period specified by the acting manager at the close of the last season. A powerful and most effective company, in every department of the drama, is already engaged; and the rent, no small consideration in the accumulation of debt, must be paid, even if the house were shut."

We strangely fear that there is a "current report" in the name of the Court of Chancery, which is worth all the others, and that the "most sumptuous theatre in Europe," as John Kemble used to call it, in all his speeches, will not have any better audience than Sir Richard Birnie and his surrounding ragamuffins for the season.

Another.

"There are several *love* matches on the tapis in the higher circles. Among them are Miss Cavendish, sister to the member for Cambridge, to Lord Titchfield, son of the Duke of Portland; Miss Frederica Law, youngest daughter of the dowager Lady Ellenborough, to the son of Sir John Ramsden; the daughter of Lady Eliza Talbot, to Mr. Abbott; Lady Emma Bennett and Lord St. Maur, son of the Duke of Somerset."

Of this we do not believe a syllable, further than that the parties will probably go to church together. The *love* is out of the question. The portion on one hand, and the settlement on the other, will doubtless join issue. The pounds, shillings, and pence will, we dare swear, be excellent friends, as long as they can keep together; but, as for the Arcadian absurdity of the *love*, we should as soon expect it from the Saracen's Head, or the piety of Lady Charlotte Bury. A propos, why does the Duke of Somerset suffer his sons and daughters to Frenchify their name, and at this time of the earth, lisp themselves St. Maur? The name of Seymour is a noble name, known in the history of their country, and borne by eminent persons, who would probably be as much astonished at finding it abandoned by their descendants, as at finding that they had such descendants to abandon it. It perhaps, however, does not look so enchantingly foreign; it does not slide so fondly into a *chansonnette* with an accompaniment on the harp-lute; it is not so naturally pronounced with a sensitive shrug of the sensitive bosom, and a heavenward glance of the fainting eye on some Count dancing master, or Baron black-leg. This may do well enough for women, and men like women. "La Comtesse Seraphina Chitterlina St. Maur!"—The very sound is à *ravir*, *charmante*, quite a spell! But we hope that there are some of the family superior to this sickly absurdity.

But in the matter of matrimony, we propose the following form of announcement for general adoption, as the most natural, simple, and easy, and in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, the most true. As all the well-bred world prefer poetry to prose, we give the fact and form together, thrown into verse by the most celebrated improvisatore of this or any other country:—

DIALOGUE ON MATRIMONY.

Dramatis Personæ—THE COUNTESS AND HER COUSIN.*Cousin.*

Heavens! how could you marry that frightful old peer?

Countess.

Can a man be a fright with ten thousand a-year?

Cousin.

I'm sure you must wish the old fool in the Styx.

Countess.

Pray, my dear, have you looked at my chariot and six?

Cousin.

But he's gouty. In fact, he but wanted a nurse.

Countess.

Pray, my dear, do you think you could carry this purse?

Cousin.

But he'll never stir out of his flannel and chair.

Countess.

Pray, my dear, have you looked at my house in the square?

Cousin.

But he's eighty. The world will all laugh in your face.

Countess.

Pray, my dear, have you looked at my new Brussels' lace?

Cousin.

But at eighty a man has his toe in the tomb.

Countess.

My dear, I'm prepared for the worst that can come.

Cousin.

But all dies with himself. You don't dream of an heir?

Countess.

My, dear, 'tis but virtue to bear and forbear.

Cousin.

Well, six months, or weeks, and he'll leave you behind.

Countess.

Well, my dear, I must try not to weep myself blind.

Cousin.

You'll linger till then a most nursery-maid life.

Countess.

A widow well jointured can soon be a wife.

Chance dropt in my fingers four thousand a-year.

Cousin.

There's not one of our sex but would take the old peer.

We hear a vast deal of the delicate honour of military and naval officers, of their scorn of menial employments, and of their very unequivocally, however very absurdly, thinking that all other professions are but contemptible affairs compared with that of the sword and epaulette. Until lately, it was even considered a decided indignity in an officer to be surmised to have written any thing beyond a return, or to be capable of higher exploits than a signature in the Orderly-book. But a good deal was to be pardoned to the sense of professional honour, when

it produced a reluctance to mingle the profession with lower pursuits ; and we are perfectly sure that if, ten years ago, any man happened to have told a Lieutenant-Colonel that he would yet stand in the shoes of Sir Richard Birnie, of precious memory ; or have hinted to a Post Captain in the British navy that he would be a succedaneum to the keeper of the Hulks, and inspect a gang of thieves in Botany Bay, the teller of those tidings would have to prepare himself for a grand diplomatic negotiation as to the time when he was to be summoned to Chalk Farm, there to be run through the body, or shot, and otherwise dealt with, according to the heroic manner of wiping away insults.

Yet here we have the thing done before the face of mankind. We have Captain Parry, a post-captain and a knight too, tranquilly putting his sword into his closet, dismounting his epaulettes, and metamorphosing himself into a hired servant, or steward, of some obscure knot of adventurers, and steering forthwith for Botany Bay.

We have the same transmigration in the Colonel. His business henceforth is to do what that brilliant member of the magistracy, Sir Richard Birnie, is employed for doing, however he may do it. The Colonel is to be principal thief-taker, arrester of strayed demireps, examiner-in-chief of gin-shops, and muster-master-general of pickpockets. And this is to be the occupation of a soldier—of a man who once commanded a regiment in the field, and who probably thinks himself entitled to look down upon some individuals in society. We shall tell him, that society will form an altogether different estimate on the subject—that he is taking a miserable occupation—and that, from the moment of his catching his first thief, and touching his first shilling for the capture, he is a constable, and nothing more.

The art of poetry, like the art of cookery, will never perish while men have tongues or palates. Moore is, we hope, not dead, nor altogether buried in Lord Byron's book ; but, in the mean time, Bath supplies a substitute, and Mr. Bayley waves his papilionaceous wings, gay and glittering, over the British Baïæ. The style of his poetry is characteristic of the spot of its inspiration ; it is coquettish, pastiled, and perfumed—redolent of courtship and quadrilles. What can be more effervescent of the fixed air of the Upper Rooms than these sparkling and dancing lines ?—

“ THIS IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER, SIR ! ”

This is my eldest Daughter, Sir !

Her mother's only care ;

You praise her face—Oh ! Sir, she is

As good as she is fair !

My angel Jane is clever too,

Accomplishments I've taught her ;

I'll introduce you to her, Sir,

—This is my eldest Daughter.

I've sought the aid of ornament,

Bejewelling her curls ;

I've tried her beauty unadorned,

Simplicity and pearls :

I've set her off, to get her off,

Till fallen off I've thought her :

Yet I've softly breathed to all the beaux—

“ This is my eldest Daughter.”

I've tried all styles of hair-dressing,
 Madonnas, frizzes, crops;
 Her waist I've laced, her back I've braced,
 Till circulation stops!
 I've padded her, until I have
 Into a Venus wrought her;
 But puffing her has no effect!
 —This is my eldest Daughter.

Her gowns are à la Ackerman,
 Her corsets à la Belle;*
 Yet when the season ends, each beau
 Still leaves his T. T. L.
 I patronise each déjeûné,
 Each party on the water;
 Yet still she hangs upon my arm!
 —This is my eldest Daughter.

She did refuse a Gentleman—
 I own it was absurd—
 She thought she ought to answer "No!"
 He took her at her word!
 But she'd say "Yes!" if any one
 That's eligible sought her:
 She really is a charming girl,
 Though she's my eldest daughter!

This is all very light and pleasant, and will be said and sung in all parties where "wits" are entertained for their *facetiæ*, and where "gentlemen are called on" by a circle of adoring belles, to give them some subterfuge from the "*Di tanti palpiti*" of the daughters of the house, not yet brought out. But we like his pathetic compositions still better. Few madrigals in the language contain more tenderness, expressed with more simplicity, than this little appeal:—

OH! AM I NOT A LOVER STILL?

Oh! am I not a lover still
 In heart and soul the same—
 As when I sought thy bower first,
 And learnt to breathe thy name?
 Oh! look I not as proud of thee?
 Oh! speak I not as kind?
 And when I leave thee, do I not
 Leave joy itself behind?

The love I offered long ago
 Is but matured by time;
 As tendrils round their chosen bough
 Cling closer as they climb:
 Then am I not a lover still,
 In heart and soul the same,
 As when I sought thy bower first,
 And learnt to breathe thy name?

* La Belle Assemblée, the elegant publication that gives monthly a well-engraved portrait of one of the Female Nobility, and coloured prints of London and Parisian Fashions.

The science of humbug is prodigiously vigorous among all that infinitely ingenious race who possess "collections of rare and valuable books, with original autographs, and all the *erroures*."—The "editiones principes" men who offer the primal copy of "Tom Thumb," for fifty pounds, and are lucky enough to find pudding-headed pretenders to "book learning," who will rejoice in carrying home the invaluable treasure.

But there remains a class deserving of no slight honours in the science of humbug. And among those we should take a rule to show cause why the managers of the State Paper Office should not claim especial rank. Every six months the world is electrified with the discovery of some "prodigiously magnificent" nonsense, dug up among the dusty ruins of the State Paper Office. People, at a distance, must naturally conclude that this State Paper Office is some dreary Colossus of a building, which it would take a century, and a battalion of spectacled sages to overhaul—a sort of Mrs. Radcliffe cloister of boundless extent, hiding in its subterranean bosom, some hundreds of miles towards the centre of the earth, the recondite literature of the whole world dead and gone! What a relief must it be to their despair, to know that this more than labyrinth is a spruce modern house, in a spruce modern street, with not a room in it larger than a decent breakfast parlour; and where a smart housemaid, with a brush in her hand, would put the spiders to the rout, exterminate the cobwebs, and expose the whole treasure of manuscripts to the garish eye of day, as an easy morning's work. But then, to be sure, we should not have such fine periodical announcements of "Interesting Discoveries."

"An interesting discovery has just been made at the State Paper Office, of a translation of Boethius *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, nearly the whole of which is in the hand-writing of Queen Elizabeth; and from another document, which has also been found, it appears that this translation was made by the queen at Windsor, during five weeks of the winter season."

Now who on earth is the better for such a discovery as this? Or why was it not made at any time during the long term of years in which the present people concerned in keeping this office in the dust, have been receiving their salaries? We say, that the whole business is paltry, childish, and humbug; and insist on the housemaid and her broom being employed, without loss of time, if it were merely to relieve the world from being bored with the pretence of any more such foolish discoveries.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Book of the Boudoir, by Lady Morgan, 2 vols. : 1829.—Two more agreeable volumes it has not been our good fortune to see for ages. Here are topics of all sorts and sizes—something for all ages and tempers—the odds-and-ends of the talented Lady Morgan's scrap-book—a *mélange* of gravities and gaieties—philosophy and flippancy—truths and trifles—facts and fancies (by the way, a collection of alliterations her ladyship's self might envy)—all in most admired disorder, but all hit off *à saut et à gambade*, Montaigne-like, with a go-lightly touch of the pen that flashes amusement at every stroke. Sourer critics than ourselves might say, Lady Morgan has no discretion : we prefer saying she has few reserves. A quaint phrase, a bon-mot, a strong thought, an equivocal pun, imply and involve what they may, are equally irresistible ; and the good spirits and elasticity which nature gave her, carry her safely over dangers that would suck others down into depths from which there could be no emerging. Her own "image and superscription" are stamped upon every page of her attractive book. Politics, religion, morals—in all she fearlessly lances her occasionally startling opinions ; but they spring fresh from her convictions, and are uttered in a tone which says, These may be wrong, or may be right ; let them go, and find their own value.

Some of her scenes are admirable, and almost all speak of persons eminent for station, literature, or eccentricity ; and to details about people of these descriptions the world will always lend an untiring ear. Her first rout in London, at Lady Cork's, with Kemble's capricious—the old Duchess of Gordon's brusqueries—Kirwan's visit to the "fair authoress of the *Wild Irish Girl*," with some of his crudities and absurdities—Owen's chemise—Denon's frolics and rascallings—Helen Maria Williams, &c., are all excellent, but not to be brought within our limits. We must cut our coat according to our cloth.

Lady M. is as ready to smile at her own foibles as at those of her neighbours. Take a specimen :

I originally wrote my "Novice of St. Dominick" in ten goodly, stout volumes, which, with much humility, as I thought, I cut down to seven. With these seven—by far the heaviest part of my luggage—I arrived in London, and presented myself to Sir Richard Phillips, who advised me to take back my manuscript, like a good girl, and reduce it to five. "Insatiate monster, would not one suffice!" But down went the volumes ; and when I took the remaining sibyl leaves to Sir Richard, he again begged they might be reduced to four. This was too much ; though I verily believe, at this moment, that the publisher's good-natured consideration of my *amour propre* alone prevented him from stinting my exuberance to two volumes, which, perhaps, he ought to have done.

M.M. New Series.—Vol. VIII. No. 45.

Self is the conspicuous figure of the recollections ; and Lady M. is herself as well worth studying as any she commemorates. The peculiarities of others elicits her own :

Of all metaphysical mysteries, there is nothing more difficult to get at than the mystery of memory. Montaigne, complaining of his, observes "*et suis si excellente en oubliance, que mes escripts mêmes, je les oublie, pas moins que les autres.*"* This is precisely my own case. I never could remember any thing I wrote, beyond the moment when it was going through the press. The other evening I found a book lying open on the piano-forte, which somebody had just laid down, on being called to take a part in the *Pregiera* in the opera of *Mosè*, and I chanced to light upon a high-flown and rather nonsensical passage, of which I could make nothing. This induced me to look at the title-page. It was "*The Wild Irish Girl*," seventh edition. I had not seen it for years. I was amused, and a little surprised.

A pun is sure to live in Lady M.'s memory :—

What a droll pun is that of the grammarian presenting his book to the Académie, after the Duke de — had advanced his pretensions to be elected one of the *quarante*, on the score of his illustrious ancestors. "*Je suis ici pour mon grand-père,*" said the duke. "*Je suis ici pour ma GRAMMAIRE,*" said his ignoble philological competitor.

Here is another, which does not bear conclusive evidence of being so well preserved :

It is extremely difficult to get the Irish to be grave upon grave subjects. With a few exceptions in favour of absolute dulness and mediocrity, all our judges are *drôles de corps*, and the highest the drollest of any. What was Joe Miller to Judge Norbury, who kept the bar in a roar for nearly half a century, and rarely passed sentence of death without making some of his auditors die laughing?

"Here is a fellow, my lord," (said an attorney, the other day, to one of our legal chiefs). "accused of stealing turnips ; under what act can he be attacked?"

"I really don't know," said the judge, without taking his eyes from the paper on which he was writing.

"You don't know, my lord?"

"No, not immediately, Mr."

"What does your lordship think of the *timber* act?"

"Probably—that is, if the turnips were *sticky*!"

Turn to a scrap, then, of a graver cast. Lady M. has been adverting to the many sprightly volumes of memoirs, written by French women, with which, as all lovers of gossiping—and agreeable gossiping, too—must be, she is extremely delighted :

I grieve to be unable to add some fair British writers to this list of sparkling memoirists : but the

* "And I am myself so excellent at forgetfulness, that I forget my own works as much as those of other persons."

female authorship of these realms is too serious, perhaps too passionate, for the task. English women can write upon nothing but love and religion; and therefore they write little besides novels—serious or frivolous, sacred or profane. Wit and philosophy are very sparingly conferred upon them.

The few female auto-biographists who have graced the literature of England, were confined to the stirring times of the commonwealth, when the pressure of circumstances, by acting upon the strongest and finest feelings of woman, developed her intellect, and forced her upon active and even perilous existence. The two most brilliant instances of this charming *genre* of egotism are to be found in the memoirs of the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, and in those of the heroic Mrs. Hutchinson;—both admirable illustrations of their respective classes, at the epoch in which they flourished; the one, of the pure, unmixed aristocracy of England; the other of its gentry, or highest grade of middle life.

A little graver still :

Intolerance is the offspring of conceit : we push an opinion, because it is our own, and resent contradiction as a personal insult. Very few persons, however, have any lawful right of property in their own ideas. The greatest number of our opinions are corporate, and belong to the age and country in which we happen to be born. No inconsiderable quantity belong to that venerable and respectable personage, our old nurse. Even the few notions which strong thinkers develop for themselves, depend very closely on habits of thought, impressed by tutors and parents, modified by external circumstances, equally uncontrollable. If some of our worthy anti-catholic, anti-reforming, corn-trade-fettering aristocrats, could be made sensible of the very vulgar origin of many of their favourite ideas, they would as soon shake hands with a chimney sweeper as entertain them.

Very grave, indeed :

The brightest page in the history of aristocracies, is that which relates the events of the revolution of 1688. Yet, what a tissue of heartless intrigue, corruption, and tergiversation! what underhand correspondencies with the excluded family! what promptitude to overturn the work of their own hands, are displayed in the lives of the great men of that day! Since the revolution, the aristocracy have been the remora of civilization, —a feather-bed between the walls of despotism, and the battery of public opinion. A surplus wheel in the machinery of the state, they would long since have stopped the movements of government, if their subserviency did not adapt them to every impulse from the crown; while, by means of their representatives in the House of Commons, they modify the proceedings of that body. At the moment in which I write, the influence of the aristocracy, in defeating a liberal ministry, in making the corn laws an affair of their peculiar "order," in opposing a necessary retrenchment of corrupt expenditure, prove to demonstration the futility of the received theory. Should public opinion, however, triumph in the lower House, the aristocracy must submit to reform, or be crushed. An enlightened people, and an anti-national aristocracy, cannot long co-exist.

A flash of wrath, even!—the unhappy object, her reviewer—whom she detects, through an act of imprudence in her publisher scarcely to be credited :

I was not mistaken; nor do I know any just cause or impediment why I should not denounce my critical executioner, who has shewn me so little mercy, so little justice! There is something so revolting in hired misrepresentation—something so mutually degrading, in a task thus given, and thus performed—it belongs so peculiarly to the *canaille* of literature, who stab for pay, like bolder (and honest) assassins, that the soul sickens when talent, and supposed liberality, desert the standard of independent opinion, to enlist in the *bande noire* of organized vituperators, or enrol in the troop of well paid puffers and party panegyrists!

But why so very angry? We gave Lady M. more credit for tact than this vehemence implies. She is not so much behind the curtain as she imagines. For reviewers to *praise* beyond desert is, beyond all manner of doubt, dictated often by the interest of publishers, but much oftener brought about by the solicitations of authors and authors' friends. *We* do not believe—and "we should know"—*abuse* is ever purchased. Pique may sometimes sting the irascible into malevolence; but *stipulation*, never. It would not be so easy, so natural, nor so effective.

We must wind up with a scrap, equally acute and lively—like her own conversation, of which it is manifestly a specimen. It is headed, "Idleness of Genius :"—

I said, not long since, to Mr. ***, "Nobody tolerates, or even likes, a thorough-going, genuine, conscious coxcomb, more than I do—one who has taken up the profession coolly and deliberately, like the Brummels, &c. &c. of old. But I cannot stand your friend : he is such a dull dandy, and nothing but a dandy."

"No, I assure you," was the reply ; "he is by no means deficient. He has, on the contrary, considerable talent ; but he is so indolent. How often do you see great talents rendered inefficient by indolence!"

"Yes, you do," I said ; "it is a pity." But suddenly struck with the absurdity, I observed, "What nonsense we are talking. One goes on for ever repeating common places, without reflection. You know, as well as I do, that great talents and indolence are physically incompatible. Vitality, or all-aliveness—energy, activity, are the great elements of what we call talents."

The idleness of genius is a mere *platitude*. Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Voltaire, Newton—

—No ; it is too long—not for us, but our grudging columns.

Devereux, by the Author of Pelham, 3 vols. ; 1829.—Mr. Bulwer reads much, digests well, and writes ably and rapidly. His mill is constantly going—in at the hopper in one shape, and out at the mouth in another—in meal or in bran, nothing is lost, and much of it is thoroughly *boulted*. To throw off our metaphor, which will only

encumber us, like many we could name, he has made a skilful and a very agreeable use of his historical and literary studies among French and English writers of the last century. The new volumes before us are concerned mainly with *recorded* existence, and bring into active and characteristic dialogue many of the distinguished individuals of England and the Continent, in the early part of the century. But the chief personage, introduced in every stage of his career, is Bolingbroke, whom the author has taken under his especial patronage, and is resolved to whitewash—a man, indeed, whose character deserves discussion, and has never had it—fairly, we mean. Materials for the purpose abound; and we could scarcely name a man more competent, in acquirement and temper, than Mr. B. himself. Bolingbroke's ambition was as large, we were going to say, as the universe: his aims, unquestionably, were to be the foremost man of all the world in politics, literature, conversation—folly even. In Devereux we have him, in office, as secretary of state, and scheming for the premiership; in private life, at dinners and parties; in the theatre, at a new play; at a bookseller's, in quest of a new edition of the classics; in his closet, with philosophers, discussing metaphysics; and with a friend, professing to bare his bosom thoughts. In exile, we have him again the welcome guest of all parties—the gayest of the gay—flirting and bandying compliments with the women, and fixing the admiration of old and young. Again, we meet him joining the Pretender—intrac-table in office—dismissed—and raving at the treatment he received: and, finally, in England we discover him, thirty miles from town, cultivating a farm in domestic felicity, the husband of Madame Maintenon's niece; but, even in retirement, and excluded from his place in Parliament, still busy in opposing and exposing his bitter and immitigable foes, the Whigs. He is exhibited, in short, in all his Protean shapes; and, in all his changes and caprices, zealously defended, while his adversaries are as zealously depreciated. This is, perhaps, on the whole, but fair—necessary even to counterbalance prejudice. Bolingbroke is known to *our* age mainly as a mischievous but baffled statesman, and a profligate moralist—that is, just as his political opponents, the Whigs, who for fifty years ruled the roast, shewed him up. Such was the virulence of party during that period, that no Tory had a chance for fair dealing. The spite and malignity of the Whig were as infernally active against the Tory as, within our memory, *his* were against the Whig and Jacobin.

Mr. B.'s first object is, obviously, to exhibit public characters, and record his own judgments of them—with a fling occasionally at the bias and perversions of modern scribes. The hero—who tells his own tale—has a love-story, of course; but this love-

story is judiciously despatched early, and the disentanglement of its involutions—which, by the way, are full of extravagance—is not suffered to occupy any great share of the pages. Count Devereux is the son of an English Catholic, who had, by his gallantry, won a marshal's baton and a title, in the service of Louis XIV. At his father's death, the young count and his two brothers, came with their mother to England, and took up their residence with an uncle, the head of the family—a widower, without a family, and possessed of immense estates. He was a good-natured and gay old man, who, after mixing with the follies and vices of Charles's court, and suffering from them, withdrew to the country, and dwelt with delight upon the memory of his early dissipation. The children were treated with all possible indulgence; and for the eldest, his favourite, his estates were apparently destined. Out of these, however, he was jockeyed by the artifices of the family-confessor—a Jesuit, and one of the cunningest of his tribe, in due conformity with the Jesuit character, in novels and novel-like histories. He was a confidential agent of the exiled Stuarts; and his object, to secure the potent family and property of the Devereux to their interests. To keep an individual hold upon the boys, he had excited jealousies among them from their childhood; and the two eldest, in consequence, hated each other heartily. The youngest, a lad of a more delicate temperament, seemed devoted to prayer and penance, and apparently entered into no contests or rivalries of any kind. The young count—very precociously—falls in love with a Spanish girl, and speedily discovers, as he thinks, he has a rival in his twin brother; and abundance of intrigue, and many outbreaks of hatred and passion, follow. In London, the count marries the young lady privately, and conceals her in the outskirts of the town; and, in the meanwhile, the old uncle dies, and the whole property, save a legacy or two, is left to the twin brother. Of the fraud he entertains no doubt, nor of the authors; and he accordingly challenges with it both his brother and the Jesuit. But railing will not bring back the estates. He makes the best of his disappointment, and wends his way back to his bride. Within a few weeks, however, his uncle's attorney dies, and the *real* will is put into the count's hands; but before he can make the proper use of it, his house is broken into, his papers are seized, his wife is pierced through and through, and himself left with wounds enough to kill any common mortal. All seems the act and outrage of his brother and the Jesuit; but nothing can be brought to proof.

Thus stripped of his wife and property, on his recovery, nothing daunted, he sets out to seek his fortunes. The world is all before him—his oyster; and, like *Pistol*, with his good sword—a splendid present, by the way, from Louis le Grand—he means to

open it. In France he is presented to Madame Maintenon and the king, under the auspices of Fleuri; but, before any thing can be done for him, the king dies. Luckily, he rescues the regent from an awkward scrape, into which his dissipation had led him, becomes a favourite, and assists at the *petits soupers* with the regent and his *roués*, where the party cook their own supper. Employment is the count's object; and he is speedily dispatched to Russia on a special mission, and has the good fortune to conciliate Peter, and partake of his rough hospitalities, too. On his return, Du Bois' ugly mistress falls in love with him, and, on Du Bois resenting it, publicly affronts the haughty minion. His dismissal became inevitable; and he accordingly offers his services to Peter, who immediately employs him, in offices of confidence and profit. In the Russian service he continues till Peter's death, by which time he finds himself in possession of great wealth, and solicits his *congé*. At some German court, where he had been residing, he gets involved in some perplexing debates with a philosophical atheist; and, becoming shaken in his convictions on the subject of revelation, he resolves, as the best means of coming to a sound and safe conclusion, to retire into Italy, in the neighbourhood of some convent, for the sake of books especially and quiet, and consider the matter at leisure. In this seclusion he discovers his younger brother—whom he had understood to be dead years before—in the shape of a hermit. This miserable hermit—he did not recognize the count—has a tale of horror to communicate. Without knowing him, he makes Devereux his confidant. He had been his brother's rival—the murderer of his wife—the coadjutor of the Jesuit! No sooner was the communication made, than the hermit dies; and Devereux, armed with the proper documents, flies to England, impatient to see the brother he had wronged by his suspicions, and to seize and hang the Jesuit. The brothers meet, and Devereux refuses to take back the estates; but, in the *mêlée* that follows, in an attempt to rescue the Jesuit, the brother is killed; and the said estates, of course, without further ado, fall into the wealthy count's hands, who is now only thirty-four, and will doubtless live on to carry us, in another three volumes, through a considerable part of the century.

One word still. The historical matter is *every where correctly and easily* introduced, and all according to the best existing evidence. The scenes are generally well-managed, and the judgments, as our neighbours would say, well *motived*. The whole is, indeed, familiar to reading men, especially those who have any acquaintance with French and English memoirs, and literary history. But, considering into whose hands the book will fall—into many who know little of these matters—it must do good: it must excite a taste for better things—for

something like facts and realities, and the neglect of idle fancies or fashionable foppery. The performance, in short, is a very superior one, and places the author—a conspicuous mark—at the head of *his class*; and that class is among the first.

We wish we could quote a *purpureus pannus*, in the beginning of the second volume, relative to Spinoza, and man's entanglement in the spider's-web of necessity. We can only direct the reader's attention to it; but his must be a dull eye that does not catch it.

The Anthology, by the Rev. J. D. Parry; 1829. This is planned for the first specimen of a new annual, the object and aim of which is to combine amusement and instruction for young people from ten, it seems, to fifteen, and calculated for a reward book in schools. It consists wholly of selections, and the editor claims nothing but the merit of diligence and judgment—of consulting, that is, nearly two hundred volumes, and of rejecting not more than half of them. The first fact attests his diligence, and the last his judgment, if not his liberality—for surely to find in every second book he consulted something worth reprinting, can never be the act of a very stern censor. The articles are classed as I. Curiosities in Zoology, Botany, &c.; II. Tales, Apologues and Anecdotes; III. Voyages and Travels; IV. Moral, Elegant, and Miscellaneous Extracts; and V. Poetry; with respect to which the editor observes, the natural history consists of sketches of some curious *foreign* productions: the tales have been taken principally from the French, partly because the unexceptionable writers of that nation seem to possess a greater power over the taste and feelings than any others, and also because on a hasty survey, scarcely any could be found in English sufficiently brief to suit the space for which they were intended. And as to the rest he has nothing particular to say—nor have we, except to express our wonder at finding an anecdote, given on *anonymous* authority, of Judge Hale's contempt of witches and witchcraft, in the teeth of judicial and indisputable evidence to the contrary. We may add another little wonderment of ours too, at finding, in the fourth division, the only extract from a living author, to be one from Dr. Dibdin's sermon on Joseph's filial piety, the extreme poverty of which might surely have screened it from republication. The editor promises better things next time; and will probably—may we have no doubt, for he is obviously a man of good taste—make good his promise. It is a very nice little book for schools.

Waverley Novels, Vol. 3.; 1829.—The distinguishing feature in this new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, are the Prefaces, which the author is pledged to give, communicating particulars relative to the origin and sources of the tales, and occasionally of the characters. Guy Mannering's preface—

the one before us—is certainly, as may be supposed, indeed, a graceful and not uninteresting narrative. But surely there is something “too much of this!” The writer, indeed, is making money by the illusion; and who can blame him for taking advantage of the tide? But the gaping curiosity of people about what *we* must think essentially indifferent matters—at least in nothing distinguishable from the experiences of every writer of fiction—is manifestly, the greater part of it, mere idle fashion and gregarious imitation, where one runs after another, like a flock of sheep, without knowing why or wherefore. It is getting already all but ridiculous, and, we prophesy, will be completely so, long before the series is exhausted.

Sir Walter was indebted, it seems, for the basis of Guy Mannering to a legend of old John MacKinlay—an honest highlander, and a servant of his father's. According to John, an elderly gentleman lost his way somewhere in the county of Galloway, and sought shelter for the night in the house of a country laird, where the family were in a state of bustle and distraction from the impending accouchement of the lady. After partaking of the laird's hospitalities, and receiving his apologies for any lack of due attention under the peculiar circumstances, with a view of making the best return in his power, he begged to be informed of the precise instant of the birth, and, in the meanwhile, set about drawing the coming infant's horoscope. While intently gazing upon the stars, he observed something alarming in the approaching conjunctions, and eagerly desired the birth, by all means, to be retarded, if but for five minutes. Nature, however, was peremptory; and the child came into the world at the critical moment which the stranger had most desired to avert. What was the foreboding? That the child, on coming to the age of discretion, would be exposed to some formidable temptation;—if he firmly resolved, happiness would ensue; if he succumbed—The alarmed parent—(what better could he do?)—resolved to be guided implicitly by the stranger's advice, which was to seclude him wholly from the world, dedicate him exclusively to religious services, and, on his approaching twenty-one, send him to encounter the peril at his (the stranger's) house. So rigorously was this advice adhered to, that, as he grew up, the youth's intellects were in some danger of flitting before the severity of the regimen. Luckily, however, they survived; and, as the hour of doubtful event approached, he was dispatched to the old gentleman—now, of course, *very* old—by whom, after due examination and abundance of injunction, he was shut up, with his bible, in a study; and, precisely at the completion of his majority, another old gentleman—Old Nick, in *propria personâ*, horns and claws—presented himself, full of smiles and wiles, alternating with frowns

and terrors. The reader anticipates the conclusion. By the aid of the sacred volume, which the youth clasped with a pious compression, he baffled the demon, and returned victorious home.

Such was John's tale. In the course of printing what he had built upon it, the author changed his purpose, and abandoned the astrology. This, it seems, must account for the appearance of certain passages in the earlier sheets, which have nothing in consistency, or in prosecution of them, in the latter ones. These are still left, though confessed to hang an unsightly incumbrance on the neck of the story. Notwithstanding his rejection of the astrological machinery, he reluctantly lets go his hold of the subject, and cannot withhold us a marvellous tale—though how far it came within his own knowledge, does not appear. Here it is:

One of the most remarkable believers in that forgotten and despised science, was a late eminent professor of the art of legerdemain. One would have thought that a person of this description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand ways in which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less than others subject to the fantasies of superstition. Perhaps the habitual use of those abstruse calculations, by which, in a manner surprising to the artist himself, many tricks upon cards, &c., are performed, induced this gentleman to study the combination of the stars and planets, with the expectation of obtaining prophetic communications.

He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated according to such rules of art as he could collect from the best astrological authors. The result of the past he found agreeable to what had hitherto befallen him, but in the important prospect of the future a singular difficulty occurred. There were two years, during the course of which he could by no means obtain any exact knowledge, whether the subject of the scheme would be dead or alive. Anxious concerning so remarkable a circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive; at another, that he was unquestionably dead; but a space of two years extended between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence.

The astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the empire until the period was about to expire, during which his existence had been warranted as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of legerdemain, the hands, whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer, suddenly lost their power, the cards dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at length removed by death. *It is said that the diary of this modern astrologer will soon be given to the public.*

Meg Merrilies, it appears, was an acquaintance of the author's father, though he himself dimly remembers to have seen a grand-daughter of her's—a woman of the

same extraordinary number of inches, and of pretty much the same moral qualities, as her illustrious ancestress—a Scotch queen of Scotch gipsies. An account appeared in the early numbers of *Blackwood* of both these personages. The part which concerns madame grand-mère came from Sir Walter himself; the other from somebody else, who took upon him to assign the grand-daughter as Sir Walter's original. He appears to have been mistaken, whoever he was: the old one is the true one.—So much for Meg; and we have no room at all for Dominie Sampson's double.

Sketches of Irish Character; by Mrs. S. C. Hall; 2 vols; 1829.—Another and another succeeds.—Miss Edgeworth's place is adequately supplied, and her indolence no longer to be regretted. These sketches from life show up the individuals of an Irish village, after the manner of Miss Mitford's Berkshire one. Bannow, Mrs. Hall's birth-place, is situated on the eastern coast of Ireland, and is justly, she says, the pride of the county of Wexford. It is indeed, the fair writer confesses, a favourable specimen; no den of filthy cabins and miserable occupants. It is far from any town—the soil is rich—the sea almost surrounds it, and, what is the main source, probably, of its felicity, its landlords reside upon their estates. Moreover, she adds, the people know little, and care less about politics; and the Protestant clergyman and the Catholic priest (at least so it was in her time, and she is young) conceive each has sufficient employment in attending to the moral and physical wants of his flock. The neighbourhood also affords many attractions to the antiquarian and the lover of wild and beautiful scenery. Several ancient castles, particularly the seven castles of Clonmines, are in its immediate vicinity; the Irish Herculaneum, the old town of Bannow, lies buried in the sands that skirt the coast, and within a few miles is "Bag and Bun," where Strongbow landed, on first visiting the country, and where, according to the legend—"Irelande was loste and won." The characters are so strictly individual, and the dialogue so exclusively sustained in the native idiom, of which Mrs. Hall has a perfect command—more thoroughly complete, apparently, than any of her scribbling cotemporaries—that no fair conception of the book can be given but by extracts, and we have no space for long ones, which alone would be adequate. We have no hesitation in recommending them to our readers as spirited sketches—taken with fidelity, and executed with vigour and effect.

History of the Jews. Fifth volume of Murray's Family Library; 1829.—Mr. Milman could not have laid his hand upon a subject that demanded more discretion in the management of it—nor would it be easy, we are persuaded, to find a person to tread the critical—the treacherous path—

which that discretion requires, more securely and correctly. Though sometimes intrepidly stepping over perilous ground, he will not often alarm by venture and audacity, nor will he justly incur, at all times, the sneer of evading perplexing questions.

He has taken his tone wisely, and defined his course strictly—keeping close to the historical, and trenching as little as was practicable, consistent with imperative discussions, upon theological topics,—though too intent, perhaps, on *explaining*, with an affectation of philosophy—and detecting the natural instruments employed in miraculous action. But the book is one that thousands will read, who turn with disgust from the bible—not so much from alienation for matters connected with religion, as from childish associations inseparably attached, originating in our unlucky and ill-judged habit of making the Jewish writings a school book. Considered only as a source of historical materials, containing the oldest records in the world, and the most circumstantial, the bible is full of curious matter, and more illustrative, we venture to affirm, of mind and manners in the early stages of civilization, than any writings extant. Those who do read the Bible, for the most part, do so with a spirit so shackled and subdued, that half the advantage derivable from it is utterly lost; and to speak paradoxically, perhaps, but yet correctly, more harm than good is done to the understanding, and even, or rather consequently, to morals, by the habit of forcing every thing, as numbers endeavour to do, to a purer and more elevated standard than the condition of society which it describes, can bear. They read the Bible under two misconceptions—first, that every phrase and fact is matter of inspiration, and direct instruction; and next, that every thing, in some way or other, is consistent with Christian principles, or by some theological legerdemain, reducible to them. Mr. M. has taken pains worthy of the occasion, to correct such and similar perversions. After describing the condition of society in the period of Patriarchal history, he observes—

Even the characters of the different personages are singularly in unison with the state of society described. There is the hunter, the migratory herdsman, and the incipient husbandman. The quiet and easy Isaac adapts himself to the more fixed and sedentary occupation of tillage. Esau the hunter is reckless, daring, and improvident. Jacob the herdsman, cautious, observant, subtle, and timid. Esau excels in one great virtue of uncivilized life, bravery; Jacob in another, which is not less highly appreciated, craft. Even in Abraham we do not find that nice and lofty sense of veracity which distinguishes a state of society where the point of honour has acquired great influence. It is singular that this accurate delineation of primitive manners, and the discrimination of individual character in each successive patriarch, with all the imperfections and vices, as well of the social state as of the particular disposition, although so conclusive an evidence to the honesty

of the narrative, has caused the greatest perplexity to many pious minds, and as great triumph to the adversaries of revealed religion. The object of this work is strictly historical, not theological; yet a few observations may be ventured on this point, considering its important bearing on the manner in which Jewish history ought to be written and read. Some will not read the most ancient and curious history in the world, because it is in the Bible; others read it in the Bible with a kind of pious awe, which prevents them from comprehending its real spirit. The latter look on the distinguished characters in the Mosaic annals as a kind of sacred beings, scarcely allied to human nature. Their intercourse with the Divinity invests them with a mysterious sanctity, which is expected to extend to all their actions. Hence, when they find the same passions at work, the ordinary feelings and vices of human nature prevalent both among the ancestors of the chosen people, and the chosen people themselves, they are confounded and distressed. Writers unfriendly to revealed religion, starting with the same notion, that the Mosaic narrative is uniformly exemplary, not historical, have enlarged with malicious triumph on the delinquencies of the patriarchs and their descendants. Perplexity and triumph surely equally groundless!

His estimate of David's character has the same tendency to correct misconceptions arising out of a partial view of the state of society in those early times.

His personal character has been often discussed; but both by his enemies, and even by some of his learned defenders, with an ignorance of, or inattention to his age and country, in writers of such acuteness as Bayle, as melancholy as surprising. Both parties have been content to take the expression of the *man after God's own heart*, in a strict and literal sense. Both have judged by modern, occidental and Christian notions, the chieftain of an eastern and comparatively barbarous people. If David in his exile became a freebooter, he assumed a profession, like the pirate in ancient Greece, by no means dishonourable. If he employed craft, or even falsehood, in some of his enterprises, chivalrous, or conscientious attachment to truth was probably not one of the virtues of his day. He had his harem, like other eastern kings. He waged war, and revenged himself on his foreign enemies with merciless cruelty, like other warriors of his age and country. His one great crime violated the immutable and universal laws of morality, and therefore admits of no excuse. On the other hand, his consummate personal bravery and military talent—his generosity to his enemies—his fidelity to his friends—his knowledge of, and steadfast attention to the true interests of his country—his exalted piety and gratitude towards his God, justify the zealous and fervent attachment of the Jewish people to the memory of their great monarch.

The contrast between the Jewish history and that of other nations, as to their origin, is well stated.

The genealogies of most nations, particularly the eastern, are lost among their gods; it is impossible to define where fable ceases, and history begins; and the earlier we ascend the more in-

distinct and marvellous the narrative. In the Hebrew record it is precisely the converse. God and man are separated by a wide and impassable interval—Abraham is the Emir of a pastoral tribe, migrating from place to place, his stations marked with geographical accuracy, and with a picturesque simplicity of local description; here he pitches his tent by some old and celebrated tree, there on the brink of a well-known fountain. He is in no respect superior to his age or country, excepting in the sublime purity of his religion. He is neither demi-god nor mighty conqueror, nor even sage, nor inventor of useful arts. His distinction is the worship of One Great God, and the intercourse which he is permitted to hold with this mysterious being. This is the great patrimonial glory which he bequeathed to his descendants; their title to be considered the chosen people of the Almighty, was their inalienable hereditary possession. This is the key to their whole history, the basis of their political institutions, the vital principle of their national character.

We can quote no more—but we may point out Mr. M.'s review of the Hebrew Laws, as correct and instructive in no common degree. The general humanity of them, contrast favourably with what is known of the spirit pervading the codes of neighbouring nations. His remarks are well calculated to excite more attention to the Jewish laws than, we are sure, they commonly obtain—though at least as deserving of regard as the institutes of Greeks and Romans—superior as they often are in matters of domestic policy and political government. This is like talking of a new matter, and *new* it is to numbers. This first volume brings the story down to the Captivity. Materials for succeeding periods are not so accessible,—but the subject is in able hands, and nothing will be wanting.

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, edited by E. Griffith, Esq. and Others.—Part XX.—1829.—This portion of the very superior publication, to which we have more than once directed the reader's notice, is occupied with the fourth order of birds, termed Gallinæ, comprising most of our most valuable domestic birds—most valuable, we mean, for eating, not for show. Extended as our discoveries have been over every quarter of the globe, and multiplied as is our acquaintance with animated nature, it is marvellous that we do not extend the paltry list of our eatables. Out of the whole range of quadrupeds, we get nothing, from century to century, but oxen, sheep, and pigs—now and then, those who can catch them, a fat buck, or a lean doe—out of the hundreds or thousands of birds, nothing but cocks and hens, turkeys, ducks, and geese; wild fowl are not always eatable, and game, exclusively called so, exclusively belong to the magnificoes of the land—and out of oceans of fish, half a score at the utmost ever visit the table. Yet of this Gallinæ order alone, numbers of new ones might be obtained. North America gave us the turkey, and South America would supply the whole genus *alectors*, and

especially to name an instance or two, the Hoccoes and Pauxis, which latter, or both, are perhaps better known by the name of Curassows. But we need not go so far for them. The Dutch already, it seems, have them, as frequent and familiar as turkies. They are noble birds, with something considerable to eat upon them—beautiful in feather, (but what's that?) excellent in flesh, and superior in flavour to the aristocrat pheasant himself, and improveable by cultivation. These birds, the hoccoes and pauxis, in a state of domestication, have very much the habits, it seems, of our common fowls. They are fond of being in the neighbourhood of man—the reader will see we are quoting—and seem, according to the editor, to discover a peculiar relish for his *society*—not the editor's, particularly, that we know of. They do not betake themselves to solitary places for refuge (for laying?), but rather make use of nests, which man provides for them, returning daily to lay their eggs, and hatch there, in preference to any other situation. Can any thing be more accommodating? The zoological "fellows" talk large of what they will do. We hope they *will* do something; and in the way we suggest—for we get heartily tired of "*toujours perdrix*." To bring these gentlemen to action,—let them set about domesticating the hoccoes and pauxis forthwith: they may find more *euphonous* names also, though that is not perhaps exactly in their way.

The Horse, in all his Varieties and Uses, &c. &c., by John Lawrence; 1829.—This is not a book for the naturalist—though he may and ought to benefit from it. John Lawrence has nothing to do with theoretical matters—he is thoroughly a practical man, and studies the horse to find out what will make him useful, and keep him so. John claims the privileges of garrulity, and rattles away at a prodigious rate. He remembers the total eclipse of the sun in 1761—that memorable morning, when the famous Eclipse was foaled, and thence named—which total eclipse was, he says, '*ominous* of his (the horse's) future glory and immortality in the deathless annals of the English Turf.' He was himself, then, a groom-boy, under the care of one of those parsons made by that truly Right Honourable Richard Rigby (the well-known *whipper-in*, elsewhere,) with his *twenty wives*. Independently of the practical value of the book, which we may come to presently—and it is really and extensively valuable, because it contains nothing but the free results of downright experience, suggested to a sound though rough and uncultivated understanding—independently of this uncommon value, the book is one of the most amusing the reader will meet with in a thousand. The very conceit and petulance of the old man—the consciousness and pride of being something above the canaille among which

he was born and bred—illustrated and enlivened by his slip-slops, which are worth all the merit, ten times told, of precision and purity—are exquisitely comic. They do not in the least mar the authority and use of his doctrines, for he writes upon nothing which has not fallen within his own knowledge, and which he does not thoroughly understand, and make the reader comprehend. It is only the mode of communicating, which strikes as ridiculous, though that is rather to be called amusing than ridiculous—for the ridiculous involves absurdity, and of that quality, at the bottom, there is truly very little. The cheeriness of the old coxcomb puts the reader insensibly into good humour, and leads him on to subjects which he does not perhaps care a fig about, and even interests him in them—some whimsical association is sure to repay him amply.

The work is complete and unique—embracing every possible subject that can be connected with the horse—his breeding—feeding—grooming—training—shoeing—all his points—shapes, crosses and classes, from the cart horse, through the roadster and carriage horse, to the hunter and racer; and the whole interspersed with anecdotes, occasionally coarse, but always to the purpose. The general humanity of the man too, deserves a grateful notice—though, after his manner, he parades it a little too much for fastidious people, as if it were a virtue that distinguished him from his fraternity, and entitled him to commendation. Nor will his exposure of acts of cruelty be without their practical use—for his arguments are bottomed on grounds to touch the selfishness of the callous bosoms at which they are levelled—for instance, gentle treatment is urged as *most effectual*, and *shortest in the process*, and moderate working as *most profitable* in the long run. Again, the abominable practices of grooms and farriers are inveighed against, with a sort of scorn most sure of stinging and piercing their thick skins—inflicting upon them the conviction of their overreaching themselves by their own cunning—and of John himself being more than their match in their own way.

We print a portion of honest John's remarks on racing atrocities.

My next topic is a disheartening one; it is the horrible—and I have some right to know, as a "bit of a jockey"—useless and needless practice of butchering and cutting up racehorses alive, with the whip and spur! In aggravation and countenance of this barbarism, the spectators of the run in, even ladies, seem delighted with it, as the very marrow and cream of the sport; and we often witness, in the accounts of races, the columns of newspapers sullied with such filth as—"a slashing race, what whipping, cutting and sparring!" Certainly there are stout and sluggish horses which require to be reminded by the whip and spur, but even those, running against others, their natural emulation is stimulated, and they

will do their utmost with moderate excitement, and all the whipping and spurring that could be used, even by that butcher on horseback, old Jack Oakley, must fail to obtain more. As to free horses, indeed the generality, they need little or no driving, and often are rather cowed, embarrassed, and retarded by it. There are, also, high stomached horses, that, being severely whipped when all abroad and at their best, of which they are well aware, will instantly slacken instead of endeavouring to increase their speed. Cutting up horses, known to be incapable of winning, and those, though capable, which *do not run to win*, is surely gratuitous cruelty. There is, finally, a strong and valid distinction between use and utility; and when a horse has won by a head or neck, both proprietors and jockeys, in attributing their success to the extreme use of whip-cord and cold iron, may, as is so perpetually the case in other affairs, have assigned the effect to a wrong cause, to one, perhaps, which may have, in degree, operated unfavourably. When a horse is at all that he can do, what the devil more can you have of him, but to keep him up to the mark? which surely, encouragement and moderation will most successfully effect; but if the vain attempt be made to drive him beyond that point, his next effort must naturally be to throw up his fore quarters and fight the air, whence he must shorten his stride, and lose ground. Surely the flourish of the whips, without the wanton and useless torture, together with the graceful action, and skilful exertions of the jockeys at the run in, ought to afford a superior and sufficient gratification to British spectators, male and female.

One little scrap just to shew John in the full glory of his literature.

After all, nothing can be more plain and level with common sense, which we trust has, in these latter days, something in common with farriery, than the forging a good, useful, and comfortable shoe for a horse with sound feet, and fitting and nailing the same in a safe and proper manner. The difficulty lies with naturally defective or worn-out hoofs, which the devil himself, or Vulcan, *in propria persona*, would be unable to manage with any tolerable degree of success. With respect to this man's shoe, and that man's shoe, or which of them you will, out of the one thousand and one, who have every one of them, each in opposition and superiority to the other, during the last half century, improved the horse shoe, patented, or otherwise; some within a degree and half of perfection, and others, two degrees beyond it. That which may with any certainty be predicted of them is, *omne quod exit in hum*, with the addition of the *bug*, to those who prefer it. But new coined horse shoes are fancy articles, thence cannot fail of due periodical attention.

The Brunswick; 1829.—The Brunswick—"fallen, fallen, fallen." This alarming announcement concerns not the fall of the House of Brunswick, but "only of a theatre that bore that name," and an odd subject, at the first glance, it seems to mix up the ludicrous with. But stones prompt sermons, and we see not why ruins may not rhymes and farces. Every event and circumstance of life has a weeping and a laugh.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 45.

ing aspect, or how came there to be a Democritus and an Heraclitus? *N'importe* the *matériel*—the tact and touch of him who handles it is the all in all, and the artist before us is no common workman. Giving way to his associations—yielding to any suggestion—breathing any and every vein of reflection—and bringing forth from his treasures things new and old, he produces an agreeable mélange, at once spirited and amusing. The style of versification is in good taste, smart and terse, reminding us of Punch and Judy, which first appeared in our own pages.

The common sentiments which a circumstance of this nature usually draw forth, are hit off happily enough, and may furnish a quotation:—

The largest class in all the king's dominions

Are those who have no notions of their own,
But having fish'd for orthodox opinions,

Adopt them with a grave and solemn tone:
Antiquity's admirers, custom's minions,

Who always are for letting things alone—

These thought, good souls! 'twas providential quite,

That the thing fell by day, and not by night, &c.

The Meritorians—the word being new,

I wish to make it clearly understood—

'Tis to denote that class of persons who,

Whatever happens to themselves of good,

Whate'er of ill to others, always view

Such matters in a calm complacent mood—

These merely said, as at their ease they sate,

"Poor, wretched players, they deserv'd their fate!"

Deserves!—it is a pretty word, deserves!

This blessed world's more blessed inequality

It serves to reconcile—it also serves

To paint as vice or virtue every quality

Which stirs mankind, according to their nerves.

I'll write a book to show its liberality;

The Book of Merit shall its title be,

And in it you shall see—what you shall see.

Then you shall see—not knav'ry robed in scarlet,

Nor honesty in rags—for these are common;

Nor prank'd in office some low-practis'd varlet

By base intrigue—a sight to overcome one;

Nor ruling o'er a court some pamper'd harlot

Nor hypocrites in mitred robes,—lest some one

Should dub me libeller, and damn the Book

Of Merit for some truths he cannot brook.

But you shall mark upon your gaze eneronch,

Lacquied by liv'rymen, and proudly roll'd

Through fawning crowds that smile at her approach,

Some Queen of Fashion, with no charms but gold,

And the poor trumpery that daubs her coach,

And only pure as snow because as cold;

A prize upon the lists of wealth and rank,

But in the book of nature a mere blank.

Near her, but oh! how different in fate!

Behold a form with ev'ry grace endued;

That very loveliness hath marr'd her state,

For ever tempted, only once subdued;

2 X

But, ah! that once has touch'd her with the weight
Of the world's scorn, and blighted all her good;
Such is the piteous portrait you shall see,
And having seen it, then exclaim with me,

Curse on the savage and unbending law
Of stern society, that turns a speck
In woman to an everlasting flaw!
And, far from whispering us to save or check
Her course in wantonness, but bids us draw
Round her, like wretches hov'ring round a wreck,
All that the wave hath spar'd, to spoil and plunder,
And sink the noble vessel farther under.

The inquest, which, it will be remembered, sat, as if it never meant to rise again, is thus *humorously* broken up by the great Duke—

Well, there they sate—and there they'd still be killing

The nation's time and patience, had not they
Sent to the Duke, to know if he were willing
They should be paid: who in his slap-bang way
Replied, "Pay—Inquest! damme, not a shilling!"
Which brought their verdict in without delay,—
'Twas this, divested of its legal pride,
"The roof fell in, and so the people died."

Cain, the Wanderer, &c. By ———
1829.—Another Cain, an emanation from we know not whom—in the very tone and spirit of Lord Byron's, and in execution equal, we have no hesitation in admitting, quite, to that able and memorable, but harassing and comfortless performance. The author, whoever he may be, and he will soon be, as Pope said of Johnson, *déterré*, is of course fully aware of the trying comparison he subjects himself to, and braves it; he knows all about the matter. He himself sketched the thing years ago, and actually wrote a scene or two, but threw them into the fire. The subject resumed its sway in his own bosom, when Lord B.'s poem appeared, and he has at length given vent to his long-suppressed and burning thoughts. He willingly acknowledges his general idea of the subject has been enlarged and "inspired" by dwelling upon Lord Byron's—he has shared in the common impulse given to the age by that exciting writer; but he disclaims imitation, or the plunder of any one thought or line of his, or of any one else. If the tendency—the very end proposed—the very plan "adopted," be the same—all is extended, he says, on an enlarged scale. His specific object is to developé Cain as a man of a powerful and daring mind, of which pride is the basis, as it is, he observes, of all strong minds—as a man, who regards his own impulses, his own acts of passion, not as the natural effects of unformed and undisciplined principles, but as predestinations of the Deity, and yet resolves to struggle against them. He is too proud to yield to his own convictions—

he wrestles with this supposed over-working influence; and while doing ill, clings to good, not from any relish for its beauty, but from something like *perverse* opposition, because he conceives the Deity has thrown obstacles in the way of his attaining to good, and attain it, he *will*. This was Cain's principle of action, as it had been precisely that of Lucifer's; and Lucifer, though it had been the cause of ruin to himself, presents himself to Cain, at a critical moment, and kindly urges the unhappy man onward in his fatal career. We cannot ourselves, *con amore*, enter into the depths of these feelings so forcibly and fondly portrayed—it is painful, and revolts us—with the writer, it must have been the indulgence of a passion—the mere tasking of his ingenuity it never could be; but though such be our feelings, we cannot see the strong occasion for moral horror, which some appear to feel. The writer does no more than the preacher does, who endeavours to track the wiles of the devil, only that few preachers do it so effectively; and as to the "moral" of the piece, it is as instructive and alarming a lesson as moral can be.

Instead of plunging into Lucifer's metaphysics, or Cain's ultra-stoicism, we prefer giving the reader a scrap of Ada, his wife's passionate, but more tender expostulation, after Cain expresses his determination to quit her, because he cannot make her happy.

Oh God! do I hear thee?—No, and yet
Thy lips are quivering—thy heart heaves with passion.

Wilt thou forsake me, Cain, in my distress?
Me, whom till now thou hast ever turned to in
Thy sorrows—hast thou the heart to do this thing?
Canst thou abandon me? By all most dear—
Alas! what is or was—by our young days
Together, those trusting, innocent days!—recall them

But a moment, a brief moment, then look on me
And feel the change now! by our own child—
kneel, wretch,

And pray—look down on us—look on the child
Of thine own loins, the young, the unformed
helplessness!

Thou couldst not leave *him*—I see the very thought

How it shakes thee: look on thy desolate wife,
Think of our utter wretchedness without thee!
I shall not long be with you—I feel I shall not—
O let me live that little while, and then
Die at your feet! you will not have remorse,
The burden of my death will not oppress you!
Remember—oh, he has no memory—
No gentle feelings to awaken! I—
I cannot speak—this pain—my heart.—

Gabrielle, a Tale of the Swiss Mountains, by C. Redding, 1829.—A beautiful little performance, full of truth and nature—and of a simplicity studiously rejecting all extravagance of colouring and vehemence of sentiment. It is a novelty—at least a rarity in these days, when "tales of passion" thrust out the realities of common expe-

rience. It is an attempt, and a very successful one, to raise an interest by exhibiting the wilder aberrations of intellect in the form of deep and absorbing melancholy. Gabrielle is a beautiful Swiss girl, who witnessed the destruction of her home, and all its loved inmates, by the sweep of an avalanche, and whose senses, at the sight, fled from her for ever. Her looks, her feelings, her thoughts, her wanderings, her habits, are all traced with the minuteness of fact and the gracefulness of fancy—bending the heart to softness and sympathy more irresistibly than the wildest strainings of passion ever could do. The absence of stirring events is supplied by descriptions of romantic scenery of a very peculiar kind. A few lines will speak the character of the poetry, and shew its value better than pages of talk. The poor girl gives expression to one of her visions in these fanciful but forcible terms:—

On, on along the eternal canopy,
I view them now!—their shadowy steps I see,
The long-drawn distance, girt with sandals white,
That on the living azure shed their light.
There, there within the corner of the sky,
Far, far from earth, in golden regions high,
Dwells my far isle of bliss, a spot of blue
Shown now and then indulgent to my view,
Between white clouds, on all heaven's face beside,
Standing alone amid the picture wide,
A gate to bliss, a door of Paradise,
A port for sufferers where no danger lies!
In this, my dreary life, I never knew
One glimpse of joy but in that happy hue;
And when I am among the cold, cold dead,
Blue violets shall adorn my dusty bed,
And the blue sky o'er canopy me where,
E'en brain-struck mortals lose their soul's despair.

I know not why, yet blue to me appears
A gleam of morning on a night of tears.
Tho' green be wanton, purple play the lord,
Blue keeps unstained its truth and plighted word,
The sight ne'er palls of that celestial dye,
Fresh glances make it lovelier to the eye.
To my own feeling, nay, I know it true,
If happiness had colour, 'twould be blue.
Oh what a joy throughout a nightless year
To breathe the rainbow's azure atmosphere,
Methinks I should not see, nor hear, nor be,
If that dear colour were denied to me;
But when I die with that before my sight—
I know my soul will take her buoyant flight
Up to yon happy isles, where angels fair
Wave their white wings in fields of serene air.

A morceau of great beauty and considerable vigour follows almost immediately, with the true touch of the poet in it.

O, fantasies of madness! who can tell
But ye may have great pleasures, that as well
Minister their own comforts—even bless
Your victims with short gleams of happiness—
As near to all we wish, as those whose day
Is lit by vaunted reason's prouder ray?
Your votary rustling on his straw-spread floor,
Reckless of cold and storm, naked and poor,
May feel oblivions of the past and dwell
In some proud palace, or tall citadel,
Or spicy grove, or garden rose-bestrewed,
Where zephyr scarcely dares by stealth intrude.
He may so love his flinty cell and deem
All else of life, just what it is, a dream,
That it may be his temple, &c. &c.

The author dedicates to the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," as a memento of an interrupted intercourse of friendship, during many years of literary co-operation.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

Panorama of Constantinople.—A new and magnificent view of the above-named city has just been opened, at the large circle of Mr. Burford's building in the Strand, which will be seen with great interest at the present moment, on account of the important events which are daily passing in connection with it, but which must have excited a more than ordinary degree of curiosity and attention at any moment, on account of its singular and striking merit as a work of art. Indeed we have seldom seen a panorama more fraught with real interest than this, in whatever point of view it may be looked at—whether as a mere happy arrangement of natural and artificial objects skilfully and brilliantly depicted—or as a scene, eloquent at every point with beautiful, or affecting, or wondrous associations growing out of the events of ages past—or as the immediate scene of probable events that may affect the whole civilized world for ages to come.

On the right, as you enter the circle, Constantinople itself rises as if immediately

from out the waters, like a vast temple, varied at every point, but all conforming and blending together as if into one congruous whole. Towers, and domes, and minarets start up here and there, so as to do away with all impression of monotony and regularity; but still the buildings are all so closely connected one with another—so interwoven together, as it were, by the tracery of trees, gardens, inclosures, &c. that the whole has a look of unity, and consequent grandeur and beauty, that is very striking; and what is not always the case with striking objects, very satisfying and complete. Opposite, on the left, is Scutari, with the sacred burying-ground, Pera, &c. which presents a scene, if not so grand and imposing, still more beautiful, on account of the natural objects of beauty interspersed among the artificial ones. Beyond, is Prince's Island, and beyond that, the ancient Calcedonia; and above these rises that mountain which, of all mountains in the world, is the most richly and sublimely invested with moral associations, which no

time can ever again give to another, and which no time can take away from this: we mean Mount Olympus. Another object of deep interest is Leander's Tower, which is so placed, in relation to the supposed position of the spectator, that it occupies the nearest point of his observation, and, consequently, the most striking and conspicuous. The ground work, too, (so to speak) on which all these objects are depicted, (the uniting seas of Marmora and the Bosphorus,) is rendered highly interesting by the objects with which it is studded in all directions—the magnificent Turkish man-of-war that rises close to the spectator's eye—the distant fleet of the same that studs the receding face of the Bosphorus—the stately and singularly elegant gondolas of the Sultan and his suite—the winged and bird-like skiffs that glide over the glassy surface of the sea of Marmora—and, finally, the little overloaded domestic canoe that seems to go tituping over the water as if a breath would upset it.

The original drawings, from which the panorama is painted, are entirely from the pencil of Mr. Burford.

British Institution.—An unavoidable circumstance prevented us from concluding, last month, our account of the works by the Old Masters at the British Institution; but as they are of a kind which can well afford to wait for their fame, and which produce impressions that do not (like those from ordinary works of arts) pass away almost as soon as they are received; we shall make no apology for returning to the subject at this late hour, especially as the season is one which puts forth little else claiming detailed notice. In our last paper on this subject, we passed through the catalogue regularly from its commencement to No. 110, in the middle room, particularizing as many of the most conspicuous works as our confined limits would admit. Proceeding in the numerical order of the arrangement, we arrive at 127, an Italian Landscape, with figures and a waterfall, by Both. It is seldom if ever that we have seen a nobler production by this artist, or one which conveys at once so characteristic and so favourable an impression of his style. It presents little, if any, of the artist's faulty manner, of his finikin and affected handling, or his false tone of colouring; and it includes all his best attributes—his glowing warmth—his delicate discrimination in the character of individual objects—and his fine taste and true feeling for natural beauty in the choice of them. 128 is an excellent Landscape, by Ruysdael, also with a waterfall; and hanging, as it does, in almost immediate contact with the above, it offers an interesting opportunity of comparing and contrasting the characteristic differences and distinctions between the style of these two artists—each admirably conformable with nature, yet bearing no resemblance whatever to each other, except

in that conformity. We must not stay to point out the particulars in which these differences and this conformity are observable, but pass on to 129, one of the finest works in the collection, but one that will, on account of its perfect truth and simplicity, not be likely to attract or fix general attention. It is a Holy Family, with St. Catharine, by Titian, 129. It consists of two distinct groups—the Virgin and Child forming one, and Joseph and St. Catharine the other; and it is impossible to picture to the imagination a more exquisite conformity than that which subsists between the two groups—blending their beauty into one general effect, yet preserving the distinctness of each. This, no doubt, is partly effected by the consistency of expression which prevails in all the faces and forms; but the effect is chiefly produced by the rich harmony of the colouring, which gives to the whole the effect of one object. Passing, with a mere word of recognition, an exquisite view of Dort, by Cuyp (31), a Holy Family, by the elegant and tasteful Garafalo (132), and a most interesting portrait of Guido, by himself (138), we arrive at an exquisite little work, said to be by Raphael. Whether it is really by that astonishing artist, we will not wait to inquire; for the truth is, that of all the distinguished painters that ever lived, he is the one who has not merely the least of mere *manner*, but so little of it as scarcely to admit of a positive recognition, even by the most practised eye. But his pictures have *this* peculiarity about them—that we can tell at once who they were *not* painted by. Now the picture before us, the Holy Family with St. John (141), has decidedly that about it which is beyond the reach of any other painter but Raphael; not that it includes a greater degree of grace, or sweetness, or dignity, or purity, or elegance, or general power of style and expression; but it includes a something blended with these, which none but Raphael ever did blend with them. Therefore it is that we believe it to be by him. In fact, there is that astonishing consistency and conformity of every part with all the rest, which we do not find in the works of any other painter: we find it, indeed, in the *colouring* of some—Titian for example—but not in the whole production, the conception, design, expression, colouring, style, and mechanical execution of any one, Raphael alone excepted.

Pointing for a moment to a Lady in a Fancy Dress, by Diétricy (147), on account of its striking resemblance, in style, to the works of one of the very cleverest and most original artists of our day—Newton, we pass on to a noble piece of execution, by Salvator Rosa (149). It consists of a wild woody scene, about every touch of which there is a life and power that is to be found in the productions of no other hand whatever. Salvator's works, at least this class of them—for the historical ones we do not

so much admire—realize, in a certain sense, (though not exactly in the one intended by the poet) the phrase—

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones," &c.

His trees, and lakes, and rocks, and clouds, and ground—all the inanimate objects belonging to his pictures have a tongue; they speak, they hold high converse with the instincts and associations that are within us, relative to all the objects of external nature. 153 is one of Cuypp's exquisitely glowing, yet tender and aerial works; one of that class in the production of which he excelled all other artists that ever lived, not excepting Claude himself. But what shall we say to 161, Titian's Daughter, by Titian himself? It is one of the most extraordinary productions of art, in its way, reversing, as it were, the laws of nature, in presenting an effect almost without a cause, a picture of the most striking and admirable character, including all the highest properties to which the highest class of pictures aspires, yet with scarcely any of the appliances and means usually employed. Here is no skill of conception or design—no power or peculiarity of expression—no grace of air or of attitude—no harmony of colouring—no contrast or relief, even, of any kind whatever. Here is nothing but a somewhat stiff and not over-refined—a sort of milk-maid beauty, standing bolt upright—in a green dress, with yellow hair, and a Venetian complexion; that is to say, not of the clearest; yet the figure catches and rivets the attention from the first instant of looking upon it, and you can scarcely get away from before it, or get it out of your head

when you are away, so intense is the *gusto* with which it is executed—so resistless the force of style and of execution with which it is transferred, as if by a single blow, from nature to the canvas. There can have been no sitting or standing (for it is a whole length) for this picture. It looks as if the original had presented herself at the door of the artist's study as if by accident, and had been metamorphosed at once, by some wondrous magic, from a living being into a picture—yet scarcely less alive under the one form than the other. It is to be feared that no written criticism can convey any impression of, much less explain and illustrate, this wonderful work: we shall therefore merely add, generally, that it strikes us as being the most extraordinary single figure with which we are acquainted in the whole circle of modern art.

The only other works that we shall notice, are two which bear, in point of mere execution, a striking resemblance to, and analogy with, the above; and they, moreover, offer the finest and fairest opportunity we have for a long while enjoyed, of comparing together the powers of two of the noblest painters that ever lived. We allude to 166 and 168, each representing the single figure of a Magdalene—the first by Paul Veronese, the second by Titian. For grandeur of design, and subdued force of expression, we know of few things finer; but we cannot help thinking, that in the first, the grandeur is artificial—that it is tinged with affectation—whereas, in the second, it is the pure and almost involuntary result of that natural elevation of mind, which communicated itself to all things which became the subject of its earnest contemplation.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

German Aristocrats.—Dr. Buckland, in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, has given a detailed description and drawing of the cave of Kühloch, in Franconia. The enormous quantity of black animal earth derived from pulverized bones constituted its peculiar feature; and the eminent professor endeavoured to explain the causes of this peculiarity by the form and features of its entrance. In the course of June last two English travellers visited the spot, and ascertained the melancholy fact of the total destruction of the deposit of bones in the caves of Kühloch and Rabenstein. His majesty the king of Bavaria having announced his intention to visit Rabenstein, the owner of that castle has thought fit to prepare these two caves for his reception; in order to do which he has broken up the whole of the floors, pounding the larger stones and bones to the bottom for a foundation, and spreading the earth and finer particles to form a smooth surface over them. On arriving at Kühloch, they found thirty men at work wheeling out the animal earth

to level the inclination of the entrance, by which Dr. Buckland so satisfactorily explained the phenomena of the absence of pebbles and diluvial loam in this remarkable cavern. There was not a bone to be found there when they arrived—some few, however, were obtained from the workmen. In the cave of Rabenstein they found very few bones, but a great many old coins and iron instruments.

Physiology.—A curious fact has been communicated to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, namely, that the hiccough can be artificially produced in animals. The following novel experiment, which the author relates, he stumbled upon by accident. Cause a dog to fast for eight or ten hours, then turn it on its back, and throw cold water upon its stomach, and the hiccough will be produced immediately. This succeeded upon twenty-two dogs out of twenty-three upon whom the author, Mr. Daniel, operated. The same result followed when trial was made of calves and bulls without any exception.

The French Librarian.—The appointment of M. Casar Moreau to the household of the young Duke of Bourdeaux must afford the highest satisfaction to every admirer of indefatigable industry. His statistical tables relative to this country, are a monument of well-regulated application that has never been equalled, and every lover of literature looks forward with interest to the result of his labours in the French king's library. Years, of course, must elapse before they can be communicated to the public; and, in the interim, another gentleman has started up to take possession of some ground bordering upon what M. Moreau will hereafter occupy. This is a M. Ventouillac, who, with incredible industry, has collected from every authority the opinions and character, of every French book, we cannot say, but of the most valuable works in the French language, so as to enable the scholar and amateur to decide at once in the selection of a library, or to ascertain the most valuable sources of information on any given subject. Considering how innumerable are the French writers on almost every topic, it is not surprising that many omissions should be discoverable: these, however, we shall expect to see supplied in another edition, which, of a work so useful, we doubt not will be speedily required.

Cement for Hard Stone, Porcelain, Glass, &c.—This cement is a product of nature, which, without being very abundant, may suffice, nevertheless, for all the purposes to which it can be applied. The large snails, which are found in great numbers in gardens and woods, and which, in some parts of Europe, are used for the table, at the extremity of their body have a vesicle filled with a substance which seems to be greasy and gelatinous, and is of a whitish colour. When this is taken away from the snail, and applied between two bodies, however hard they may be, and these bodies are united by being placed in contact throughout their whole extent, they adhere so strongly that a blow or violent shock will frequently break them in a different part from that where they have been joined. To allow of this natural glue producing its full effect, it is only requisite to afford sufficient time for its becoming perfectly dry.

Jelly from Buckshorn.—It is well known how completely the late war, and the continental blockade, threw the French upon their own resources. We have had occasion to speak, in this journal, of their beet-root sugar, &c. The following substitute for isinglass has been just made public in one of their best scientific periodicals, and the process is spoken of as one which has been successfully applied. It consists in macerating four ounces of rasped stagshorn, during ten minutes, in eight ounces of water acidulated with a drachm of hydrochloric acid; then wash it with two or three waters, to remove the salts, which are formed and soluble, and which, at a later stage, would

impair the transparency of the jelly, or render necessary clarification with the white of an egg. This stagshorn, thus washed, is then boiled for half an hour in some fresh water; this short space of time is sufficient to remove whatever gelatine it may contain: then press it strongly through linen, and filter the warm water. By treating this liquor with the proper quantity of sugar and other ingredients, after a slight boiling and cooling, a perfectly transparent jelly is obtained fit for the preparation of blanc-mange, &c.

Aristolochia Glaucea.—The different manner in which vegetables exert their organic powers to effect the destruction of insects, is not unworthy of a brief notice. Some accomplish it by means of elastic or irritable actions, adhesive substances, and so forth; but we have another plant in our greenhouses, the glaucous birthwort (*Arist. glauca*), that effects these purposes without any of these means, but principally by conformation. The whole internal surface of the tubular flower is beset with minute, strong spines pointing downward; these present no impediment to the descent of the animal which may seek for the sweet liquor lodged upon the nectarium at the base of the blossom; nor is there any obstruction provided for its return, by means of valves or contractions, the tube remaining open; but the creature cannot crawl up by reason of the inverted spines, and to prevent its escape by flying up the tube, the flower makes an extraordinary curve, bending up like a horn, so that any winged creature must be beaten back by striking against the roof of this neck as often as it attempts to mount, and falling back to the bulbous prison at the base of the flower, dies by confinement and starvation, and there we find them: a certain number of these perishing, the blossom fades and drops off.

Herculaneum and Pompeii.—The accidental discovery of these two subterranean cities has done more to improve our knowledge of antiquity, or rather of the habits, usages, and manners of the ancients, than could be effected by any other means. The structure of their houses, their furniture, the various implements for domestic purposes, the state of the advancement of the mechanical arts, have been displayed in a manner which has had the effect of almost carrying us into those distant times. Last year an oil-mill was found in one of the houses of Pompeii very far superior to any now in use in Italy. It was formed of lava, and consisted of a concave and convex hemisphere fitting into each other, and having rotatory motions in opposite directions. By a neat mechanical contrivance, these two stones were prevented from approaching each other in the first instance so nearly as to break the stone but merely to crush the pulp of the olive, so that this fruit oil must have been of singular purity. When this has been pressed off, the convex

stone could be lowered into the concave, and the whole fruit was broken up together. At Herculanum, a short time since, the residence of a barber was discovered. The shop and its implements were in a wonderful state of preservation: the seats on which the customers were seated, the basins, the stove, and even many pins designed for the head-dresses of the Roman ladies.

Natural History.—The following circumstance is related by a naturalist, whose entertaining journal has been recently given to the public. He says, "I can confusedly remember a very extraordinary capture of kites, the *falco milvus*, when I was a boy. Roosting one winter evening, on some very lofty elms, a fog came on during the night which froze early in the morning, and fastened the feet of the poor kites so firmly to the boughs, that some adventurous youths brought down, I think, fifteen of them so secured. Singular as the capture was, the assemblage of so large a number was not less so, it being, in general, a solitary bird, or associating only in pairs. The occurrence took place in the west of England."

To preserve Insects.—The entomologist will frequently find the wings, limbs, and bodies of the insects in his collection separated by those tiny depredators, ptinus fur, and acarus destructor. Mr. Waterton's recipe for preventing this evil is very effectual, and, generally, an innocuous preservative; but as this gentleman has not given the exact proportions of his mixture, it may be of use to observe, that if one part of corrosive sublimate be dissolved in eight parts of good spirit of wine, and the under side of the insect touched with a camel's hair pencil dipped in the liquor, so as to let it lightly pervade every part of the creature, which it readily does, it will prevent any future injury from insects. A larger portion of the sublimate will leave an unsightly whiteness upon the creature when the specimen becomes dry. The under side of the board on which the insects are fixed should be warmed a little by the fire after the application, that the superfluous moisture may fly off before finally closing the case. If this be omitted, the inner surface of the glass will sometimes become partially obscured by the fume arising from the mixture.

Ossification of the Vitreous Humour.—M. Krehn has lately met with that rare case, the ossification of the vitreous humour of the eye. It occurred in a man 70 years old, who died of gastritis. The preparation is placed in the Strasburg Museum. The left eye was healthy, but the right presented the following appearance: the globe was diminished in size, had lost its spheroidal figure, and presented the appearance of four wrinkles, or furrows, corresponding with the insertion of the recti muscles. It was heavy and hard. When a horizontal section was

made from behind forward, the sclerotic was found to be very thick, particularly at its posterior part, near the entrance of the optic nerve; the instrument was soon arrested by a hard body filling the whole space of the eye-ball behind the crystalline lens, and consequently occupying the place of the vitreous humour. Immediately within the sclerotic was the choroid membrane, distinct, and rather thicker than natural. The retina was unchanged: the solid body within was marked by the same depression which had been observed externally. It was of a pale white colour, and was internally of a cellular texture, like the cancelli of the long bones. The crystalline was indurated, and of a yellowish white colour: the optic nerve was wasted.

Effect of Chlorine as an Antidote to Hydrocyanic Acid.—The following is abstracted from a letter by M. Dauvergne, to M. Gay Lussac, describing an experiment made by himself and M. Simion. Two drops of hydrocyanic (prussic) acid were put into the end of a glass tube, and introduced into the lachrymal gland of a cat. Contortions immediately came on, followed by strong tetanic convulsions: an abundant salivation took place, producing, through hard breathing, a thick white froth. The pulsations of the heart were quite irregular and extensive, as if each were the last effort of life. Respiration was difficult and painful; expiration frequent, prompt, and forcible. Notwithstanding this desperate state of the animal, M. Simion was induced, from his previous knowledge, to expect good effects from the use of chlorine, and therefore introduced a considerable quantity into the mouth: the salivation, in consequence, ceased; the respiration became easy; the circulations less forced and rapid. The animal now raised its head, which before it could not do, put out its tongue, and scented the chlorine, as if it took pleasure in respiring a salutary and agreeable atmosphere. In this manner the symptoms gradually diminished; but, as yet, the cat could not stand up. Being exposed to the open air for a few minutes, it voided a large quantity of fæces, gradually rose on its feet, and made a few tottering steps: this was in one hour after the poisoning. At the end of two hours, traces of the event were scarcely visible, and the next morning the cat ate, and drank, and walked, as if in perfect health, no sign of the poison remaining.

Decomposition of Ammonia by Metals.—M. Despretz, who first announced that metals, when subjected to heat and ammoniacal gas, underwent a considerable change of density, has also discovered that the weight of iron is sometimes increased as much as 11.5 per cent., owing to its combining with azote; but if the heat be too great, then the azote is again expelled.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The portrait of Lady Sophia Catherine Gresley is to form the 57th of the Picture Gallery of the Female Nobility, publishing in *La Belle Assemblée*.

The Picture of Australia, exhibiting a faithful representation of the Geographical Position, Surface and Appearance of the Country; of the Seas around its shores; of its Climate and Meteorology; of its Native Productions, and Native Inhabitants; of the several Colonies in New South Wales, Van Diemen's Land, the Swan River, Melville Island, and other places; of the Agricultural and Commercial resources of the Country, and the prospects which it holds out of advantage whether to the intending Settler, to the Merchant, or to the Country at large. In post 8vo.

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The Winter's Wreath, for 1830, will be published on the 1st of November; a Collection of Original Pieces in Prose and Verse, contributed by writers of eminence, and embellished with Thirteen highly-finished line Engravings, selected from the best works of first-rate artists.

History of the Arab Domination in Spain. By William Fraser, Esq.

Tales of an Indian Camp. By J. A. Jones, Esq., who long resided among the Indian Tribes of North America.

Captain Brown has in the press, a work to be entitled Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses; with a Historical Introduction, and an Appendix on the Diseases and Medical Treatment of the Horse. It is to be illustrated by figures of the different breeds, and Portraits of celebrated or remarkable Horses; intended as a companion for his work on Dogs.

Mr. W. M. Higgins has in the press an Introductory Treatise on the Nature and Properties of Light, and on Optical Instruments. Dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Clarence.

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Mr. Burge, the late Attorney-General of Jamaica, is preparing for the press, in Two Parts, A Practical Treatise on Colonial Law.—Part I. will relate to the Colonies, in which Parts of the Common and Statute Law of England, as well as Local Laws, prevail. And Part II. of the other Colonies, in which the Old Laws of Holland, France, and Spain, are retained.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

CONSIDERING the great popularity of Miss Farren as an actress, and the extraordinary *éclat* of her marriage with the Earl of Derby, it is remarkable how slight has been the interest created by her final exit. But, such is human celebrity, by whatever means acquired: Nelson and the victory of Trafalgar, once in every mouth and in every heart, are now seldom mentioned; and the time will come when Wellington, and the glories of Waterloo—Wellington, with his premiership to boot—will also fade from the general memory of the land.

Eliza Farren, born in 1759, was of a re-

spectable though not opulent family: her father was a surgeon in the city of Cork; her mother, the daughter of Mr. Wright, at eminent brewer at Liverpool; her paternal uncle a Captain in the 64th regiment of foot, a gentleman distinguished also by his literary taste and talent. Mr. Farren, too fond of gay society, failed in his profession, became a provincial actor, died, and left a young and destitute family at an early period of life. The children were educated by Mrs. Farren, who devoted herself indefatigably to their care. The stage was their only support. Kitty, the eldest of seven, was considered clever in the parts of cham-

bermaids, &c.; Eliza was equally successful in the personation of such characters as Edward the Fifth, in Richard the Third; and Peggy, the youngest, was, many years afterwards, well known on the London boards as the wife of Mr. Knight, an exceedingly clever actor in light and elegant comedy.

In the year 1773, Miss Farren, at the early age of fourteen, made her *début* on the Liverpool stage, as Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a Village*, under the auspices of Mr. Younger, the manager. She became a favourite with the public at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, Chester, &c. Strongly recommended by Mr. Younger to the proprietor of the Haymarket Theatre, she came to London in 1777, and made her first appearance as Miss Hardcastle, in Goldsmith's comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; Edwin, also, making his first appearance the same night, as Tony Lumpkin. According to the critics of the day, her performance of Miss Hardcastle, though far short of Mrs. Bulkeley's, was highly respectable. Her person was genteel, and above the middle stature; her countenance full of sensibility, and capable of expression; her voice clear, but thin, rather sharp, and not sufficiently varied; her action not directly awkward; her delivery emphatic and distinct.

When *The Spanish Barber* was first played, in 1777, Miss Farren played the part of Rosina, and contributed greatly to its success. In the winter of 1777-8, she was engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre, where she performed chiefly in tragedy. Subsequently, at Drury Lane, she also appeared as a tragic actress, representing Juliet, &c. with great applause.

It may be said that, throughout life, accidental circumstances greatly favoured Miss Farren. At Bath, Mrs. Siddons had played Almeida, in Pratt's tragedy of *The Fair Circassian*, with great success. In bringing the piece forward at Drury Lane, it was Mr. Sheridan's intention that Mrs. Crawford should make her first appearance as the heroine. Through some disagreement, however, that lady was not engaged; the part of Almeida was consequently given to Miss Farren; and the piece had a nearly uninterrupted run of three-and-twenty nights. This was in the year 1780. Mrs. Abingdon's desertion of Drury Lane for Covent Garden Theatre, was another fortunate circumstance which at once placed Miss Farren, who succeeded her, in her own proper sphere. On the suggestion of Parsons, her first character was Lady Townley; and, from that time, she took the whole of Mrs. Abingdon's characters with equal success.

Amongst her numerous admirers, Mr. Fox was, about this time, very particular in his attentions. The propriety of the lady's conduct, however, not only induced him to relinquish the pursuit, but to introduce her to some of the first characters in

the world of fashion. Lady Dorothea Thompson and Lady Cecilia Johnstone, &c. received her into their coteries; and thus it was that she first attracted the notice of Lord Derby, who, at that time, was very painfully circumstanced with respect to his Countess. There had been a separation between them, but no divorce. An intimacy commenced between his Lordship and Miss Farren; but to the honour of the parties, Mrs. Farren, who resided with her daughter, was present at all their interviews, and not a whisper of calumny was ever breathed against them.

The exalted estimation in which Miss Farren's conduct and character were held, induced Mr. King, when appointed manager of Drury Lane theatre, to pay her all possible respect and attention. When the Duke of Richmond became enamoured of private theatricals, Miss Farren was appointed to preside over the stage business, at his house in Privy Gardens. To this employment she devoted much attention, as it introduced her to a wider circle of nobility; and she was caressed by numerous ladies of rank and fashion. At the little theatre which the Duke had caused to be fitted up, Lord Derby, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, Charles Fox, General Fitzpatrick, Lord John Townshend, the Hon. Mrs. Damer, &c. were accustomed to appear in the principal characters.

At this time Miss Farren had a house in the vicinity of Grosvenor Square, kept her carriage, and was received in the first circles. Occasionally, she played with great success in Ireland, where, also, she was much noticed by the nobility. On the opening of the new theatre of Drury Lane, in April, 1794, she delivered an amusing epilogue, written by George Colman, the younger.

It had long been understood that, on the demise of Lady Derby, should that event occur in the lifetime of the Earl, Miss Farren would be elevated to the rank of a Peeress. Lady Derby died on the 14th of March, 1797; and, on the 8th of April, Miss Farren took her final leave of the stage, as Lady Tenzle, in the *School for Scandal*. On the 8th of the ensuing month, she was married to Lord Derby by special licence; soon afterwards she was introduced at Court; and, having long been greatly esteemed by their Majesties George III. and Queen Charlotte, and also by our present sovereign, her Ladyship made one in the procession at the marriage of the Princess Royal to the Prince of Wirtemberg.

The Countess of Derby had three children by her marriage: Lady Lucy Elizabeth, born in 1799, died in 1809; Lord Henry James, born in 1800, died in 1817; and Lady Mary Margaret, born in 1801, and married, in 1821, the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Wilton.

From the period of their union, the noble pair spent much of their time at their seat,

Knowley Hall, where Lady Derby was in the daily exercise of benevolence and charity. She died there, after several years of ill-health, on the 23d of April, 1829.

COUNT PINDEMONTE.

This nobleman, one of the most esteemed modern Italian poets, whose recent death we have to record, was born at Verona, in 1753. He was educated at the College of the Priests of the Order of St. Charles, at Modena. He relinquished his studies there at the age of eighteen; and, soon afterwards, he published a series of Essays in Prose and Verse; some of which were composed in Latin, and others were translations from the Latin and the Greek. His works, which we can only partially enumerate, were extensive and varied: amongst them, we find the following:—A Translation of the first two books of the *Odyssey*;—Fragments of the *Georgics*;—*Abarite*;—*Bucolics*, in Prose and Verse;—Two *Epistles* in Verse, one addressed to Homer, the other to Virgil;—*The Tomb*;—Verses on the *Theseus* of Canova, and on the death of that Artist;—*Eulogiums* on several distinguished persons;—Verses on the *Voyages* of Captain Parry;—*Sonnets* addressed to Antonio Cagnoli;—*Stanzas* on the Death of Miss Bathurst, who was drowned in the *Tiber*;—a *Discourse* on *Theatres*;—*Dissertation* on the *English Mode of Gardening*, &c.

Count Pindemonte was distinguished as much by the excellent qualities of his heart, as by his fine genius. His constitution was naturally weak; yet, by care and temperance, he attained the age of seventy-six. He had visited England, France, Germany, Holland, &c.; and, wherever he went, his benevolent disposition and urbane manners ensured him an increase of friends. Amongst his intimates was the celebrated dramatist Alfieri, whom he was accustomed to meet at Paris and at Florence.

The magistrates of the city of Verona, where Count Pindemonte died, also the professors of the public schools, the members of the Agrarian Academy, and all the most distinguished inhabitants, attended his funeral; and it is understood that a monument will be erected to his memory.

SIR WILLIAM BURROUGHS, BART.

Sir William Burroughs was the fourth son of the Rev. Lewis Burroughs, D.D., of Dumbow, in the county of Londonderry, by Mary, daughter of Richard Cane, of Lalabrian, in the county of Kildare, Esq. Having been bred to the law, he was called to the Irish bar, in 1778. Soon afterwards, he embarked for India, and practised with considerable success at Calcutta. He filled the office of Advocate General of Bengal during the government of Lord Cornwallis; after which he returned to Europe, and, on the 1st of December, 1804, he was created a Baronet. In the same year he was elected

M. P. for Enniskellen, in Ireland. He frequently spoke in the House of Commons; at first on the ministerial side; but afterwards, he more usually voted with the Opposition. At the last general election but one, he was again returned, but lost his seat on a petition against him.

Sir William Burroughs married Letitia, daughter of William Newburgh, Esq., of Ballyhaise, in the county of Cavan, by whom he had an only daughter, who survives him. Sir William died at his seat, Castle Bagshaw, in the same county, early in June.

LORD HARRIS.

The Right Hon. George Harris, Baron Harris, of Seringapatam and Mysore in the East Indies, and of Belmont, in the county of Kent, G.C.B., a General in the army, Colonel of the 73d regiment of Foot, and Governor of Dumbarton Castle, was the son of the Rev. George Harris, of Brasted, in the county of Kent, by Sarah, daughter of George Twentymann, of Baintree, in the county of Cumberland, Esq. He was born on the 18th of March, 1746. Having entered the army at an early period of life, he held the rank of Lieut. General at the siege and capture of Seringapatam, in the year 1799; and, it was in commemoration of his signal gallantry and important services on that occasion, that he was advanced to the peerage, on the 11th of August, 1815.

Lord Harris married, in 1779, Ann Carteret, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Dixon, Esq. of Bath. His third son, Charles, fell in the act of leading on the troops to the attack on New Orleans, on the 8th of January, 1815. His Lordship died at Belmont, on the 19th May, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William George, a Colonel in the army.

MR. MACREADY.

Mr. William Macready, the father of Mr. Macready, one of the most popular actors of the present day, was a native of Dublin. He was bred to the business of an upholsterer, by his father, who carried on that trade there to a considerable extent. Having a strong *penchant* for the stage, he relinquished his business, performed in almost all the Irish provincial theatres, and at length obtained a respectable situation in Mr. Daly's company, at Dublin. He was so engaged when the veteran Macklin paid his last visit to Ireland. Macklin, desirous of appearing in his own comedy of *The Man of the World*, allotted the character of Egerton to Mr. Daly. The manager submitted to the old man's caprice, in being directed like a school-boy, until the appellations of "blockhead," "stupid fellow," "no actor," "dunce," &c. were bestowed on him with much liberality, when he threw up the part in disgust. Macready was selected as his substitute; and he accommodated himself with so much deference to the

will of Macklin, that the latter patronized him very warmly, presented him with some valuable trinkets, and obtained for him an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. There he made his *début* as Flutter, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, in 1786; and, for several seasons, he represented what are technically termed walking gentlemen with all the *éclat* that can be derived from the personation of such characters.

Mr. Macready afterwards became manager at Birmingham; and, having left Covent Garden in consequence of a disagreement about salary, he opened the Royalty Theatre (on the site of which the unfortunate Brunswick was recently erected) on the plan of Sadler's Wells, for the winter. This scheme proving unsuccessful, he next obtained the management of the Sheffield company. He afterwards undertook the Manchester Theatre; in which concern he failed, and became a bankrupt in the year 1809. He has since been occasionally in the management of the Leicester, Bristol, and other theatres. He was the author of *The Bank Note*, a Comedy, and of *The Irishman in London*, a Farce. *The Village Lawyer* was also ascribed to his pen, though, we apprehend, erroneously. Mr. Macready died at Bristol, in the month of April last.

THE REV. ARCHDEACON NARES.

The Rev. Robert Nares, D.D., was the son of Dr. Nares, an eminent composer, and Mus. Doc., and first cousin of the Rev. Edmund Nares, Rector of Bidenden in Kent, and Professor of History in the University of Oxford; whose father was Sir George Nares, one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. He was born about the year 1743; the early part of his education was received at Westminster School; and thence he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, where he proceeded A.M. in 1778. On entering into holy orders, he obtained the Rectory of Sharnford, was chosen preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Assistant Librarian at the British Museum. In 1799 he was made Archdeacon of Stafford, when he resigned his first preferment. He was also a prebendary of Lincoln, and, for some time, rector of St. Mary's, Reading, where he at the time resided. At his death, which occurred on the 23d of March, he was Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon of Lichfield, and rector of All Hallows, London Wall. His health had been for some months visibly declining; but he was confined only about a week to his chamber.

The life of Dr. Nares, distinguished by industry and talent, by learning, usefulness, and virtue, was pre-eminently literary in its character. His writings were chiefly in divinity, criticism, classics, and philosophy. Amongst them we find the following: *Essay on the Demon of Socrates*, 1783; *Elements of Orthoëpy*, 1784; *On the Ballad of Cupid and Psyche*, 1788; *Princi-*

ples of Government, 1792; *Man's Best Rights*, 1793; with a number of Sermons; among which are, a *Connected Chronological View of the Prophecies* relating to the Christian Church, in Twelve Sermons, preached at the Warburton Lecture, 1805; and we believe an admirable *Glossary of Provincial Terms*, published about the year 1824. Many years since, Dr. Nares, conjointly with the late Mr. Beloe, established and conducted the *British Critic*, a literary periodical of some celebrity in its day, and eminently devoted to the interests of the Church establishment. He was also a contributor to the *Classical Journal*, &c.

FREDERICK SCHLEGEL.

In Germany, the name of Schlegel has long been eminent in critical and polite literature. Augustus William, the elder of two brothers, is well known in this country, and all over the Continent, by a celebrated course of lectures on dramatic literature, which he delivered at Vienna in the year 1808. In these lectures, as well as in his eminently meritorious translation of *Shakespeare*, it is barely justice to say that he has thrown much new and extraordinary light upon the inspired writings of the bard of Avon.

Frederick, the younger of the two brothers, and the subject of this brief notice, was born at Hanover in the year 1772; his father occupying the place of Superintendent General of the Principality of Luneburg. He was sent to Leipzig, with a view to his education for a life of commercial pursuits; but his genius soon took an opposite direction, and it was with no slight degree of ardour that he embraced literature as a profession. His earliest efforts appear to have been various critical articles, which were inserted in the different journals of the time. His first production of magnitude was entitled "*The Greeks and Romans*." This was warmly applauded by the celebrated Christian Gottlob Heyne, who, about that time, presided over a philosophical seminary of which Augustus William Schlegel was a member. Frederic Schlegel then joined his brother in conducting "*The Atheneum*;" and he next produced his philosophical romance of "*Lucinda*," which became a general theme of conversation throughout Germany.

Turning his attention to poetry and the drama, Frederick Schlegel soon afterwards published the poem of "*Heracles Musagetes*," and the tragedy of "*Alarcon*." Many years had not elapsed before the reputation of the two brothers had so advanced that their enthusiastic followers became sufficiently numerous to form a literary sect, known by the denomination of the Schlegelians.

At the age of thirty, Frederick Schlegel visited Paris, gave a course of philosophical lectures in that city, and made extensive researches into the romances of chivalry, and

the fables of the middle age. While in the French capital, he also sent from the press "Notices and Extracts relative to Joan of Arc;" and "Essays on the Language and Philosophy of the Indians." In 1808, he returned to Germany, and was enrolled by the Emperor of Austria, who appointed him to reside at the head-quarters of the Arch-Duke Charles, as Aulic Secretary.

After the conclusion of the war, he resumed his literary labours, and delivered two courses of lectures; one "On Modern History," the other "On the Literary History of all Nations." These Lectures were printed, and have since, we believe, been translated into several modern languages. It seems hardly necessary to say that they added largely to his fame. He also translated into German the "Corinne" of Madame de Staël; and was afterwards engaged in the management of "The German Museum." By the production of several diplomatic papers, he gained the friendship of Prince Metternich; in consequence of which he was honoured with an introduction to the diplomatic department; and, from that period, until his decease, which took place at Vienna, at the close of the year 1828, he held the office of Austrian Councillor of Legation at the Germanic Diet.

Frederick Von Schlegel married a daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish philosophical writer.

MR. KOLLMANN.

Augustus Frederick Charles Kollmann, organist of His Majesty's German Chapel, at St. James's Palace, was born in the year 1756, at Engelbostel, a village near the city of Hanover; where his father was

both organist and schoolmaster. He acquired a knowledge of Latin from the son of the pastor of his parish; and, from the age of fourteen to sixteen, he frequented the Gymnasium at Hanover, in the second class. The succeeding five years he passed partly with his parents, and partly at Hanover, where he learned music of J. C. Boettner, an able organist in the style of J. S. Bach. Mr. Kollmann was the first person who published a Treatise on the Rhetoric of Music. His chief production, however, was his New System of Musical Harmony. His works, indeed, may be regarded as an encyclopedia of musical science. This much respected individual died on the evening of Easter Sunday.

MR. GEORGE WOOD,

For some years proprietor, editor, and publisher of the *Kent Herald* newspaper, died on Wednesday afternoon, August 5, at Canterbury, aged 39, of an attack of gout in the stomach. In private life he had many estimable qualities;—his charities were extensive without ostentation—his friendship was sincere—his hostility, open and manly. In his death the poor man has lost a friend. That he was not free from faults must be admitted, but they were errors that his relatives may regret, yet not feel ashamed of. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" Be it not forgotten that his life was eminently useful to his native place, and advantageous to the general cause of mankind. There is reason to fear that his decease was hastened by the embarrassed state of his affairs, but he had long been a martyr to the gout. Alas!

"He was but born to try
The lot of man—to suffer and to die!"

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE disappointments and embarrassments of our farmers, seem destined to know no end, during the present most unpropitious season. The alternate deluges and drought of the spring, being succeeded by a few flattering intervals of fine weather, and the breadth of corn of every species, more especially wheat, being exceedingly ample, the grass superabundant, and almost every article of produce in equal measure, sanguine hopes were entertained, that a settled state of the weather must necessarily supervene, accompanied by a seasonable solar heat, which would bring to perfection a sufficiency of crops in general, to constitute that portion which is generally styled an average, or nearly so. The disappointment has been grievous. Instead of a settled, genial atmospheric warmth, after so long a series of atmospheric vicissitudes, we have found the weather speedily returning to its former train; constant drizzling or sudden deluges of rain, with alternations of wind between E. and W., N. and S., most inimicable to vegetable health, and progress to maturity. Nor is this the worst characteristic of the present season. Floods, thunder storms, attended with dangerous showers of hail, gales of wind, laying every thing level in their irresistible course, have prevailed, partially, throughout the island, with the destruction of animal, and even a considerable portion of human life. The damage done to the crops and to the lands, buildings, and fences, is immense. Lincolnshire and the fen districts, with Yorkshire and part of Scotland, seem to have had the greatest share of suffering. Hay and corn harvests, instead of their regular sequence, have been most inconveniently and expensively blended together, and the latter must be protracted and late, particularly in the northern counties, both from the unsettled state of the weather and the condition of the corn. Where the corn is laid, and the examples are too numerous, it is extremely

difficult to cut it in a saving and advantageous method, beside great loss of time; and the method of bagging, with the use of the Hainault scythe, or the Welsh Cardigan reaping-hook, are strongly recommended.

On a retrospect to our Reports of last year, that for September bears a striking analogy with the present; at least in respect to the state of the weather, and the trouble and expense of securing the crops. We trust, however, the analogy will not hold good as to the quantity and quality of the produce; more especially of that crop wherein lies the grand dependence both of the growers and the public. On this head, however, the reader will perceive a notable discrepancy in the public accounts. It is altogether impossible but that the long train of atmospheric changes and severities of weather, which have characterized the seasons of the present year, must have had considerable deteriorating effects on all the corn crops; greater assuredly upon poor, neglected, or exposed soils, but to a certain degree, upon the best. In the mean time, it is evident, that from whatever cause, an uncommon and universal degree of fertility has subsisted in the soil during the present year, as is demonstrated by the immense crops of fruit and grass; and had the seasons been equally propitious, the earth's products in the year 1829 would probably have exceeded, both in abundance and quantity, those of any previous year.

These prefatory remarks are rendered necessary by the considerably altered tone of our country letters, and indeed by certain important facts. The wheat crop has advanced greatly in the grower's favour, within the last fortnight. Previously, there was a general apprehension that it would scarcely exceed that of last year, either in quantity or goodness. The tables are now completely turned, and a wheat crop is announced, in defiance of all the accidents of the seasons, fully equal to an average on all good lands, and of high weight and superior quality; the weight of the best turning the scale with from sixty to sixty-seven pounds the bushel; much of it fit to grind, and commanding a higher price than either English or old foreign wheats. Far be from us the desire to throw cold water upon this glorious prospect; we may yet be allowed to say, *caveat lector*. The truth is, farmers, who are always ready enough, and generally with reason, to ridicule and joke on newspaper accounts of crops and rural affairs, not unfrequently themselves run into equally hasty and erroneous conclusions; and, in the present case, are perhaps hurrying from one extreme to another. A late rise in wheat, of four or five shillings per quarter, is no very obvious designation of superabundance; and a hyper-critic in these matters, has assured us that the present ostentatious display of a great crop of wheat, is astutely intended to deter speculators on the other side of the water! The crops on the continent, in Belgium and France particularly, and in Ireland, are said to be heavy, and even above an average. We shall know more on this truly interesting subject, and with greater certainty, while eating our Christmas plum-pudding. Potatoes, excepting perhaps in Scotland, are a great breadth and a very promising crop, but much in want of solar heat to mature them.

The greater part of the wheat on the earliest and best soils, notwithstanding every difficulty, is harvested; and a considerable quantity of it has already reached the markets, where it has obtained a satisfactory price. The latter and worst part of the crop is yet to come. In this, half-filled ears and much blighted and damaged corn must be expected, and in some parts there is considerable apprehension of *midew*. The early-layed and *knee-bent* corn must have received considerable damage, the ascent of the sap being thence prevented. Where *blight* has much prevailed in the wheat and beans, the old indication has been generally remarked—the sickly and faded hue on the ear or plant, being conspicuous on the eastern and northern side. We have been amused in several letters from the best wheat districts, by complaints of “the insect called the *red-gum*.” Such is the phraseology of the northern insectile system; as though the disease (*red-gum*) did not, and must not, necessarily precede the insects. Great complaints are made of rapacious and fraudulent *gleaning*, by which we ourselves have suffered severely in former and yet better times. We repeat—*adequate wages and no gleaning*. In North Britain the best crops appear to be wheat, barley, and oats—peas and beans the least productive. In the south, peas and oats are generally abundant crops. Good hay will scarcely reach half a crop; grass superabundant, also the second crops of clover. Our letters from Kent state that the experiments in melilot, contrary to the former opinion, prove that it will bear a second cutting. The disease in the oats, called ‘tulip root,’ is said to prevail in some parts of Scotland; it is doubtless a symptom of blight, perhaps bearing analogy with the *ergot* or horny substance upon the ear of blighted wheat on the continent. Some years since we had specimens of this in Middlesex, the wheat being the produce of Pomeranian seed.

The stock on hand of old (English) wheat is said to be less than has been known within the last half century. The crop of fruit (wall excepted) the greatest within that period. Walnut and apple-trees are obliged to be propped, to enable them to stand under their burden! Of hops, the growth is unusually defective, the quality affording no hope. Wool revived a little, but to fall still lower. Complaints of the decay of trade, echoed from every quarter, except from the Corn Exchange at Liverpool, where Mr. Huskisson's late speech was—hope telling a flattering tale. May it be verified!

Fat stock of all kinds is in great plenty, at various prices, according to time and place. Lean stores, sheep or cattle, are every where dear and in request, from the vast stock of food; and the apprehension is again entertained by the feeders, that the store price is far too great to afford any warrant of successful feeding.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Lamb, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.—Pork, 4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.—Best Dairy Pork, 5s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.—Rough Fat, 2s. 4d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 52s. to 58s.—Barley, 25s. to 37s.—Oats, 10s. to 34s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 36s. to 90s.—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw, 40s. to 50s.

Coals in the Pool, 24s. 9d. to 35s. 0d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, August 24th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGARS.—The sugar market continued very firm all last week. The trade, it is reported, were quite out of stock, and came forward rather freely to purchase. The estimated sales last week were 3,600 hogsheads and tierces. No alteration could be stated in the prices. Total delivery of Sugar from the three Docks—West India, 3,547 hogsheads and tierces, 4,419 bags; London Docks, 233 hogsheads and tierces, 525 bags; St. Katherine, 77 hogsheads and tierces, 1,271 bags. In refined goods there was more business last week, particularly in low lumps; Molasses, steady. This afternoon there was no alteration in refined goods. Foreign sugar by public sale, last week, 134 hogsheads; Porto Rico, 16 barrels; St. Croix Sugar, the prices were 1s. 2d. lower than what were obtained a month ago. East India Sugar—In addition to the India House sale last week, small parcels of Siam Sugars were sold low—to good white, 26s. 6d. to 31s. 6d.; grey Manilla, 29s. The request for Mauritius Sugars continues, and parcels bought at an advance of 1s. per cwt.

COFFEE.—The public sales of British Plantation Coffee were last week more limited than usual. Jamaica sold freely at full prices. The request for Dominica was more limited, but the prices were maintained. Demerara and Berbice were dull. Brazil, by private contract, 33s. to 35s. About 1,500 bags of East India sold. Ceylon, at public sale and private contract, 30s. to 32s.; Batavia and Cheribon, 32s. to 35s. 6d.; yellow, 36s. to 36s. 6d.; Samarang, 31s. 6d.; Dominica sold heavily, and rather lower, but no alteration in prices.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The transactions in Rum have been very limited. Small parcels, proof, Leewards, free on board, 1s. 10½d. and 1s. 11d. Brandy is not held with so much firmness. Geneva is still neglected.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The arrival of nearly 4,000 casks of Tallow in the river has depressed the prices. Hemp has been in good demand, and the prices are 2l. to 2l. 10s. per ton higher. In Flax there is no material alteration. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated 1st instant, Exchange 10d. 11d. 16d. Tallow, 101s. to 102s. Bought 6,000; shipped off, 68,000. Ships arrived, 421; sailed, 268.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 5½.—Rotterdam, 12. 5½.—Antwerp, 12. 5½.—Hamburg, 13. 15.—Paris, 25. 70.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Berlin, 0. —Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 43. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0½.—Oporto, 45. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 23.—Bahia, 29.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 297½.—Coventry, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 109½.—Grand Junction, 295½.—Kennet and Avon, 27¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 470½.—Oxford, 670½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 275½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 84½.—West India (Stock), 176½.—East London WATER WORKS, 114½.—Grand Junction, 51½.—West Middlesex, 70½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½½.—Globe, 155½.—Guardian, 22¾.—Hope Life, 5¾½.—Imperial Fire, 105½½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 187½.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 45. 2 Z

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of July, to the 22d of August, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Bond, T. M. East Deerham, linen-draper
 Renshaw, C. and T. Nottingham, hosiers
 Giles, J. Leeds, stuff merchant
 Wilkinson, T. Bishopsgate-street, hatter
 Davenport, J. Birmingham, victualler
 Hind, T. Queen-street, City, victualler
 Thomas E. and W. Park-lane, horse-dealers
 Hooker, W. Hensworth and Liverpool, victualler

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 126.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Aspinwall, G. Manchester, commission-agent. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Bower, Birmingham)
 Askham, H. Norfolk-street, tailor. (Bromleys, Gray's-inn)
 Atkinson, W. Cleckheaton, wool-stapler. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Archer and Co., Osset)
 Anderson, W. and J., and W. Tait, linen-drappers. (Jones, John-street; Heck, Leeds)
 Bennett, R. East Winch, wine-merchant. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Cailton, Lynn)
 Brown, G. Maldon, merchant. (Roe, Gray's-inn; Lawrence, Maldon)
 Broadhurst, J. and J. Buglawton, silk-throwsters. (Walker, Exchange-office; Pickford, Congleton)
 Bennett, J. Sedgley, huckster. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Wood, Wolverhampton)
 Brewer, W. Bristol, corn-factor. (Horton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Baynton and Co., Bristol)
 Blackwell, E. J. Nailsworth, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Brooking and Burr, Lombard-street)
 Bantock, W. J. Doddington-grove, timber-merchant. (Brown, Crescent, Jewin-street)
 Beloe, A. Norwich, silk-manufacturer. (Fisher, Walbrook)
 Bullard, W. Maidstone, chemist. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)
 Brooks, S. R. Manchester, merchant. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Duckworth and Co., Manchester)
 Becher, M. W. Burwood-mews, Titchborne-street, horse-dealer.
 Evis and Co., Haydon-square
 Barthorp, R. Stamford-place, Kent-road, commercial-agent. (Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
 Bird, L. G. Birmingham, victualler. (Templer, Great Tower-street)
 Balis, R. Exmouth-street, victualler. (Burt and Co., Carmarthen-street)
 Benskin, J. M. Margate, builder. (Hall and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Wright, Margate)
 Clarke, W. Hender, linen-draper. (Rhodes, Chancery-lane; Flood, Moniton)
 Coupe, T. Wigan, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Acton, Wigan)
 Clearer, C. Walthamstow, lime-burner. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)
 Clarke, R. Northampton, boot-manufacturer. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)
 Costoe, G. B. Hetton-le-Hole, Durham, innkeeper. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Hines, Durham)
 Collins, T. Witney, blanket-manufacturer. (Ralls, Great Mary-le-bone-street; Macey, Witney)
 Clonson, P. Harwich, sail-maker. (Saunders, Princes-street, Bank)
 Copley, T. Shrewsbury, hosier. Teeco, Shrewsbury
 Dafter, R. Tiverton, farmer. (Richardson, Dyers'-buildings)
 Da Costa, A. J. Liverpool, merchant. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings; Lowe, Liverpool)
 Elston, W. John-street, America-square, corn-factor. (Burford, Muscovy-court, Tower-hill)
 Earlam, H. Wilmslow, linen-draper. (Milne and Co., Temple; Walker and Co., Manchester)
 Farrer, A. Bradford, wool-stapler. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Moulden, Bradford)
 Fox, S. Surrey-row, druggist. (Hanson and Co., Philpot-lane)
 Feldon, C. Oxford, tailor. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square; Dudley, Oxford)
 Fauns, J. Bond-street, tailor. (Arnott and Co., Temple)
 Fryzer, S. Tewkesbury, brick-maker. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Winterbotham and Co., Tewkesbury)
 Gibson, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Dunn, Gray's-inn)
 Gasrell, J. Bristol, man's-mercier. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bush and Co., Bristol)
 Gardner, J. New Church-street, Paddington, victualler. (Carion, High-street, Mary-le-bone)
 Graham, W. Eden-brow, Cumberland, dealer in corn. (Cleunel, Staple-inn; Sauls, Carlisle)
 Gray, S. F. New Bond-street, chemist. (Henson, Fouverie-street)
 Gould, A. and J. Pym, Porto Bello-wharf, Blackfriars, coal-merchants. (Rhodes, Chancery-lane)
 Griffiths, F. and C. Southampton-row, linen-drappers. (Jones, Size-lane)
 Gardner, W. and E. Coombe, Devonport, milliners. Jones, Size-lane
 Holmes, W. D. Liverpool, merchant. (Back, Gray's-inn; Newton and Co., Stockport)
 Harrison, W. Bristol, leather-factor. (Horton and Co., Furnival's-inn; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
 Hodgson, J. Manchester, merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lowe and Co., Manchester)
 Hunter, J. Jun. Bucksbury, merchant. (Oliverston and Co., Frederick's-place)
 Horsley, S. Kingston-upon-Hull, Wing, Gray's-inn; Saffery and Co., Market-Rasen
 Hind, T. Queen-street, City, victualler. (Clutton and Co., Temple)
 Hodgson, B. Manchester, innholder. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester)
 Hawden, J. Sandeman, J. and Cowell, J. Gibraltar and Liverpool, merchants. (Nettleship and Co., Grocers'-hall)
 Hall, C. T. Portland-terrace, St. John's Wool-road, builder. (Hersman, Bond-court; Milne and Co., Temple)
 Howes, J. Norwich, grocer. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Rackham and Co., Norwich)
 Hoyle, T. and W. B. Harrison, Manchester, commission-agents. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)
 Hufan, S. Poplar, malt and block-maker. (Nokes, Southampton-street)
 Hall, W. Manchester, porter-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Maurice, Manchester)
 Hunt, T. Surrey-street, broker. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)
 Jones, J. Bristol, merchant. (Bourdillon, Broad-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
 Jeffs, W. Kennington, brewer. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
 Joyner, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)
 Jones, R. Shrewsbury, maltster. (Clark and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Teeco, Shrewsbury)
 Jones, W. and W. Kensington, builders. (Smart, Percy-street)
 Johnson, G. Manchester, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester)
 Knott, T. B. Broadstairs, plumber. (Jones, Crosley-square)
 Lowe, J. W. Manchester, corn-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Co., Manchester)
 Liveridge, S. Rotherham, iron-founder. (King, Castle-street)
 Lee, Lee, Chorley, cotton-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple)
 Leigh, R. Manchester, cotton-spinner. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt, Stockport)
 Lunniss, G. Bath, baker. (Mackinson and Co., Temple; Mellings, Bath)
 Ledley, J. Clarendon-square, chemist. (Forden, Great James-street)
 Morgan, J. Rope-makers'-fields, plumber. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)
 Madden, C. A. High-street, Southwark, eating-house-keeper. (Passmore, Sanbrook-court)
 Mills, J. Camera-street, Chelsea, currier. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street)
 McGregor, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple)
 Moore, F. Birmingham, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn)
 Marshall, J. Watling-street, silk-manufacturers. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester)
 Nicholls, J. St. Albans, cabinet-maker. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street)
 Noel, L. J. J. Hatton-garden, money-scrivener. (Annesley and Son, Charlton-place, Great Dover-road)
 Pocock, S. Brighton, painter. (Gregson and Co., Angel-court; Bellingham, Brighton)
 Ponten, J. Strand, hat-maker. (Collier and Co., Carey-street)
 Perceval, T. Bruton, silk-throwster. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Dyne, Bruton)
 Poulter, W. Barrow, shopkeeper. Twain and Co., Frederick-place; Quarles, Bury St. Edmunds
 Pearce, M. and W. New Park-street, Southwark, timber-merchants. (Thwaites, Queen-street, Cheapside)
 Qualiotte, T. B. Great Castle-street, and Beaumont-street, confectioner. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
 Reddis, W. Byfield, baker. (Alpin, Furnival's-inn, and Banbury)
 Ridge, B. and E. Ridge, Birmingham, factors. (Hyde, Ely-place)
 Rhodes, W. Stockport, corn-dealer. (Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Copcock, Stockport)
 Ragger, R. Great Bookham, saddler. (Walter, Chancery-lane)
 Rawlins, T. Cheltenham, broker. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Prince and Co., Cheltenham)
 Stokes, J. Hackney, plumber. (Cole, Reunion-square)
 Sodo, A. and W. Collingwood, Cleveland-street, dyers. (James, Bucksbury)
 Stevens, G. H. Lyme-Regis, lime-burner. (Child and Co., Queen-street-place, Southwark-bridge)
 Spencer, W. Swanage, cattle-dealer. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry)
 Syms, J. Jun. Trowbridge, clothier. (Egan and Co., Essex-street; Timbrell, Trowbridge)
 Spencer, T. Davies-street, builder. (Fisher and Co., Bury-street)
 Schroder, C. Berner-street, and Ellen-street, St. George, Middlesex, sugar-refiner. (Pateran, Mincing lane)
 Scott, J. High Holborn, linen-draper. (Davison, Broad-street)
 Symmonds, A. Kennington-common, carpenter. (Benton, Great Surrey-street)
 Shilton, C. D. Snelstone and Nottingham, scrivener. (Bromleys, Gray's-inn)
 Snell, R. P. Essex-street, Whitechapel, potato-merchant. (Weymouth, Gray's-inn)
 Sandford, A. Sherborne, linen-draper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol)
 Tinley, T. Jun. Liverpool, ship-owner.

Lowton and Co., Gray's-inn; Leicester, Liverpool
 Tripcock, R. Golden-square, bookseller. (Hitchcock, Davies-street, Berkeley-square
 Tilley, T. D. Shoreditch, baker. (Brooks, Lincoln's-inn-fields
 Taylor, W. Lombard-street, stationer. (Turnley, White Hart-court
 Tucker, G. Coleford, innkeeper. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn; Cradock, Shepton-Mallet
 Whitehead, J. Manchester, coach-proprietor. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Co., Manchester
 Wilkinson T. Bishopsgate-street, hatter. (Cobb, Copthall-court
 Wood, T. jun. Clayton, worsted-manufacturer. (Jacques and Co., Coeman-street, Halifax
 Wide, S. Sculcoates, timber-mer-

chant. (Knowles, New-inn; Scholefield and Co., Hull
 Williams, J. A. Filton, dealer. (Walker, Exchequer-office; Crome and Co., Berkeley
 Willie, W. Taunton, victualler. (Clowes and Co., Temple
 Williams, J. Nantwich, victualler. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Thorley, Tarporley
 Wilby, S. Upper St. Martin's-lane, victualler. (Gaitskell, Poultry
 Whitcomb, T. jun. Kildern-inster, hatter. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn
 Worts, J. Whitechapel-road, baker. (Teague, Cannon street
 Weston, T. Reading, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane
 Willis, J. Liverpool, broker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Watson and Co., Liverpool

Wilson, T. Cambridge, jeweller. (Coe, Pancras-lane; Harris, Cambridge
 Waite, W. Bromley, cloth manufacturer. (Few and Co., Covent-garden; Booth, Leeds
 Walker, W. Manchester, money-scrivener. (Appley and Co., Gray's-inn; Oliver, Manchester
 Williams, J. and B. Rogers, Houndsditch, comb-manufacturer. (Pearce and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
 Wright, T. Sutton-in-Ashfield, grocer. (Bromleys, Gray's-inn; Richards and Son, Alfreton
 Willis, R. W. Barnstaple, linen-draper. (Daik, Red-lion-square; Gribble, Barnstaple
 Young, W. Worcester, tailor. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Hodsworth and Co., Worcester

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. A. W. Naxe, to the Rectory of Alton, Barnes, Wilts.—Rev. W. Carpendale, to the perpetual Curacy of Wincanton.—Rev. H. Dugmore, to the Rectory of Beechamwell, St. John with St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. W. H. Mogridge, to be Minister of Streatham Chapel, Surrey.—Rev. C. T. Broughton, to the Living of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire.—Rev. R. Bagot, to be Bishop of Oxford.—Rev. R. Watkinson, to the Vicarage of Earl's Colne, Essex.—Rev. S. E. Bernard, to the perpetual Curacy of Pythley, Northampton.—Rev. J. B. Williams to the Vicarage of Lantrissent, with the chapels annexed, Glamorganshire.—Rev. J. Manley, to the Rectory of Upon Hellion, Devon.—Rev. Lord Anson, to the Vicarage of Tamworth, Warwick, with the Vicarage of Tandebriigg, Worcester.—Rev. R. B. Paul, to the Vicarage of Lantwit Major, with the Rectory of

Lisworney annexed.—Rev. J. Studholme, to the Vicarage of Great Wilbraham, Cambridge.—Rev. J. Skelton, to the Vicarage of Wold Newton.—Rev. J. Irvin, to the Vicarage of Brompton.—Rev. T. Irvine, to the perpetual Curacy of Ulrome, Holderness.—Rev. J. Bower, to the Rectory of Barmston.—Rev. W. F. Farish, to be Minister of St. Mary's Church, Sheffield.—Rev. F. Urquhart, to the Rectory of West Knighton, with Broadmayne.—Rev. C. W. Woodley, to the Vicarage of St. Stythians, with the chapel of Terran Arnothel, Cornwall.—Rev. H. Dyke, to the Vicarage of Trelynt, Cornwall.—Rev. F. W. Sharpe, to the perpetual curacy of Monyash, Derby.—Rev. F. Leathes, to the Rectory of Ringsfield, with Redsham Parvee.—Rev. W. St. J. Mildmay, to the Rectory of Abbotstone, with the Vicarage of Hitchin-Stoke Hants.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

July 22.—Two men and a woman executed at the Old Bailey.

23.—Lord Tenterden and Sir George Murray elected members of the worshipful company of grocers.

27.—Three convicts executed at the Old Bailey.

Aug. 4.—Arrived from the Cape of Good Hope, at Portsmouth, the Lord Cochrane transport, bringing the intelligence that a new ordinance on the subject of the Press had just come out, which subjects an editor and proprietor, &c., if convicted of libel, for the first offence to a penalty of £300, and for the second to banishment from the colony.

7.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland and Prince George arrived in London from the Continent.

11.—The Spitalfields' weavers' petition to the King, answered by Mr. Peel, specifying that His Majesty's confidential servants did not feel themselves warranted in advising the King to encourage their emigration to any of the colonies.

14.—News from France announcing an entire change of ministers, the Prince de Polignac (ambassador at the court of St. James's) being appointed secretary of state for foreign affairs, and premier.

17.—Recorder made his report to the King in council, of the convicts condemned at the Old Bailey sessions, when one only was ordered for execution.

20.—Parliament prorogued till October 15.

21.—The Princess de Polignac, lady of the French Ambassador, left Portland-place, with her family, for Paris.

MARRIAGES.

At Morville, Salop, R. G. Throckmorton, esq., nephew to Sir C. Throckmorton, bart., to Miss Acton, only daughter of Sir John Acton, bart.—At Wimbledon, A. A. Park, esq., second son of Mr. Justice Park, to Miss M. F. Brown.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. P. Stourton, to Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Howard, esq., of Corby Castle.—At Ripley Castle, C. J. Smith, esq., to Miss Frances Harwood.—T. H. Broadhead, esq., to Charlotte Godolphin, only daughter of Lord Godolphin Osborne.—At Devonshire-house, the Hon. W. Cavendish, M.P. Cambridge, to the Lady Blanche Howard, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.—At Cambridge-house, Capt. H. Ramsden, third son of Sir J. Ramsden, bart., to the Hon. Frederica Selina Law, fourth daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Ellenborough.—At Marylebone,

F. D. M. Dawson, esq., to the Hon. Susan St. Clair, daughter of Lord Sinclair.—At Tuxford, J. Manwaring, jun., esq., to Elizabeth, sister to Sir T. W. White, bart.—At St. George's, Bloomsbury, T. B. Bosville, esq., to Harriet, widow of S. Petrie, esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Duke of Buccleugh, to Lady Charlotte Thynne, third daughter of the Marquis of Bath.—L. Currie, jun. esq.; to Caroline Christina, fourth daughter of Lieut.-General Hay.—At Cantray, Robert Grant, esq., M.P., to Margaret, daughter of Sir David Davidson.

DEATHS.

At Bretton-hall, York, T. R. Beaumont, esq., 72; he had been M.P. for Northumberland during four successive parliaments.—Lady Beaumont, relict of the late Sir George Beaumont, bart.—At Lydd, Kent, Mrs. Murray, 86, widow of General Murray.—At Ilchester, Seabra Edwards, 101.—At Edgefield, Rev. B. Francis, 89; he had been 65 years rector of that place, and nearly all its population attended his funeral.—At Abingdon, on the circuit, Mr. Baron Hullock.—At Laxton-hall, Northampton, G. Evans, esq., brother to Lord Carbery.—At Double Bridges, Thorne, Mrs. C. Gunby, 103.—Rev. T. Melhuish, 84, and the 60th of his residence at the rectory of Ashwater.—In Regent's-park, Sir H. Chamberlain, bart.—At Alderholt, Mr. J. Hayter, 100.—At Birmingham, Hannah Harrison, 102.—At West Haddon, Rev. J. Edmonds, 77; he had been nearly 40 years pastor of the Baptist church, Guilsborough.—At Hastings, Rear-Admiral Sir James Wood, 74.—At Bayham Abbey, Frances, Marchioness Camden.—At Rolversden, John Henry, esq., 98, Admiral of the Red, the father of the British navy. At Tynemouth, the wife of Sir C. Lorraine, bart.—At Moggahane, Dr. O'Shaughnessy, Catholic Bishop of Killaloe.—In Parliament-place, John Reeves, esq., 77.—In the New Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Christopher Stevinson, 73. He was a man of great personal strength and prowess, and one of the 12 survivors of the Centaur 74, (700 men), Capt. Inglefield, which was lost 47 years ago in the Atlantic Ocean, on her return from the West Indies, after the glorious victory gained by Lord Rodney over Count de Grasse. The above, with Capt. L. and 10 more, saved

themselves by getting into the plunage; and after experiencing unheard-of misery, gained Payall on the 17th day. The stoutest and largest man of the boat's company died of cold and starvation on the 15th day. The above C. S. is supposed to be the last survivor of them.—At Bath, J. Kitson, esq., 86.—At Aberdeen, Dr. Hamilton, 87, Professor of Mathematics in the Marischall college; he filled the Professor's chair for 50 years.—In Regent's-park, Jane Sophia, wife of Capt. H. Hope, and daughter of Admiral Sir H. Sawyer.—At Clare, Mr. McKenzie, 101.—W. Forman, esq., a partner with the present Lord Mayor, under the firm of Thompson, Forman, and Son, at Draper's-hall.—The Rev. John Roberts, Vicar of Tremereichion, Flint. Mr. Roberts was the author of the best English Essay at the Carmarthen Eisteddfod, Sept. 1823, on "The Reasons for rejecting the Welsh Orthography that is proposed and attempted to be introduced with a view of superseding the system that has been established since the publication of Dr. Davies's Grammar and Dictionary, and Bishop Parry's edition of the Welsh Bible, and that of 1630."—At Brighton, the Hon. H. E. Edwards, eldest son of Lord Kensington.—Selina, wife of F. P. Stephanoff, esq., Manchester-street.—Mrs. Moore, widow of the late H. Moore, esq., M.P., and niece of the Dowager Countess of Clonmell.—In Great George-street, Westminster, Mary, relict of the Hon. R. Pean, one of the hereditary lords proprietors and governors general of Pennsylvania.—J. Parke, esq., 84, he was Handel's principal oboe player, and an intimate friend of Garriek.—In Bedford-square, Charles Warren, Esq., one of the Welsh judges.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. Rose, county of Effingham (N. A.), M. François Forgue, dit Morugean, 120; he was born at Quebec in 1709, and passed part of his life in the French West India islands, and had been present at the most remarkable events where Canadian valour was distinguished.—At Paris, the Hon. A. Cochrane, son of the Earl of Dundonald.—At Paris, J. F. Gill, esq., Chargé-d'Affaires from the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, to the Court of St. James's.—At Trinidad, J. B. Philip, esq.—At Sienna, Dr. Montucci, well known in the literary world.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—Dr. Thomlinson's library, attached to St. Nicholas' church, in this town, bequeathed expressly for the use of the public, is immediately to be thrown open for six hours in the day for one part of the year, five hours for another, and never at any time of the year for less than four hours every day, except Sundays, festivals, and fast days. The attention of the trustees having been called to the subject by the Literary and Philosophical Society, they have thus resolved to enforce the statutes left by Dr. Thomlinson.

Three prisoners were recorded for death at the county assizes, and several transported.

The second annual exhibition of the Northern Academy of Fine Arts has opened, and although

many eminent artists of London and Edinburgh have liberally contributed to its support, yet their excellent works do not overpower the merits of the resident artists to whom they are such able auxiliaries, and our native productions maintain their due degrees of honourable distinction, amidst the highest competition of the metropolis.

—*Newcastle Courant.*

The Newcastle exhibition for the promotion of the fine arts, has opened this year under very favourable auspices.

So extensive have been the importation of foreign grain into the port of Newcastle, that all the warehouses are filled.

DURHAM.—At these assizes two prisoners were recorded for death.

The foundation stone of a new bridge across the river Wansbeck, at the High Ford, leading to Mitford, was laid Aug. 10.

Sunderland, during the month of July, was most busily employed. No less than 1,171 ships had cleared up to the 29th of July, coal-laden; and since the commencement of the year, during which period 120 ships were despatched to Archangel.

On the night of the 24th of July, a storm of thunder and rain visited the county of Durham, of great and unusual severity. The new bridges at Langley Castle, and in Gee's Wood, were swept away by the raising of the Langley Burn, and other damage was done.

The committee of the Mechanics' Institution, at Sunderland, have twice unconditionally rejected Lord Byron's works.

Warehouses for bonded grain have been opened at South Shields, in consequence of more foreign grain having arrived at Newcastle than the warehouses there will hold.

YORKSHIRE.—The number of prisoners tried at these assizes amounted to 82; 31 of whom were recorded for death, 7 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

Meltham has been the scene of a more violent riot than ever [see our last, page 237], and on Monday, after the Riot Act had been read, and 25 of the ringleaders taken into custody, the corpse of Joseph Taylor (the man who died at Meltham *three weeks ago*!) and which has been kept in a leaden coffin, was carried into the church; the sexton refusing to officiate in digging the grave, another person was found for that purpose, the friends of the deceased all the time waiting till the grave was prepared!—*Leeds Intelligencer*, Aug. 6.

On the 29th of July a new Roman Catholic chapel was opened at Hull, with great pomp.—Twelve clergymen officiated.

The chancel of Trinity Church, Hull, is undergoing a thorough repair and improvement. The windows are to be replaced with painted glass; and, when finished, it will be one of the most beautiful chancels in the kingdom.

A new church is building at Holbeck, near Leeds.

There were 179 causes, and 82 prisoners for trial at the Yorkshire summer assizes. Sixteen of the causes had special juries. The number of prisoners was greater than was ever remembered.

A high-pressure steam-engine, forming a complete working model, the cylinder of which is only one-sixteenth part of an inch diameter, and the weight of the whole only one ounce, has been constructed by Mr. John Blanchley, of Bristol.

Trade, towards the close of last month, revived a little in the West Riding; but the state of the working classes is most deplorable.

The rockite system has been introduced into the East Riding of Yorkshire. Mr. Wray, near Wedon, had a stack of rape burnt last month, and a threatening notice was posted up; and another letter was posted at Keyingham, threatening the property of the farmers with destruction, unless they adopted means to gratify the labourers.

The Methodist Conference has just closed at Sheffield. It is considered to have been the best conference since the death of Mr. Wesley. The increase of the society is 2,431 in Great Britain,

and 2,743 in the missionary stations; making a total of 5,177 since the last conference.

The skeleton of a horse, and many bones of the sheep and dog, with muscle, cockle, and oyster-shells, were found twelve or fourteen feet below the surface of the earth, on the Foss Bank, York.

Isaac Brown, of East Morton, near Keighley, has invented a gig, drawn by a wooden horse, which runs six miles an hour, with three passengers. It may be guided in any direction by a rein fixed in the horse's mouth. A poor man, at Leeds, has also invented a carriage, which, without either horse-power, or steam, will run on a rail-road from 18 to 20 miles an hour, with 16 or 18 passengers; and on a highway, 12 or 15 miles an hour, with six or eight passengers. The machinery is under the carriage.

LANCASHIRE.—On July 27, a meeting of merchants, and other inhabitants, was held at Liverpool, when it was resolved, "That this meeting have learned, with deep regret, that James Maury, esq., has been removed from the situation of Consul for the United States of America at this port, which he has filled for the last forty years, with the greatest credit to himself and advantage to his country.—That having for so long a period, during which times of extreme difficulty and political irritation have frequently occurred, witnessed his undeviating integrity, and experienced the urbanity of his manners in the discharge of his public duties; being also impressed with a high respect for his private character and honourable conduct during his long residence here, this meeting are desirous to present him with a memorial of their regard and attachment upon his removal from office.—That a subscription be now opened to raise a fund, to be applied to the purchase of one or more pieces of plate, to be presented to Mr. Maury, in testimony of their esteem and approbation; and that the amount of each individual subscription be limited to the sum of five pounds."

While so much distress exists in various parts of the kingdom, and while such loud complaints are every where making of the state of trade, it is remarkable that there should exist in Liverpool some of the strongest symptoms of prosperity. New streets are springing up in every direction, and there are so many churches building, or in contemplation, that it would perhaps be impossible to adduce a parallel to it in the history of church building throughout the kingdom. The Railway Tunnel, too, of which Liverpool may be justly proud, and which, indeed, will become a national advantage, was opened, in ceremony, July 31, when the mayor, in company with a party of friends, went through it in a common railway waggon highly gratified. The tunnel runs under the town of Liverpool from the back of Edge-hill to Wapping. On the Cheshire side of the Mersey new houses are erecting all along the shore; and at Woodside, a square, not inferior to the most beautiful squares in London, is building. In addition to these facts, the poor-rate is lower than in the most prosperous years; it is reduced to 1s. 6d. in the pound, a gratifying proof that the labouring classes in Liverpool have, in a great measure, escaped the distress which has fallen so heavily on those classes in other places.—*Liverpool Times*.

The master-spinners of fine numbers in Man-

chester, have very properly published an address in answer to the turn-out of the journeymen, involving in want and misery from 8 to 10,000 persons. They say, "Were it generally known that these men were refusing wages which would average above 30s. per week, and that for every spinner who remains idle, from eight to ten other individuals are kept out of employment, and deprived of the means of subsistence, few persons, it is thought, would contribute to prolong so unnecessary a state of misery."

The exhibition of the Academy at the Royal Institution was opened, Aug. 17, and excels any former display which Liverpool has witnessed, for the number, variety, and excellence of the paintings.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—At Boston, the storm of July 24, was awful and most calamitous in its effects. Neither memory nor ancient record furnishes example of a similar combination of the elements. Several fields of beautiful wheat and other corn were entirely destroyed!—This term must be taken in its most unlimited sense; the corn is not merely layered, or partially beaten down, but the wheat straw is broken and split, as though it had passed through a thrashing machine. Some oat fields have a very singular appearance, the crop stands erect, and at a distance looks remarkably fine, but when the spectator approaches, he discovers that it is merely the skeleton of corn, the ears being completely thrashed out. Mr. Horsewood has lost nearly 100 acres of corn, and about 14 acres of coleseed, by this awful calamity, and Mr. Curtois, of Langret Ferry, has lost about 300 acres of corn. From Brothertoft to Langret Ferry, and thence to Sibsey and part of Carrington, scarcely a single farm has escaped, and judging from what we have seen and heard, we should certainly say that the damage sustained there exceeds £70,000 in value. The dreadful line of devastation appears to extend about a mile in breadth, and eight miles in length, through one of the most fertile parts of Lincolnshire.—*Boston Gazette*.

NORFOLK.—Sixteen prisoners received sentence of death at these assizes; one of them was executed for murder.

By the published account of expenses for the last year of the city and county of Norwich, it appears that the total expenditure on the new gaol amounted to £27,368. 16s.—the sum of £6,156. 18s. was paid for the annual expenditure, out of which nearly £3,000 was absorbed by the criminal jurisprudence.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—At these assizes sentence of death was recorded against 31 prisoners, two of whom were not more than 13 years of age!

SUSSEX.—At the assizes held at Lewes, 14 prisoners received sentence of death.

HANTS.—Eleven prisoners received sentence of death at the assizes, one of them for murder, who was accordingly executed; four were transported, and a few imprisoned. According to the provisions of the late act, the expenses of the prosecution of the two Stacies will fall on our borough rate, and an order for the sum of £400 (!!!) to defray them, was this morning delivered to the treasurer, signed by the judge, Sir James Burrough. —*Hampshire Telegraph*, Aug. 3.

A society has been formed, at Portsea, for the purpose of granting annuities to the wives and children of petty and warrant officers of the navy, packet vessels, and revenue craft, upon the principle of the Naval Annuitant Society; in addition to which, medical attendance is provided, and superannuations allowed to members on their attaining the age of 65. To this is also to be appended a Saving Bank.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church of St. John, at Forton, Alverstoke, took place, Aug. 12, in grand style: the procession (in which were 609 children of the national and Sunday schools) was nearly three quarters of a mile in extent.

LEICESTER.—At these assizes sentence of death was recorded against four prisoners, and five were transported. There were only 13 prisoners for trial in the county gaol, and not any in the borough jurisdiction.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—At the Isle of Ely assizes, held at Wisbeach, six prisoners were recorded for death.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—By the abstract of the accounts of this county for the last year, it appears that the sum of £14,166. 7s. 5½d. was expended from *Thomas à Becket's sessions*, 1828, to Easter sessions, 1829.—Under the heads of vagrants, felons, prosecutions, debtors, gaol, judges' house, county hall, coroners, between £6,000 and £7,000 were paid—the county bridges are stated at £633. 11s. 10d.

The calendar for the assizes has been a light one, only 29 prisoners being for trial; four were recorded for death, and eight for transportation.

CHESHIRE.—The new rector of the extensive parish of Wilmslow, has given notice that he shall require the payment of one-tenth part of the annual value of the land in the parish, according to the poor rate assessment, as a composition for his tithes, and in case of refusal thus to compound, the landowners and occupiers are required to set out in kind the tithes of hay and all other produce of their farms. This claim, we are assured, is contrary to the immemorial custom of the parish, and the landowners and occupiers have determined to take legal measures for resisting the demand. A committee has been appointed, and subscriptions entered into for this purpose.—*Macclesfield Courier*.

DERBYSHIRE.—At Derby sentence of death was recorded against seven prisoners, but none were left for execution.

DEVONSHIRE.—At these assizes 14 prisoners were recorded for death (two for murder), and eight transported.

The completion of the Torridge Canal, and approaches to it by means of the new line of road through the Woolley estate and vale of the Torridge, has been celebrated by the gentlemen and yeomen residing in the benefitted districts, who

* Surely such Popish nomenclature should be expunged from our Protestant calendar. *Thomas à Becket* sessions indeed! why "*Jonathan à Wild*" would sound equally as well, and would not remind the nation of the degrading spectacle of a King of England, barefooted, and with naked shoulders, submitting to be piously lacerated by order of the Pope!!!

presented an address, in a gold box, to Lord Rolle, expressive of their gratitude for his patriotic munificence in accomplishing the works.

The first exhibition of the Devon and Exeter Botanical and Horticultural Society took place, July 30, and exceeded any thing its most sanguine projectors could have anticipated. Exeter appeared unusually full upon the occasion, and its streets were literally crowded with the gentry of the country. The venerable Lord Clifford presided over the dispensation of the prizes, and hoped, from this, its first exhibition, that it would vie in its proceedings with the most celebrated societies of the kind in the kingdom.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—Sentence of death was recorded, at these assizes, against eight prisoners.

At the General Annual Meeting of the Governors of the Bedford Infirmary, August 3, it was resolved—That Dr. Thackeray's proposal of adding a general medical library to this institution be adopted; that his offer of 400 volumes from his own library, be gratefully accepted.—That a pension-fund for the officers and servants of this institution, after a certain period of active and meritorious service, or under extraordinary circumstances, be immediately formed; that Dr. Thackeray's munificent contribution of £200 in aid of such pension-fund, be thankfully accepted.—That as soon as £2,000 shall have been contributed by out-county benefactors, and sixty guineas a-year by out-county subscribers, this county infirmary shall become a "*general infirmary, open to the sick and necessitous poor of all counties and all nations*;" and that Dr. Thackeray's most munificent offer of £500 towards that grand and desirable object, be gratefully accepted.

BUCKS.—At the assizes for this county 11 prisoners were recorded for death, all of whom have been since sentenced to transportation for life; one was likewise transported for seven years—there were only 15 for trial.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.—At the assizes sentence of death was recorded against one prisoner: there was only one cause at *nisi prius*, which was undefended.

KENT.—At the assizes for this county 15 prisoners were recorded for death.

BERKSHIRE.—August 12, his Majesty went through the ceremony of laying the first stone of an equestrian statue to the memory of George III., in Windsor Park. The stone bears the following inscription, "*Georgio Tertio Patri Optimo Georgius Rex.*"

ESSEX.—The first stone of the new pier at Southend was laid by the Lord Mayor, during the septennial progress to mark the boundaries of the city of London below the bridge.

At the assizes for this county 10 prisoners were recorded for death. At the *nisi prius*, an action was gained against the inhabitants of Barking, for not repairing a bridge in that parish, in the course of which, 17 witnesses were brought to speak to the ancient state of the bridge, of whom four were above 75, six above 80, three above 85, one 90, one 92, and two 93 years of age.

HERTS.—August 6, the mansion of T. Clatterbuck, Esq., at Bushey, was thrown open, and

formed into a bazaar for the sale of fancy articles, drawings, &c., for the purpose of adding to the funds of the Hertfordshire western infirmary. The whole of the articles were the production of the ladies in the surrounding neighbourhood. The sale continued two days, and the receipts amounted to nearly £1,000!

WARWICKSHIRE.—At the assizes held at Warwick, 14 prisoners received sentence of death, and 11 were transported.

The annual dinner of the artists and friends of the Birmingham Institution, for the promotion of the Fine Arts, took place in that town, Aug. 20, and the exhibition has been since opened for the public.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—Six prisoners were recorded for death at the county assizes, and three were transported. Only one prisoner was in the city calendar, and not one cause entered.

Vast numbers of Irish reapers have come into this neighbourhood; they have offered in some instances to work "for their victuals" until harvest commences, for 6d. and even as low as 4d. a-day, and "their victuals" during harvest! The consequence of this has been, that the English labourers have in some instances attacked the Irish, and compelled them to seek safety in flight. Four English labourers were taken into custody. As the prisoners were passing towards the gaol, a large body of labourers made an attack upon the persons who had them in custody, and succeeded in rescuing two of the prisoners; a constable was severely hurt. Two of those engaged in the rescue are in custody. We hope we shall not be suspected of apologizing for violence of any kind; the law must be respected, whatever the provocation may be. But we do lament that, while English labourers are enduring great privations from low wages, *strangers* should be employed to do that work which the former are able and willing to do. To say nothing of generosity of feeling, is it politic to take work out of the hands of the *native* labourer? Deprive him of his work, and will he not appeal to the parish? And can any cheapness of labour done by *strangers* compensate for the evils of depressing and pauperizing our *native* population?—*Worcester Journal*, Aug. 6.

OXFORDSHIRE.—At the assizes for this county, Mr. Baron Vaughan (in addressing the grand jury) said, "I consider, and with great justice I have heard it observed, that, considering the state of education in this county, crime has been less frequent in Oxford than in many other places. The calendar, I acknowledge, is stained with offences of a very gross character; but, speaking of them generally, such as may be expected to arise, and such, as considering the state of society, must necessarily be."!!! Seven prisoners were recorded for death, four transported, and a few imprisoned.—*Oxford Herald*, Aug. 1.

By the last report of the Banbury Visiting Charitable Society, it appeared that 350 necessitous individuals had received assistance from this excellent institution during the past year.

DORSETSHIRE.—At Dorchester assizes four prisoners were recorded for death, and two for transportation.

WILTSHIRE.—At the assizes held at Salis-

bury for this county, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, and two transported. Anne Hooper, for receiving a pair of stockings, knowing them to be stolen, was acquitted. The prisoner was a very interesting young woman, with a fine child in her arms. The house had been broken into on the 3d of January, and on the 13th the stockings were found in a basket which she was carrying in company with another woman. The judge said that it would be too much to convict the prisoner with this felonious transaction: ten days had elapsed from the time of the robbery and the discovery of the stockings, and there was nothing that could lead to a conclusion, otherwise than that she had come by them honestly. She was acquitted, and instantly discharged. *She had been in confinement for six months!!!*—Thomas Penny, a poor boy, was indicted for stealing a piece of gooseberry pudding! When this trumpery case was brought forward, the whole court appeared to have but one feeling of disgust. The judge said, "however much such prosecutions might be regretted, yet the law, now that the indictment had been preferred, must take its course." The jury found the boy guilty. He was recorded for death! while W. Chiven, and E. and T. Wilcox, for attempting to strangle and drown Mr. J. Vines, near Chippenham, were sentenced to *six months'* imprisonment.—*Hampshire Telegraph, Aug. 10.*

SOMERSETSHIRE.—At the anniversary of the Bath and Wells Association, held July 23, at Bath, it appeared by the report made on the occasion, that the children of the schools had become more numerous, more regular in their attendance, and were distinguished by greater order and cleanliness than before, and that they amounted to 1,600 receiving their earliest instructions from the society.

A collection of fossil animal remains, found in the cavern called Kent's Hole, near Torquay, has been added, within these few days, to the Museum of Natural History attached to the Somerset and Taunton Institution. It may be proper to observe, that these fossils are not lapideous, but are found in the natural state of skulls, teeth, and bones—not forming entire skeletons, but in disjointed portions, and sometimes in fragments of bones. In this collection there are the molar teeth of the rhinoceros, both of the upper and lower jaw; portions of the upper and lower jaw of an extinct hyæna, larger than any of the existing species, with the cheek and canine teeth or tusks, the cheek teeth being considerably worn down, and the upper surface highly polished by use; several molar teeth and incisors of the horse, ox, and deer; and also of the bear, *ursus priscus* of Cuvier; together with many molar teeth of small animals belonging to the natural order *Rodentia*, and also fragments of bones broken and gnawed to their actual present state by the hyæna, marks of gnawing being now visible on their surface.—*Taunton Courier.*

CORNWALL.—At these assizes five prisoners were recorded for death.

SCOTLAND.—In the vicinity of Edinburgh the damage done to the crops by the late tempest has been very serious, but not so great as to be considered irreparable. The gale, however, was very strong, and in various parts it actually tore

up trees by the roots. It would appear that the injury felt in our neighbourhood has been trifling indeed, compared with the extent of that experienced on the other side of the water. The whole face of the country has been altered by the overwhelming power of the tempest, which was accompanied with fearful discharges of thunder and lightning. The fruit, the grain, the cattle, have all suffered severely; bridges have been borne away by the rivers, which were swollen to an extraordinary degree by the torrents of rain which fell incessantly. From Dundee, St. Andrews, Newburgh, Perth, Couper Angus, Montrose, Aberdeenshire, Banff, &c. &c., all the accounts state the injury to be of immense extent. The following relates to Rothes, as described by a correspondent in the *Edinburgh Evening Post* of August 8, "The traditionary and historical annals of our country are numerous and wonderful, but in reference to river floods they all sink into the shade when compared to those of the 3d and 4th instant, produced by the Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lossie, and their tributary streams. The loss of lives has, however, not been so very great as that of property, but the beautiful vales through which these majestic rivers roll, will not, while the world stands, regain their pristine grandeur. The number of families which have been rendered houseless and destitute is great; hundreds, if not thousands, of acres have been swept away by the irresistible torrents—bridges, mills, and machinery, have fallen before the tremendous element of water. All communication to the north or south is entirely at an end, unless across the rivers by boats, and along the roads on foot or on horse-back."

IRELAND.—In addition to the proclamation of July 18, last, "for suppressing all meetings for commemorating political events," which was published by the Lord Lieutenant, it has been found necessary to issue the following:—*Dublin Castle, 5th August, 1829.* "Whereas it hath been represented to the Lord Lieutenant, that a party of persons called orangemen, on their return home after dining together in the vicinity of Arney-bridge, were attacked by a large assemblage of persons called ribbonmen (who had been previously dislodged from a position which they had taken on the mountain between Florence-court and Swanlinbar), when one man of the orange party was piked to death, and six others wounded, three of whom have since died. Now, we, the Lord Lieutenant, for the better apprehending and bringing to justice the person or persons concerned in this barbarous murder, are pleased hereby to offer a reward of two hundred pounds to any person or persons (except those actually concerned in the commission of the murder) who shall give such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of the persons concerned, not already apprehended. By his Grace's command, F. LEVESON GOWER."

All the accounts which have hitherto reached us relative to the coming harvest in this unhappy and turbulent portion of the empire, concur in saying that the prospects of its being an abundant one are very cheering; indeed there is strong reason for expecting that it will be the richest harvest that has been for several years. The English merchants trading to Ireland, augur from this an increased demand for their manufactures.